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THE WORKS OF *SALLUST*,

TRANSLATED into *ENGLISH*.

WITH
Political Diſcourſes upon that Author.

To which is added, a

TRANSLATION OF *CICERO*'s Four ORATIONS AGAINST *CATILINE*.

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MDCCXLIV.

Sallustius Crispus

G.R. III

TO

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Duke of *CUMBERLAND.*

SIR,

OBSERVATIONS upon Government, if they be juſt, cannot be unacceptable to a Great Subject ſo nearly related to Sovereignty. Whether the following be ſo, I humbly leave to Your Diſcernment; as I do to Your Good-nature, to forgive what was honeſtly deſigned, though it ſhould be found weakly executed. All Minds truly Great are truly Humane: I am therefore ſure, that though I cannot inſtruct Your Royal Highneſs, I ſhall not offend You.

As it is incumbent upon all Men, eſpecially the Greateſt, to ſupport the beſt Government, Your Royal Highneſs has convinced all Men how well qualified You are to ſupport Ours. That Ours is the beſt, I not only ſincerely believe, but think demonſtrable: Not that it is free from Faults; none ever was: Faults, I doubt, imply Decay, as Decay does a Tendency to periſh. Bad Governments are ſcarce ever to be mended: Good Government, once overthrown, is generally overthrown for ever. What can be a greater Call to prevent ſuch Overthrow, and whatever tends to produce it?

Your Royal Highneſs has acquired from many Languages, Antient and Modern, whatever becomes a Prince to have acquired: Such exact Care hath been taken of Your Education, ſuch Your own Capacity, and ſuch the Ability of thoſe who were honoured with that important Truſt. You can therefore readily perceive, whether my Reaſoning, upon the following important Subjects, be uſeful and ſolid.

You have always become the high Rank in which You were born; You have adorned it, and ſhewn how eminently You are like to be, what all Men of diſtinguiſhed Figure in a great State ought to be, but what too few are, an Ornament to it, and a Champion for it. Few, Sir, of Your high Rank have found at Your Years, fewer have embraced, fewer ſtill have improved, an Opportunity of diſplaying military Talents, and earned ſuch military Renown.

It hath been the Character of Your illuſtrious Anceſtors, to be warlike: It hath been their Glory to engage young in War, and to defend Right againſt Violence. The King Your Father diſtinguiſhed himſelf at Your Years, as You have done. The King Your Grandfather, in his Fifteenth Year, fought by the Side of the Prince his Father, at the Battle of *Treves*, where that brave Prince commanded the Confederate Cavalry, animated as well as commanded them, rallied them in Perſon, vanquiſhed at their Head a Marſhal of *France*, and routed a *French* Army. In that War that Prince loſt many of his Family, and ſeveral Brothers, all brave Patriots like himſelf, expoſing their Lives to reſcue their common Country from Uſurpation.

That War was like This War. As Your Progenitors behaved, You have behaved; and the ſame Spirit which fired Them, fired You. Yet, whatever Courage then inſpired You, I appeal, Sir, to Your own Heart, whether the chearful Perſuaſion of a righteous Cauſe, of relieving the Oppreſſed, and humbling inſolent Oppreſſors, did not heighten as well as juſtify Your Ardour in the Day of Battle? This is the genuine Character, This the glorious Employment, of military Virtue: What Pity that it ſhould ever be *otherwiſe* employed?

I congratulate You, Sir, upon Your engaging ſo young, in ſo juſt, ſo intereſting a Cauſe. In Your firſt Battle You defended Juſtice, ſet invaded Nations free, cruſhed wanton Uſurpers, and gained Glory without one Check from Your own Breaſt, without one Stain upon Your Fame. This was a Purſuit truly Heroic, and ſuitably crowned with Victory. It was a Cauſe of final Concernment to all *Europe*, a Cauſe worthy of Your princely Zeal, worthy of the Magnanimity of Your Royal Father, worthy of the Spirit with which He, with which You, animated by His Example, eſpouſed it, and made it triumph. If ever Lives ſo important are to be expoſed, it ſhould be upon ſuch an animating, ſuch an alarming Occaſion; To aſſert national Independence, to ſcatter Intruders, and break general Bondage.

The inglorious Cauſe of the War on one Side blazoned the Glory of the other, and conſequently Your Glory; when all the Outrages of War were committed under Profeſſions of Friendſhip; a War in Defiance of all the awful Appeals to God and Man, of private Conſcience, and public Infamy; a War renewed juſt after Peace had been purchaſed at a great Price; a War puſhed on, yet the Price of Peace ſtill retained.

I queſtion whether Hiſtory ever recorded, or the World ever ſaw, ſuch a daring Inſult upon all public Faith and Shame; unleſs, perhaps, from the ſame Quarter, where the moſt ſolemn Engagements were never binding, Negotiations ever turned into Snares, and Treaties into Mockery.

From the ſame Quarter it is no Wonder to ſee Inſincerity, and the moſt pernicious Morals, ſpread, with melancholy Succeſs, over all Countries who ſottiſhly derive their Modes and Maxims from thence. What can be a greater Source of ill Morals in all Shapes, than an open Contempt of all the Bonds that reſtrain, of all the Principles that awe, the human Soul? Surely, a People famous for Vanity and want of Truth, afford but a ſcandalous Pattern for Imitation: Their meaneſt Actions are Marvels; every Officer a Hero, every Prince more than Man, and their Monarchs Deities. Some of them, who never won a Laurel with their own Sword, have, by the inimitable Flattery of their Subjects, been crowned with more than ever graced the Head of *Cæſar*, or any of the antient Heroes. When, by Surprize, they had beaten their weaker Neighbours, and made ſome guilty Acquiſitions, more by great Want of Faith, than even by great Armies; all their Depredations have been extolled and hallowed by a hireling Army of Panegyriſts, as the Conqueſts of a Hero, nay, of a Deity.

A Hero without Heroiſm can only be created by Flatterers without Shame: A King void of Faith can paſs for a Hero with none, but Sycophants void of Conſcience. Praiſe not merited, but bought, rarely lives ſo long as the Buyer, even though he be conſtantly buying: If it be ingenious Praiſe, it will rather be the Portion of the Seller: At all Events, it will be for ever ſtained with the Reproach of being Sold.

I have heard of a Prince repreſented as ſufficient upon Earth to do all that even the Divine Being could do there. The Monks and Poets ſcarce left Almighty God the Poſſeſſion of his own Throne, with Ability to rule the Skies. They propheſied, or rather threatened, that their Grand Idol would, one Day, be at leaſt his *Coadjutor* even Above.

After this, (and this was but One, of a Thouſand ſuch Exceſſes) no Strain of Flattery can be ſurpriſing, not even that of Divine Worſhip publicly paid to his Statue, erected with all the Pomp of Idolatry and holy Ceremonies, Genuflexion, and even devout Proſtrations; the Courtiers, the Citizens, the Soldiers, ſolemnly attending, and awfully adoring this periſhable Divinity. This Mockery of Omnipotence was ſo far from ſhocking Him whom it moſt ought to have ſhocked, that the foremoſt Idolater in the impious Worſhip paid to human Frailty was rewarded with a Profuſion of Bounty and Honours. Such is the Intoxication of Flattery, when it is moſt incredible, and even blaſphemous! The Title of *Immortal* was but a moderate Compliment, in Compariſon with the reſt, and very aukwardly claimed by ſuch who always kept far from Danger.

Such Princes ſeem to have been inſenſible, that they were formed of the ſame Mould with other

Men; that their Blood was of the ſame Colour; themſelves liable to the ſame Infirmities; that with all their Power, however boaſted and boundleſs, they could not prolong Life, much leſs vanquiſh Death; that it was their Duty, and beſt Glory, to ſhew Tenderneſs and Benignity to thoſe, who, in the Grave, and beyond it, would be upon a Level with Them; that Flattery is not Fame; that a Throne is only ſo far glorious, as he who poſſeſſeth it acts with general Beneficence; that the moſt exalted Thrones have been often filled with ſuch as were a Bane and Diſgrace to human Nature; that Folly is contemptible, Iniquity deteſtable, even under the Blaze of a Crown.

Does not Your Royal Highneſs ſtill find ſomething very inſtructive, even from theſe offenſive Characters, of Princes ſwoln to an enormous Size in their own Conceit, by the Poiſon of Flattery? Such Inſtances ſhew, what immoderate Pride may attend moderate Parts; how confidently a human Creature may claim Attributes more than human; that a vehement Appetite for Praiſe, is no Proof that Praiſe is due; that a warlike Spirit is not always neceſſary to do warlike Miſchief; and that the World may be greatly diſturbed by the meaneſt Characters in it; a melancholy Conſideration,

ſideration, too apparent at moſt Times, never more than at *this Time!*

By what You have been doing, and by what You are going to do, Your Royal Highneſs has convinced the World, that You eſteem Royal Birth, without a Diſplay of Royal Qualities, no genuine Warrant for Fame. You know, that Virtue firſt made Men noble; that it is with Royalty as with Nobility (Royalty being only the moſt exalted Nobility); when it renounces its Foundreſs, it debaſes itſelf: That the Diſtinctions of High and Low are not produced from human Nature, but from the Nature of Society; and that the Protection and Defence of Society are the moſt amiable Grounds of Title and Elevation: That none but a uſeful and benevolent Character, can be a moral Character; that none but a moral Character, can be truly a great one: That even Courage, without Benevolence and Juſtice, is as great a Soleciſm, as Religion without Virtue.

To be brave, is a praiſe-worthy Character in a Prince; nor is a Prince without Reſolution, fit for a princely Place: To be juſt and brave, is a glorious Character; glorious in a King, glorious in the Son of a King. This Iſland can boaſt ſuch Characters, and from them the pleaſing Hopes of what may be expected from the reſt of the ſame Stock. Their greateſt Danger, and conſequently ours, is their being too brave.

It is no Pedantry to quote Latin to one who ſo well underſtands it. *Non te fortem eſſe dicimus, ſed querimur*, was a juſt Complaint and Caution offered to our glorious King *William*. I hope his preſent Majeſty, I hope Your Royal Highneſs, will not diſregard the ſame Caution. That fine Genius, Dr. *Thomas Burnet*, thought it no Compliment to that great Hero, that he was brave; but complains of him as too brave, by expoſing that precious Life, which endangered or ſecured the Lives of all, as it was itſelf ſecure, or in Danger.

Dr. *Burnet* knew the Value of that Heroic Prince, though All did not. The Malevolence of Party, which diſtreſſed his Reign, clouded his living Glory, but hath not been able to contaminate his Fame. Is not this, Sir, a pleaſing Reflection, that Juſtice and Praiſe, if they do not *meet*, will, firſt or laſt, *overtake*, ſolid Merit; and falſe Merit, however exalted, will, ſooner or later, be deſpiſed? The Memory of King *William* fares, as that of great and good

Princes ought to fare: It lives in the Voice of Fame; whilſt the Memory of deſpicable Men, great only in Rank and Vanity, however flattered, and even worſhiped, in their Life-time, will be deſpicable, or loſt.

I could mention another Inſtance of the Juſtice of Time to great and good Characters, but that it might too nearly affect Your Royal Highneſs: It is that of a great Princeſs deceaſed, whoſe Fame hath grown with Time, and ſtill grows: The ſure Sign of high Merit! They who ſpoke not well of her ſome Years ago, do it now: They who ſpeak with Indifference of her now, will praiſe her ſome Years hence.

The worthleſs Dead, as they could not expect, neither can they bear Remembrance. True Worth gains by the Grave. The Good which they did, is remembred: The little and great Falſities, raiſed about them, are forgotten; perſonal Envy ceaſes; the Clamour of Party is heard no more: Juſtice is reſtored, Truth prevails, and that Virtue, which ſtands in no Man's Way, is by all Men applauded.

After Death, Characters are better known: The Good ſtand the Teſt of Poſterity. The Great and Virtuous continue to be loved and praiſed. The

Great and Bad are hated and blaſted. *Nero* and *Meſſalina* are Names of Reproach and Horror, at the End of Seventeen hundred Years: *Scipio* and *Portia* are Names ſtill celebrated, at a greater Diſtance of Time. They themſelves indeed feel neither Obloquy, nor Praiſe: But they will ever live in Record, and reap eternal Renown, or eternal Infamy. It cannot but be a Pleaſure to the Public, to ſee what laudable Claims Your Royal Highneſs already has to the Favour of Poſterity.

Great Heroes, when they prove juſt Rulers, are a matchleſs Bleſſing. Such were *Ariſtides*, *Epaminondas*, the two *Scipio*'s, with many other Antients. Such was *Henry* IV. of *France:* Such was *our Edward* III. Such *our* King *William.* Such Bleſſing is the more valuable, as it is exceeding rare. Few Heroes prove juſt Magiſtrates, and therefore are imperfect Heroes, whatever Cuſtom and Flattery may call them: They generally as little regard the Rights as the Lives of Men. A late celebrated Prince in the *North*, as warlike a Spirit as ever alarmed or waſted the World, had ſmall Tenderneſs for Magiſtracy and Laws, and as little Feeling for human Calamities. *Cromwell* had great Talents for Government: So had *Cæſar.* But they were Uſurpers; and as the Laws were againſt

Them, They were againſt the Laws. *Demetrius Poliorcetes* was a Hero, at leaſt a complete Warrior; but had utter Contempt for the civil Tribunal, and regular Adminiſtration of Juſtice: He knew no Deciſion of Property, but by the Sword, and was a Soldier in the Seat of Judgment.

Your Royal Highneſs will own, that the moſt comprehenſive, the moſt amiable Qualities of a Prince are Juſtice and Fortitude. *Ariſtotle*, I think, places the latter foremoſt in the Rank of moral Virtues; probably becauſe it implies a Defence of the reſt. People, therefore, under a King thus qualified, have reaſon to think themſelves happy: It is a dangerous Symptom where they do not. The beſt Rulers do not eſcape popular Cenſure, however poorly founded. The *Athenians* reproached the virtuous *Cymon* for having bad Wine; as the *Romans* did the great *Scipio Africanus* for ſleeping, having no other Fault to find with him: The Enemies of *Pompey* upbraided him, for uſing but one Finger in ſcratching his Head. *Plutarch*, who obſerves this, adds, that the People, growing tired with their old Rulers, often incline to worſe, out of pure Wantonneſs, and from a Taſte utterly depraved.

For myſelf, Sir, I ſincerely believe, that as no Prince ever oppreſſed or wronged his Subjects, without ſuffering bitter Retribution in ſome Shape; I am equally perſuaded, that no People ever proved ungrateful to a good Prince, without paying dear for it, and puniſhing themſelves. I hope Your Royal Highneſs will never ſee Either Caſe tried; I am ſatisfied You will contribute to Neither, but (were there Occaſion) always delight to prevent Both.

I have great Pleaſure in ſubſcribing myſelf, as I do, with very zealous and very profound Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt Dutiful,

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

T. GORDON.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Tranſlation of *Salluſt* was not the earlieſt Part of the following Work. Moſt of the Diſcourſes were begun, ſeveral of them finiſhed, before the Tranſlation was attempted. They conſiſt of ſuch Obſervations as occurred to me from reading *Salluſt*, and from the ſignal Pravity of thoſe Times, of that People and Government; a licentious People, a crazy Government, and therefore terrible Times; a Government generally enfeebled by a looſe Adminiſtration; ſometimes ſeverely attacked, when beſt adminiſtred; always labouring under ſome dangerous Diſorder and Defect; for the moſt part hurt by Attempts to reform it; frequently oppreſſed by ſuch who profeſſed to ſupport it; at laſt, overthrown by inſidious Reformers: The boldeſt and moſt pernicious Schemes often beſt received, and the beſt Men leaſt heard, in moſt Peril, generally undone, for oppoſing the worſt. The virtuous *Cato* dragged, like a Criminal, from the *Forum*, for thwarting the peſtilent Projects of *Cæſar*; *Cicero*, the Saviour of the State, baniſhed, for puniſhing Criminals combined to deſtroy the State.

In diſcourſing upon *Tacitus*, I had affecting Subjects, the Rage, the Madneſs, the ſanguinary Politics of the firſt *Cæſars*, with all the Horrors of Imperial Jealouſy, and unbounded Will; one weak, or wicked Man, grinding, exhauſting, and butchering the *Roman* World; himſelf, at laſt, naturally butchered, to make Way for a Rival; who, unwarned by his Fate, follows his Example, periſhes like him, and leaves a Succeſſor not wiſer nor happier, living a Tyrant, and dying a Victim to Tyranny; the beſt Princes murdered for being ſo; Liberty extinct, Virtue perſecuted, all Attempts to retrieve either, unpardonable and fatal.

The Subjects furniſhed by *Salluſt* are equally intereſting, and near as affecting; the mutual Rage and Iniquity of embittered Factions; the furious Struggles between the Nobles and Commons; both oppreſſing, both oppreſſed, in their turns, with equal

Wantonneſs and Injuſtice; and the Conſequences equally deſtructive to both: Prevailing Corruption in the State; ſhocking Venality in the Courts of Juſtice, Rapine in the Provinces, bare-faced Iniquity in the Senate; Parricides proſpering, Patriots periſhing, Liberty proſtituted and expiring; Conſpiracies, Uſurpation, and Wars, both Civil and Foreign.

The only two intire Pieces which remain of the Works of *Salluſt*, are *Catiline*'s *Conſpiracy*, and the *Jugurthine War*; the latter much earlier in Time, but the former firſt compoſed; both written with Spirit, and fine Style; but the *Jugurthine* War the moſt regular, the moſt connected, and the moſt maſterly Performance.

Salluſt had great Talents for Hiſtory, and where he adheres to it, and purſues the Thread of it, does it with great Clearneſs and Ability; engages, leads, and pleaſes his Readers; but is apt to balk them by ſtarting from his Subject; and his Digreſſions, however ingenious, are too declamatory; and much good Senſe is blended with much Self-ſufficiency. His Prefaces have remarkably this Turn: They are more eloquent than pertinent, full indeed of curious Speculations, of high Panegyrics upon Virtue, of keen Invectives againſt Folly and Vice, but replete with Compliments to himſelf, and the Importance of his own Character and Studies, to which theſe Prefaces ſeem Introductions, rather than to his Hiſtory. In them he takes care to keep the Attention of his Readers as much upon himſelf as upon the Subject; and, in arraigning ill Rule, and ill Rulers, his public Zeal ſeems heightened by private Pique. He publiſhes his own Picture, and Diſcontents, before his Works; hurts himſelf with his Readers, by diſplaying not only the Vanity, but the Sourneſs and Reſentment of the Writer; impairs Truth by Strokes of Oſtentation and Satire, the Dignity of Hiſtory by Invective, and the Impartiality of an Hiſtorian by perſonal Diſguſts.

Whatever Faults the Government had, (and great ones they were, God knows!) it is likely that he would not have railed at it, had he been in it. He flatters the Uſurper *Cæſar* as copiouſly, as he inveighs againſt the former free Adminiſtration; and, in accepting the Rule of a Province from that Uſurper, made it appear, by his inſatiable and infamous Adminiſtration in it, how much he had wanted ſuch Preferment, how unfit he was for it, how unworthy of it. He plundered *Numidia* without Bowels; nor amongſt all the corrupt, all the rapacious provincial Rulers ever ſent from *Rome*, did the worſt of them prove more rapacious and corrupt, than this Declaimer againſt corrupt Rulers. His Conduct in *Numidia* was ſo flagitious and black, that even his partial Patron *Cæſar*, the Promoter and Defender of guilty Magiſtrates, and of all guilty Men, could not ſupport him: He was forced to retire, and lived in Voluptuouſneſs and Diſgrace, upon the infinite Spoils of his inhuman Magiſtracy. This makes the other public Charge probable, that he had formerly diſhonoured the Quæſtorſhip by the like unbounded Corruption and Venality, had been thence doomed to public Puniſhment, and ſeems never to have forgiven the State for inflicting it.

There are other Charges againſt him; but, as they were not of ſo public a Nature, I omit them. His Affectation of old Words and Phraſes is but a ſmall Charge, and he ſeldom incurs it. Language is always flowing, never fixes. Yet every Generation believe their own to be juſt then in its Perfection; nor, when it is fallen ever ſo low, will they perceive it, much leſs ſuffer it to be reduced to a better Standard. The Modes of Speaking, like other prevailing Modes, ſeem always beſt, and are always moſt pleaſing to the Many. The Ear is no more infallible than the Eye. Whoever deviates from the Phraſes and Pronunciation in Faſhion, is thought as abſurd as if he croſſed the Faſhion in his Dreſs. The *Engliſh* Language ſeems to me, to have come to Perfection in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time: It hath ſince received ſome Improvements, as well as ſuffered ſome Decay; and is ſtill in Danger of decaying further, chiefly by following the *French* Language, which is itſelf fallen, and its Spirit greatly ſunk. The learned and judicious Monſieur *Paſquier*, in his *Recherches de la* France, complains of this Decay in his Time, One hundred and Fifty Years ago; not only that many good Words were diſuſed, and worſe introduced, but the ſame Words were altered for the worſe, and loſt their Force for Glibneſs. He makes the ſame Obſervations of the *Italian* Tongue. Monſieur *Paſſerat*, Profeſſor of Rhetoric at *Paris*, an able Critic, acquits *Salluſt* from the Imputation of reviving old Words, or rather commends him for it, upon the ſame Principles.

His Language, upon the Whole, is pleaſing and pathetic, his Narration natural, his Speeches ſtrong and perſuaſive, his Deſcriptions exact and beautiful, the Reflections curious and poignant, the Characters ſtriking and juſt; his own, that of a noble and inſtructive Hiſtorian, a great Writer, not without great Faults in his Writings; I do not mean only his Flattery and Partiality to *Cæſar*; his Prejudices to *Cicero* are apparent and unpardonable. He ſpeaks very ſparingly of that great Man, by Right the Hero of his Hiſtory: He treats him with the Contempt of a few civil Epithets, and ſays of him juſt what he muſt ſay, in order to explain the Progreſs and Iſſue of the Conſpiracy. Though he is apt to go out of his Way, in order to diſplay his own lively Talents in drawing Characters, he exerciſes none of them upon that of *Cicero*, where there was ſuch a loud Call for it, ſo much Scope for the moſt brilliant Colours, and ſuch a Crime in omitting them.

This is not only a Defect, but a Stain, in his Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy. He gives us an accurate Portraiture of *Catiline*, is copious in the Diſplay of his Abilities, as well as of his Crimes; and, not content with declaring him a great Maſter of Eloquence, preſents us two large Specimens of his great Power in Speaking. He gives us an artful and able Speech of *Cæſar*'s to ſave the Conſpirators, without owning that *Cæſar* meant to ſave them, much leſs that he was one of them; nay, takes Pains to juſtify him, and afterwards draws a pompous and amiable Character of that dangerous and guilty Man. He makes no Attempt to draw that of *Cicero*, who, though well known to the *Romans*, was not better known than *Cæſar*. He illuſtrates the Character of *Memmius*, by an admirable Speech of *Memmius*, which yet he might have ſpared without laming the Story. But in recounting the Defeat of a moſt dreadful Conſpiracy, by the Vigilance and divine Abilities of *Cicero*, he makes *Cicero* do nothing but what any plain ſenſible Magiſtrate, of common Integrity and Spirit, might have done. The Conſul indeed encourages the Confederates of *Catiline* to betray *Catiline*: He takes the ordinary Precautions, is preſſed with Difficulties, calls the Senate, and makes them a Speech, which *Salluſt* owns to have been a vigorous and a ſeaſonable one, but produces not a Sentence of it. It is true, he adds, that *Cicero* afterwards publiſhed it: And may we not ſuppoſe, that thoſe of *Cæſar* and *Cato* were likewiſe publiſhed? The Argument and Subſtance of both were kept, as uſual, in the Journals of the Senate.

This dry and narrow Treatment of *Cicero* is a Notable Failing in his Hiſtory, and, conſidering the Talents of the Hiſtorian, a Malicious Failing.

It is the Part of an Hiſtorian, and his Duty, as to cover Traitors with Deteſtation, and Treaſon with Horror, ſo to throw all Luſtre upon public Merit, and to brighten the Character of a public Saviour. *Salluſt* ſets *Catiline* in a fuller Light, than he does the illuſtrious and immortal Conſul, who conquered *Catiline*, and all his formidable Train. Suppoſe *Cæſar* had been in *Cicero*'s Place, and done what *Cicero* did; how differently and ſplendidly would he have ſhone in the warm and brilliant Strains of his Friend and Admirer, the Hiſtorian! *Salluſt* ſhould at leaſt have given us a Summary of *Cicero*'s firſt Speech to the Senate, where the Conſul encounters *Catiline* with ſuch Spirit. He ought to have made an Extract of the Conſul's other Speeches, where the Conſul recounts the dark Doings of him and his Accomplices, with as much Clearneſs as *Salluſt* does, and adds ſome material Circumſtances, not found in *Salluſt*.

Cicero's Account of the Examination of the Conſpirators before the Senate, in his third Oration, is as pertinent as any thing in *Salluſt*, and more curious. So is his Detail of the ſeveral Characters and Ranks of Men engaged with the Conſpirators, in his ſecond Oration. So is his Summary of the Civil Diſorders paſt, compared with the preſent Conſpiracy: So is his Relation of the Proceedings of the Senate, with the high and unparallelled Honours there decreed to himſelf, but not once mentioned by *Salluſt*: So is his Character of *Catiline*. Indeed theſe Orations againſt *Catiline* furniſh ſuch eſſential Lights to that tremendous Conſpiracy, that, as ſoon as I had tranſlated *Salluſt*, I tranſlated Them, on purpoſe to ſupply the Defects of *Salluſt*.

The Hiſtorian ſhould have told us, with what maſterly Addreſs the wiſe Conſul managed both People and Senate, and with what different Strains he addreſſed to each. The Hiſtorian ſhould have exhibited at large the fourth Oration, where the Orator ſo artfully ſooths *Cæſar*, and ſo dexterouſly turns to his own Purpoſe the artful Reaſoning of *Cæſar*. Not a Word of all this in *Salluſt*; an Author ſo fond of repeating long Speeches, even ſome that ſuſpend his Narration, and hinder hiſtorical Connection.

As the Mind of Man, engaged in an intereſting Story, and earneſtly preſſing towards the Iſſue, is never to be diverted but by ſuch Incidents and Characters as tend to produce it: Equal too is the Impatience of the Readers, when they find the Hiſtorian defective, or dry, in his Diſplay of the principal Actors, and of the Parts which they act; when they perceive him loth to repreſent, or malevolent in repreſenting, or omitting to repreſent, ſuch Perſons and Parts. Such a Diſcovery provokes the Reader, and depreciates the Writer.

In *Salluſt* you ſee *Catiline*, you ſee *Jugurtha*, at full Length, their untameable Spirit, their ſuperior Genius, their many Qualifications, their infinite Reſources, their unwearied Application, their prevailing Addreſs: You ſee the dreadful Probability of their Succeſs, and the Proximity of Ruin to the State; you rejoice in its Eſcape, and in their juſt Doom. To other great Names he does the ſame copious Juſtice. *Metellus*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, are all repreſented in fine and full Light, and their Characters and Praiſe minutely and impartially ſet before the Reader. The Story and Sufferings of the unhappy *Atherbal* are affectingly told, particularly from his own Mouth, in that moſt moving Speech of his to the Senate, one of the fineſt and moſt intereſting in Hiſtory.

But the glorious Conduct of *Cicero*, his high Courage, his Penetration, his wiſe Schemes, his Addreſs and Temporizing, his various and prevailing Eloquence, are ſo far from being ſet in a glorious Light by *Salluſt*, that all which *Cicero* does and ſays there, is no more than what might have been done and ſaid by a very inferior Senator. He gives you *Cicero* for a Man of Senſe, Experience, and Credit. But in him you behold not *Cicero*, the conſummate Stateſman, the inimitable Orator, the determined Patriot, nor any Traces of a ſublime and ſuperlative Genius.

So many unnatural Omiſſions, and the Prejudices of the Hiſtorian againſt the Orator, are probably the chief Cauſe why the Hiſtory of *Catiline's* Conſpiracy is ſo looſe and defective a Performance. There are many complete Things in it, Speeches, Characters, Recitals; but the Hiſtory itſelf is not complete. Nor was it poſſible he could have compoſed it as he ought, without giving ſuch a Brilliancy to the great Name, and unparallelled Services, of *Cicero*, as a prejudiced Pen could not give. It is a Performance certainly far inferior to the Hiſtory of *Jugurtha*.

A fine Genius doubtleſs he had: It is by the Strength of this, that he hides, recommends, and even dignifies his Faults; and generally rouſes and delights his Readers by the Sprightlineſs of his Thoughts and Phraſes, even when he carries his Readers out of the Way.

I found it very difficult to tranſlate him, though not ſo difficult as to tranſlate *Tacitus*. Neither do I think him an Author equal to *Tacitus*, nor to poſſeſs the ſame Majeſty and Depth. Beſides, in *Tacitus* you find no Traces of Conceit, no Self-praiſe. All his Pomp is natural, the Effect of the Subject upon his Spirit, and of his Spirit upon his Pen. *Salluſt* ſtudies to be eloquent: He flouriſhes to pleaſe himſelf, and to make his Reader pleaſed with him, and ſeems to enjoy his own Performance. He was a fine Genius; *Tacitus* a great one.

Salluſt, I own, is more in the general Taſte, and has more Readers, than *Tacitus*, becauſe he is more eaſily underſtood, and therefore in more Hands. He is a School-Book: Boys learn him together with the *Latin* Tongue; and, valuing themſelves for underſtanding Him, they value Him as the firſt and beſt Hiſtorian. *Tacitus* is underſtood by very few; it is incredible by *how* few: Yet all pretend to judge of his Character, and, taking his Faults upon Truſt, hand the trite Exceptions againſt him, with notable Confidence, from one to another. There is nothing more abſurd than moſt of theſe Exceptions; as I have at large ſhewn in my Apology for him and his Writings (*a*): The greateſt is, that he

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(*a*) See the Second Diſcourſe prefixed to the Annals of *Tacitus*.

dives malignantly into the Hearts of Princes for malignant Strokes of Policy there. But the Inſtances which they give, confute the Charge; not only as ſuch Inſtances are natural and probable, but mentioned by other Hiſtorians no-wiſe ſuſpected of Refining, or want of Veracity.

The other Exceptions againſt him are equally ill-grounded, perhaps ſtarted by ſome ſage Pedant, who did not underſtand him, then believed, and handed down by ſuch as could not read him. All the Objections againſt him are new: He was highly admired by the great and learned Men, his Cotemporaries, who found great Excellencies in his Works, without any Flaws. Nor do I find, that he had any Cenſurers, as a Writer, for near Fifteen hundred Years. Are modern Critics likely to judge better of his Character or Language? Yet many ſuch Critics there are, moſt of them ſuperficial and miſled. Even a falſe Critic, of any Reputation, is uſually followed by Numbers, who deſerve none.

In the Tranſlation of *Salluſt*, I have, throughout, uſed my uſual Style, and hope it will not be found altogether unſuitable to the Style of *Salluſt*. In that of *Tacitus*, I went into ſome Variations: And I believe there are few that underſtand *Tacitus*, but will own they were neceſſary: It is no Wonder, that ſuch as underſtood him not, found fault with them. Though ſuch Variations occur but here and there, chiefly in his Speeches and Reflections, and are nowiſe obſcure to any intelligent Reader; they were by ſome confidently ſaid to run through the Whole, and the *Engliſh* to be as obſcure as the *Latin*. Such is the Truth and Candour to be found in vulgar Critics, of all Ranks, even when they can be confuted in every Bookſeller's Shop. To comply with the common Taſte, I made many Alterations in the ſecond Edition; and eaſed ſeveral Sentences, which were reckoned ſtiff. And this I did directly againſt the Opinion of the late Duke of *Argyll*, a moſt accompliſhed Judge, and of ſome other great Perſons ſtill amongſt us, of equal Taſte and Abilities, and, from their Knowlege of Men and Buſineſs, beſt qualified for underſtanding *Tacitus*: But the public Cry is ſometimes to be humoured, even when it is ill-grounded.

In the preſent Tranſlation, I have fully avoided all ſuch Cauſe of Complaint. In conveying the Senſe of *Salluſt*, I do not pretend to tell all my Readers, learned or unlearned, that I have not ſometimes miſtaken it. I took all poſſible care to find it; and were I to take theirs, where they differ from me, I probably ſhould find others, beſides myſelf, to differ from them.

I doubt not but it is poſſible to find Ten Perſons, all tolerable Judges, who would tranſlate ſo many Sentences of *Salluſt*, or any other Antient, Ten different Ways. Every Judge, good or bad, is apt to take himſelf for a competent Judge. I ſhall be nowiſe piqued againſt any Man for differing from me: I hope for the ſame reaſonable Allowance and Treatment from all Men. As we are all liable to be miſtaken, it is both indecent and unfair to inſult over the Miſtakes of one another; eſpecially to inſult falſly, when there may, perhaps, be no real Miſtake, but only one raiſed by our own Self-ſufficiency and Heat.

A Friend of mine, ſome Years ago, brought me a Weekly Paper, where I was treated with great Outrage, by an angry Man, for miſtaking ſo egregiouſly (as He thought I did) a Paſſage in *Tacitus*. It is where *Germanicus* tells his mutinous Legions, that *Cæſar* had once reclaimed his ſeditious Army by a ſingle Word, *Quirites vocando*: I tranſlate it, *by calling them* TOWNSMEN. ‘No, ſays ‘the well-bred Fault-finder, This is not the Senſe, and a School-‘Boy would have been whipped for ſo turning it. I, ſays he, ‘would have tranſlated it thus; *He called them* ROMANS, *and* ‘*all was quiet*.’ Obſerve how confidently this blind Obſerver perverts *Cæſar*'s Words! It was not a Compliment, but a Rebuke: *Quirites vocando*; They were no longer Soldiers; he diſowned them for ſuch, declared them diſcharged, and called them what they now were, ſo many of the Populace, *Townſmen*, a Multitude.

The Fact and the Conſent of Hiſtorians about it, of *Dio*, *Plutarch*, *Suetonius*, confirm this to be the Meaning of the Words; *Quirites vocando*, in other Words, *ſolutos Militia*, diſmiſſed from the Service. ——In *Lucan*'s Paraphraſe it runs

—— *Diſcedite Caſtris:*
Tradite noſtra viris, ignavi, ſigna, QUIRITES.

From theſe Words, and the whole Speech, may be ſeen, that, inſtead of ſoothing them, he treats them with ſovereign Scorn and Indignation. *Rowe* tranſlates theſe Lines thus:

For you, ye VULGAR HERD, *in Peace return:*
My Enſigns ſhall by manly *Hands be borne.*

Lampridius, in the Life of *Alexander Severus*, explains the Word juſt as I have done. *Severitatis autem tantæ fuit in milites, ut ſæpe legiones integras exauctoravit, ex militibus Quirites appellans.* ‘Such was his Severity in Diſcipline, that he often ‘diſmiſſed whole Legions; calling them (inſtead of Soldiers) ‘*Townſmen*; QUIRITES *appellans*.’ The ſame choleric Writer asks, What Diſcoveries I had made about *Tacitus*? My Anſwer is, That I have diſcovered the Meaning of *Tacitus*; a Diſcovery which, it is plain, He had not made.

I ſhould have taken no Notice of ſuch vain Cenſure; but ſome of my Friends told me, that they heard it quoted in a Coffee-Houſe (perhaps by the Author) with Approbation. It will ſerve too as an Example, what Confidence attends Ignorance; how prone People, eſpecially coarſe People, are to cenſure; what ridiculous and ſcurrilous Attacks an Author is liable to, for being in the Right; and with this View only I mention it.

I ſhall quote another Cenſure upon my Tranſlation of *Tacitus*, a very general Cenſure. *Tacitus* ſays, in the Reign of *Auguſtus*, *Tranquillæ res Romæ*. I tranſlate theſe Words, ‘In profound ‘Tranquillity were Things at *Rome*.’ Is not that the Senſe of the Words? *Yes*, ſay the Critics; *but the Sentence is forced and tranſpoſed*: It ſhould have been, *Things at* Rome *were in Tranquillity*. The Truth is, either Way does; but the firſt Way is at leaſt as common as the other amongſt all our beſt Writers, and, in my Taſte, is the beſt Way.

A Perſon of a learned Profeſſion, who ought to be learned, for he lives by it, roundly aſſerted in Company, That I did not underſtand *Tacitus*. A Gentleman preſent, provoked at ſuch an ungenerous Aſſertion, asked the Aſſertor, Whether he was ſure, that he himſelf underſtood *Tacitus*? He added, That he had read both the Original and the Tranſlation, and found ſuch a Charge to be utterly unjuſt: Therefore, Sir, ſays he, I will ſend the Boy of the Coffee-Houſe for a *Tacitus*, that you may convince us, that you do, or do not, underſtand him. The candid Critic left the Room, for fear it ſhould come; but ſo Creſt-fallen as to own, that he did not underſtand *every Part* of *Tacitus*. He did not ſtay to convince the Company, that he underſtood *any Part* of him.

I have carefully examined, and re-examined, every Sentence of *Salluſt*, frequently reviſed the Whole, always compared it with the Original, and have had it under my Eye for many Years. There is ſurely great Difficulty in any ſuch Undertaking. The Languages, the Times, and the Taſte, are all ſo remote and different from ours, that it is next to impoſſible to convert antient Terms and Tranſactions into any modern Language, at leaſt ſo to convert them, as to make them pleaſe equally with the Original; eſpecially Works of Genius, where the Tranſlator has not only the hard Taſk of conceiving and forming the ſame Images, of ſeeing them in the ſame Light, of animating them with the ſame Spirit, as his Author (a *Tacitus*, or a *Horace*) ſaw, formed, and conceived and animated them: He has another Taſk ſtill as hard, that of finding equivalent Phraſes to clothe, convey, and recommend them, in a Language of very different Idioms and Contexture, a patched *Gothic* Language, full of Particles and Monoſyllables, ſo inconſiſtent with Harmony and Sound; and hobbling with auxiliary Verbs, ſo repugnant to Brevity and Force. It is ſmall Wonder, that many Men ſhould differ one with another about the Meaning of Words in a *dead* Language, when ſo few agree in the preciſe Ideas to be annexed to many Words in *their own*?

It is a bold Undertaking to tranſlate any Author of Genius into any other Tongue, even a modern Author into a modern Tongue; though ſo many of the modern Tongues reſemble and depend upon each other; and ſuch Authors are generally mangled and cut, rather ſunk and perverted, than tranſlated. It muſt therefore be a very bold Attempt to undertake one of the great Antients, who are rarely to be known in a new Dreſs, in which their Spirit is generally degraded into Pertneſs, their Dignity evaporated in Bombaſt, their Eaſe loſt in Flatneſs, and their Fluency in Chitthat. It is an Attempt I never intended to have made, and was indeed drawn into it. My firſt View was to write Diſcourſes upon *Tacitus*, as an Author of wonderful Wiſdom and Parts, who had long delighted me, and filled me with a Thouſand Reflections, which I had a mind to connect and publiſh.

I had no Thoughts of tranſlating him, till I was told by a Gentleman in the City (*a*), how ill he was tranſlated; and he perſuaded me to tranſlate him, as well as comment upon him. Upon Examination, I found the *Engliſh* Tranſlations of him to be ſuch as I have repreſented them in the firſt Diſcourſe prefixed to him.

I ſhould have been extremely glad to have found a good Tranſlation of *Salluſt*. But that which we have of him is dry and taſteleſs, cold and heavy, full of Miſtakes and vulgar Phraſes, nothing of the Vivacity, or Fire, or Elevation, of *Salluſt*; the Style knotty, harſh, and perplexed, ſo oppoſite to the round, perſpicuous, and flowing Periods of *Salluſt*. The Tranſlator, far from *warmed*, much leſs *inſpired*, by his Author, does not ſeem to *feel* him.

I therefore thought it neceſſary to make a new Tranſlation, and no hard Task to make a better, however ſhort of the Original. I thought mine the fitteſt to accompany the Diſcourſes written upon him.

The great Point in tranſlating, is to purſue, or, if poſſible, rather to aſſume and poſſeſs, the Spirit and Character of the Author. To render him Word for Word, will be inſipid: Though it may be exact, it can never be juſt, unleſs the Senſation of the Author be conveyed, as well as his Words, and grammatical Meaning.

An able Writer not only gives, but enforces, his own Meaning: His Manner is as ſignificant as his Words, and therefore becomes Part of his Sentiments. It is thus in Speaking as well as Writing: The livelieſt Speech in the World, rehearſed by a heavy Man, will ſound heavily. What moved, and fired, and charmed the Audience, out of one Mouth, would put them to Sleep out of

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(*a*) Mr. *Pate*, the Woollen-draper, who knows more of the Character and Excellencies of the Claſſics than many who profeſs Languages and Science, and bear learned Appellations. He ſaid, pleaſantly, 'That *Tacitus* was indeed *unclaſſicked*, 'but not *tranſlated*.'

another. An Oration of *Demoſthenes*, repeated like a Leaſe by a Clerk; or one of *Cicero*'s, pronounced by a Pedant; inſtead of Rage and Terror, would rouſe Laughter and Impatience.

Who can diſcover the Ardour and Vivacity of *Horace*, in the Verſion of Monſieur *D'Acier?* Yet *D'Acier* knew, as well as any Man, the Meaning of every Word in *Horace*, with all his Figures, Alluſions, and References.

Plutarch, the entertaining judicious *Plutarch*, is a dry Writer, as tranſlated by the ſame *D'Acier*, though accurately tranſlated: *Plutarch*, tranſlated by *Amyot*, is an entertaining, a pleaſing Author: Yet, in *Amyot*'s Tranſlation, there are numberleſs Miſtakes: A *French* Critic, and a very learned Man, Monſieur *Meziriac*, reckons them at Two thouſand, all very groſs ones. *D'Acier*'s is an exact Tranſlation of *Plutarch*'s Words: *Amyot* is a Copy of *Plutarch* himſelf; reſembles his Author, and writes as well. *Amyot* is a Genius: *D'Acier* is a learned Man.

I am much concerned to ſee ſo learned and uſeful a Writer as *Plutarch*, make ſo ill a Figure in *Engliſh*: Moſt of his Lives are poorly Engliſhed; nor is bad Language the worſt Fault: They are full of egregious Blunders. Several of them are ill tranſlated from *Amyot*, by ſuch as underſtood not *French*. Many of the inſtructive Pieces, called his Morals, have fared as ill. A good Tranſlation of all his Works would be a valuable Performance.

Who would not rather read a Diſcourſe of Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*'s upon any ordinary Subject, though ever ſo full of Inaccuracies, than a learned Diſſertation of the correct Mr. *Thomas Hearn* upon the beſt Subject?

I doubt no Work of Genius can be well tranſlated, but by an Author of Genius; and therefore, there can never be many tolerable Tranſlations in the World. *Cicero*, in tranſlating the nobleſt *Greek* Writers, has excelled them all: *Cicero* was a good Tranſlator, becauſe he was a great Genius.

Terence is only a Tranſlator; but he had fine Taſte, Politeneſs, and Parts, and a Genius for Comedy and genteel Converſation. This was his great Qualification: His Knowlege of the two Languages only helped him to ſhew it. He might have had great Skill in both, without Succeſs, or Fame, as a Comic Poet. *Terence*

rence tranſlated Comedy with Applauſe, becauſe he had a fine Genius for Comedy. He himſelf is ſhamefully traveſtied by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, and Dr. *Echard*, and much groſs Ribaldry fathered upon ſo pure and polite a Writer.

Mr. *Hobbes* has tranſlated the Hiſtorian *Thucydides* well; for Mr. *Hobbes* had equal Talents for Hiſtory: But he has ill tranſlated *Homer*, though he well underſtood *Homer*; for he had not equal Talents for Poetry. Mr. *Dryden*, with all his Faults, and many unwarrantable Freedoms, has made a fine Tranſlation of *Virgil*, becauſe he was as great a Poet as *Virgil*; indeed, a great and various Poet: We have Poems of his, ſuch as, I think, *Virgil* could not write; one Ode particularly, equal, if not ſuperior, to any in Antiquity.

Many of the Speeches and brighteſt Paſſages in *Lucan*, are rendered by Mr. *Row* with equal Force, in a Language ſo unequal, becauſe he had a Genius as warm and poetical as *Lucan*; though *Lucan*, with infinite Sinkings, has infinite Elevation, and many glorious Lines.

I have often wiſhed, that ſuch a fine Genius as Dr. *Burnet* of the *Charter-houſe*, had tranſlated *Livy*. He had grave and grand Conceptions, with harmonious flowing Periods, equal to thoſe of the great *Roman* Hiſtorian. Sir *Walter Raleigh* would have ſtill done it better, as he was a wonderful Maſter of ſuch Subjects, and wonderfully qualified to repreſent them. Many Parts of his Hiſtory of the World are hardly to be matched, never to be exceeded; particularly his Relation of the ſecond *Punic* War; where he recounts the Conduct of the *Roman* and *Carthaginian* Commonwealths, and of their ſeveral Commanders, eſpecially of *Hannibal*, with ſurpriſing Capacity, Clearneſs, and Force.

There occurs to me one Paſſage out of the *Engliſh Livy*, which will ſhew what Juſtice we have done that noble and elegant Writer. A great Officer ſays to a *Roman* General in the Field, (I think he calls him *Sir*, too) ‘ Whilſt you ſtand Shilly-ſhally ‘ here, as a Man may ſay, the Enemy will tread upon your Toes.’ Could a Groom of that General have uſed meaner Language to a Fellow Groom? I give the Paſſage upon Memory —— The Words are either *Skilly-ſhally*, or *with your Hands in your Pockets*, or both.

A Writer of Genius, tranſlated by one who has none, or a mean one, will appear meanly. Even the Meaning of every Word may be conveyed, yet the Meaning of the Writer miſſed or mangled. It is in Tranſlating, as in Painting: Where the Air, the Spirit, and Dignity of the Original are wanting, Reſemblance is wanting. To be able to tranſlate, a Man muſt be able to do ſomething like what he tranſlates.

What can be more unlike, what more unworthy of *Virgil* than *Hannibal Caro's* Tranſlation of *Virgil's Æneis* into *Italian?* *Dryden* juſtly calls it *ſcandalouſly mean*, and adds, that he is a Foot-Poet, ‘ and lacquies by the Side of *Virgil* at beſt, but never mounts behind him.’ Yet *Hannibal Caro* was far from being unacquainted with *Virgil's* Meaning. He ſaw plainly what *Virgil* had done, but could not do like him, though he thought that he could: *Ogilby* too knew the Words and Grammar in *Virgil*; and only wanted Capacity to write like *Virgil*.

Sir *Samuel Garth* coming one Morning to viſit the late Duke of *Argyll*, with a Book in his Hand, the Duke asked him what it was. The Knight told him, that it was a Philoſophical Work of *Tully's*, tranſlated by a very Reverend Divine, and named Mr. *Collyer*. The Duke asked him, How Mr. *Collyer* had done it? ‘ Gad, my Lord Duke, replied the Knight, he makes the Orator *chatter* very *ſmartly*.’

I have not examined, whether Sir *Samuel's* Joke was as true as it was bitter: But ſurely, if Mr. *Collyer's Cicero chattered*, he was no longer *Marcus Tullius Cicero*.

It hath been generally believed, upon the Credit, I ſuppoſe, of Grammarians and Commentators, *Lipſius*, I think, is one of them, that *Tacitus* imitates *Salluſt*: A Diſcovery which I could never make; unleſs all Authors of Spirit and maſterly Expreſſion imitate one another. There is ſuch Painting in *Tacitus*, as comes from no Pencil but his own. I cannot find that he imitates any Writer: I do not know any Writer that can be ſaid to imitate Him; nor can any Writer, who has a Manner of his own, be properly ſaid to imitate any other. Whom does *Horace* imitate? It cannot be

Pindar; for, in my Opinion, he exceeds *Pindar*; though he compliments *Pindar* with being inimitable. Whom does *Lucretius* imitate? He had his Subject and Syſtem from *Epicurus*: His Style and Conceptions were his own. I know one who has written like *Salluſt*, and equalled him both in Expreſſion and Spirit; I mean *Paterculus*: It is true, he is much leſs read; for he wrote only an Abridgment of the Hiſtory of the *Romans*; a Sort of Work never ſo taking as a Hiſtory at Length, equally executed. Beſides, he deſtroyed his moral Character, by his boundleſs Flattery to *Tiberius*, and his Miniſter *Sejanus*, and has been ever ſince diſcredited by the concurring Teſtimony of other Hiſtorians.

The Characters of Princes are, in a great meaſure, in the Power of Authors. *Julius Cæſar* and *Auguſtus* have derived fine Characters from fine, but flattering Writers, particularly from the Poets. *Tiberius* bears a terrible one from the Hiſtorians; though the Evil he did was but minute and contemptible, in Compariſon with what *Julius* and *Auguſtus* did. He diſpatched particular *Romans*: They ſlaughtered the *Romans* by Myriads.

For myſelf, I am far from pretending to write like *Salluſt*, or to be ſo fit, as I ought, to tranſlate him. I think I am not vain in ſaying, that I have done him more Juſtice, than hath been yet done him in *Engliſh*, I hope as much as is done him in any other Language. Nor am I afraid of Criticiſm. Where it is juſt and decent, (and, without Decency, it cannot be juſt) I ſhall chearfully ſubmit to it, and be thankful for it. Where it is groſs, or falſe, or angry, I ſhall not anſwer what I cannot retaliate. Criticiſm is never to be feared, merely from the Ill-will of the Critic. Deteſtable is that Criticiſm which Ill-will dictates. It is the more harmleſs, by its evident Bent to do Harm.

Spite and Outrage are Signs of a bad Cauſe, as well as Diſqualifications for managing a good. No able Man *wants* the Aid of Scurrility; no good Man can *uſe* ſuch Aid. Were Groſsneſs and Abuſe to be admitted into Criticiſm and Controverſy, the fooliſheſt Man would have the greateſt Advantage, and be victorious over the Wiſeſt. No wiſe Man (a Character always implying Temper and Manners) can excel in what he never can learn: No wiſe Man, no good-tempered Man, can therefore vye with Champions in Railing and Contumely. Fooliſh Men, (a Character which takes in even tolerable Parts, governed by violent Paſſions; I ſay, fooliſh Men) are ever the greateſt Maſters in this Sort of Style and Behaviour. The baſeſt People are beſt qualified to give the baſeſt Language.

It yields us ſome Conſolation, that bitter and malevolent Tempers puniſh themſelves: They are not always gratified; never ſo thoroughly as they wiſh, and therefore become Fuel to their own Malice. A ſpiteful Man is an unhappy Man, as well as an odious Character: If he would *preſerve* Eſteem, or *hope* for it, he muſt hide his Heart. He preys upon himſelf as much as he would upon others, and ſuffers under the Agonies he would make others ſuffer, often under ſtronger Agonies. His bitter Wiſhes bring him more Anguiſh than he can inflict elſewhere; and, as he delights to hurt others, it muſt delight them to ſee him revenge them upon himſelf. At beſt, he is a wretched Being; the moſt he can hope for is Pity; and he is the more wretched, as he deſerves none.

It is the Wiſdom, it is the Goodneſs and Juſtice of Providence, to make malevolent Hearts their own Tormentors, and bad Men actually hurt themſelves by wiſhing hurt to others. They earn and pre-occupy the Pain and Miſery, which they ſtudy to inflict, and make Retribution to the Innocent and Deſerving, for hating and reviling them. Envy is blaſted by its own Breath; and injurious Cenſure turns to Praiſe. Who would chuſe to poſſeſs the Bane of a rancorous Spirit? Who would feed the Torture of Envy? Who would burn with raging Rancour? Whoever hates any Man, pays dear for his Hate: Whoever is curſed with a revengeful Heart, needs no other Curſe.

Whatever comes Abroad tolerably written, and gains Attention and Eſteem, is ſure to be attacked by the common Herd of Writers, who are generally fooliſh, malignant Men, and mad with Vanity. Amongſt them there is no ſuch Thing as a common Writer. They are all Men of Genius: A middling Poet, and a middling Painter, is not to be found; much leſs a bad Poet, or a bad Painter, or any bad Writer, in their own Opinion.

Such as have the leaſt *Parts*, boaſt the higheſt. Yet whilſt they claim every Sufficiency to themſelves, they will allow none elſewhere. They who want the moſt Indulgence, grant none. They who moſt try the Patience of others, exerciſe no Patience. Or if they have good Parts, with ill Nature, they have little to boaſt of: A good natured Fool is a better Character.

I have had great Experience of the Gentlemen of this Caſt. I have had above an Hundred Antagoniſts, *as great a Secret as the World would make of their Labours*; to uſe the Words of a witty Man, very unjuſtly applied to a very great Man; I mean by Dr. *Swift* to Mr. *Dryden*. I found their Civility ſuch as I could not return, and their Arguments ſuch as needed no Anſwer. I have been abuſed moſt by ſuch of them as I had moſt ſerved; and thence found, that there are ſome Tempers ſo black as to be provoked with kind Uſage. I have found ſome ſo vain, that no good Treatment could reach their Merit; ſome ſo craving, as only to be beholden for Favours to come; others, who having praiſed me too copiouſly, without any Court or Temptation from me, have abuſed me as plentifully, without being once offended by me: Others, ſo little ſcrupulous as to revile me for Writings which I never wrote: Others, who, after the higheſt Advantages received by my Means and Recommendation, choſe me out for the chief Object of their Hate and Slander: Others, whom I have ſaved, with great Difficulty and Pains, from Diſgrace and Ruin, have taken equal Pains to injure and aſperſe me. I can produce as high a Panegyric as ever was made upon Man, and as vile a Libel, both in Print, and both from the ſame Author; the former, without my ever having ſeen him, the latter, without ever having wronged him; nay, after I had done him a Thouſand good Offices: And all his infinite and virulent Abuſe was founded upon a crazy Miſtake of his own. I have ſupported an Author for a whole Winter, and have had his Thanks next Summer in a furious printed Invective, whilſt he was ſtill writing me Letters full of Acknowlegement and high Profeſſions.

The common Fraternity of Writers (a moſt unbrotherly Fraternity) furniſh a Swarm of Critics. For, almoſt all Writers are Critics, in the rigorous but wrong Senſe of the Word; and are therefore ready to damn and run down all ſuperior Productions, and to ſhew the leaſt Mercy to the moſt Merit. If any Work merit Praiſe, this is to them ſufficient Provocation to decry it. I have known ſome of them appear fond of a Book, till they ſaw it ſucceed, then grow mad at its Succeſs, and wonder at the fooliſh Taſte of the Town. As I have received many Proofs of their Good-will, I know their Candour. I hope my Readers will judge for themſelves. I have made my Thoughts clear to every underſtanding Reader: Fooliſh Readers will never underſtand, yet are ſometimes the readieſt to find Fault.

The ſmalleſt Writer has it in his Power, *one* Way, to imitate the greateſt, with Succeſs, by being modeſt and civil: If he cannot baniſh Spite, he may conceal it; if he ſhew none, he will have the Credit of having none: Whenever it appears, it brings Reproach; and he muſt needs be a very miſerable and low Author, who produces nothing but his own Diſgrace and Condemnation. To produce nothing Good, may be pardoned, if the Intention appear to be Good: To produce nothing but what deſerves Reproach, is utterly unpardonable.

Ill-nature, or coarſe Language, from Men of Parts, always impairs, ſometimes ruins, their Character. Dr. *Bentley* was a moſt learned Man; a moſt ſagacious and diſcerning Critic, though too bold a Gueſſer in Criticiſm. Had it not been for his rough Behaviour, his apparent Scorn and Contempt for all Men, particularly for thoſe who differed from him, he would have been the moſt formidable Critic of his Time. His Self-ſufficiency and coarſe Manners ſunk him, and diſgraced a very extraordinary Character. This ſmothered his many Excellencies, and made all his Faults ſo glaring. Thoſe who conquered him in Politeneſs, had the Applauſe; whilſt he who conquered them in Argument, had none; as was manifeſtly the Caſe in the famous Diſpute about the Epiſtles of *Phalaris*. His Name is vulgarly become a Name of Deriſion and Mirth, inſtead of Praiſe and Eſteem. He who behaved like a Savage to all Men, was treated by all Men as a Savage. Thus he behaved, thus he wrote, and thus he fared. Though he was ſtill formidable to thoſe who knew his Strength; yet, many witty Men ſeverely rallied him, and every Witling laughed at him; nay, they laughed with the World on their Side, even in Inſtances where he could have cruſhed all the Writings in it. So much did he gain by defying all Men, and ſo little will every Man gain who does it. A ſtern dictating Pedant, whatever Learning he may have, has no Friends: Weak Men may fear him, and ſo may ſome very able Men, who care not to be expoſed to Dirt and Invective; but no Man loves him.

What can ſmaller Writers, Men of inferior Genius, with equal Inſolence and Brutality, expect, but to be as low in Contempt as they are high in Arrogance. All Authors of great and unmixed Fame, have been ſignal for Civility, for Candour, and Humanity, Mr. *Locke*, Dr. *Tillotſon*, with another eminent Prelate now living, and Mr. *Bayle*: All great Names, all furiouſly attacked, but never returning the moſt furious Attacks with Fury; all engaged in Controverſy, yet all exempt from controverſial Sourneſs and Pedantry.

Mr. *Bayle* had more able Antagoniſts than ever Man had, with many who were very bitter and hot; yet, with all their Bitterneſs and Heat, he was never provoked to loſe his Temper: He ſtill preſerved the Coolneſs and Dignity of a great Genius, perhaps, one of the moſt ſurpriſing that ever was in the World, joining ſo much Temper to ſo much Vivacity, ſuch infinite Learning to ſuch infinite Parts, ſuch ſtrong Reaſoning to ſuch delicate Raillery. As no Writings ſo bulky as his ever ſpread more, hardly ſo much, none will be more laſting, or deſerve to be. I have always conſidered him and one of his ſnappiſh Antagoniſts, as two Animals of one Species, but as different in Temper as in Dignity and Size: With what Rage and Clamour does the Small one fly at the Great one? With what Unconcern, and Marks of Scorn, does the Great one treat the Small?

So much concerning Writers, and the Folly of Malice and Scurrility in Writings; how detrimental they are to themſelves, how offenſive to Readers; and how amiable and advantageous the contrary Conduct.

The Fragments of *Salluſt*, containing ſome curious Tracts and Pieces of Eloquence, were tranſlated by a Clergyman of my Acquaintance, at my Requeſt: I knew him to be a Gentleman of polite Taſte and Style, and a perfect Judge of both Languages; as his Performance will eaſily convince his Reader.

I have already mentioned, and ſhall hereafter mention, the Orations of *Cicero* againſt *Catiline*, tranſlated in the following Work. I muſt here acquaint the Reader, that he is beholden, in a great meaſure, for the Tranſlation of one of them, to one of the firſt Men of the Age, for Eloquence, Knowlege, and the Conduct of Affairs, and ſuitably diſtinguiſhed in one of the firſt Stations in the Government.

Before I finiſh, I muſt inform my Readers, that I have more Service to offer them. I have been ſome Years engaged in the Hiſtory of *England*, and intend to purſue it. They have hitherto uſed me well, and will, I hope, continue to do ſo, if I do not uſe them worſe. So much Favour from my Readers in general, was what, I doubt, chiefly ſoured and diſturbed ſome particular Readers, ſuch eſpecially, as, being themſelves Writers, had not what they thought they deſerved, equal kind Uſage. It is the Lot of Writers: Whoever pleaſes many, is ſure to offend many; and the more Approbation, the more Cenſure. All who can write themſelves, though ever ſo ill, or fancy that they can, are Judges of Writing, often the ſevereſt Judges. Every peeviſh and conceited Reader, nay, ſuch as cannot read, claim the ſame Privilege, and are ready to find many Faults, without a Capacity to diſcover any.

My firſt Intention was to write the Life of *Cromwell* only: But as I found, that in order to deſcribe his Times, it was neceſſary to deſcribe the Times which preceded and introduced his, and that I could not begin even at the Reformation, without recounting many public Incidents before the Reformation; I have begun at the Conqueſt, and gone through ſeveral Reigns, ſome of them ſeen and approved by the ableſt Judges; ſuch Judges as would animate the ſloweſt Ambition. Half of it will probably appear a few Years hence: The Whole will conclude with the Hiſtory of *Cromwell*.

POSTSCRIPT.

THOUGH I have, in general, blamed the Tranſlation of *Plutarch*, I own there are ſome of his Lives tranſlated very well.

The ill-natured and unjuſt Sneer I have quoted, as thrown at Mr. *Dryden* in the *Tale of a Tub*, I find, upon looking into the Book, to be applied to Mr. *Tate*, the Poet Laureat: But there preſently follows ſomething as bitter, ſaid without Truth, of Mr. *Dryden*.

The Inſcription of the laſt Diſcourſe to a moſt noble Perſon, may create Inquiry, why nothing more is ſaid to him, or of him, though there was Room for ſo much. I will only add, Something further would have been ſaid, but for his expreſs Commands to the contrary.

Political Diſcourſes

UPON

SALLUST.

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DISCOURSE I.

OF FACTION and PARTIES.

SECT. I.

How eaſily the People are led into Faction, and kept in it, by their own Heat and Prejudices, and the Arts of their Leaders; how hard they are to be cured; and with what Partiality and Injuſtice each Side treats the other.

SALLUST obſerves, ‘ That whoever raiſed Civil Diſ-
‘ ſentions in the Commonwealth, uſed plauſible Pretences;
‘ ſome ſeeming to vindicate the Rights of the People; others
‘ to exalt the Authority of the Senate; Both Sorts to purſue the
‘ public Good; yet all only ſtriving ſeverally to procure Weight
‘ and Power to themſelves. Neither, in theſe their Civil Con-
‘ teſts, did any of them obſerve Moderation or Bounds: Whatever
‘ Party conquered, ſtill uſed their Victory with Violence and In-
‘ humanity.’ This, I doubt, is true of all Parties in their Purſuits and Succeſs: I have, therefore, thought it pertinent to diſcourſe here at large upon Faction and Parties.

The People are ſo apt to be drawn into Faction, and blindly to purſue the Steps of their Leaders, generally to their own ſpecial Prejudice, Loſs, and Diſquiet, if not to their utter Ruin, that he who would ſincerely ſerve them, cannot do it more effectually, than by warning them againſt ſuch ready and implicit Attachment to Names and Notions, however popular and plauſible. From this evil Root have ſprung many of the ſore Calamities that, almoſt every-where, afflict Mankind. Without it the World had been happily ignorant of Tyranny and Slavery, the Two mighty Plagues that now haunt and devour the moſt and beſt Parts of it; together with the ſubordinate and introductory Miſeries, of national Diſcord, Devaſtation, and Civil War.

People, as well as Princes, have been often undone by their Favourites. A great Man amongſt them, perhaps, happened to be cried up for his fine Actions, or fine Qualities, both often over-rated; and became preſently their Idol, and they truſted him without Reſerve: For their Love, like their Hate, is generally immoderate; nor from a Man who has done them, or can do them, much Good, have they any Apprehenſion of Evil; till ſome Rival for their Affection appear ſuperior to their firſt Favourite in Art or Fortune; one who perſuades them, that the other has abuſed them, and ſeeks their Ruin. Then, it is like, they make a ſudden Turn, ſet up the latter againſt the former; and, having conceived an immoderate Opinion of Him, too, put immoderate Confidence in him; not that they are ſure that the other had wronged them, or abuſed his Truſt, but take it for granted, and puniſh him upon Preſumption; truſting to the Arts and Accuſations of their new Leader, who probably had deceived and inflamed them.

Thus *Themiſtocles* ſupplants *Ariſtides*, and is himſelf forced to yield to the ſuperior Popularity of *Cimon*. Not that the People always want Judgment; for they ſometimes judge truly, according to the Information which they have; but they are apt to credit Information too ſuddenly. Sometimes their Favourite preſerves himſelf in their Eſteem, in ſpight of all Rivals and Efforts; and pays them his Thanks for ſupporting him, by enſlaving them. Thus acted *Cæſar*, *Piſiſtratus*, and *Agathocles*: Thus *Alcibiades* aimed at acting; and *Pericles*, in a good Degree, ſucceeded in his Aim; being a Tyrant without Arms, as one of the antient Writers calls him.

And as the People ſometimes think themſelves to have erred in their Choice, when they really have not, but are only ſeduced by falſe Inſinuations; as in the Caſe of *Ariſtides*, who was certainly an upright Man: So when they have been miſtaken, they often come to know it when it is too late; as in the Caſe of *Cæſar*; who, to fortify himſelf, had entered into a Confederacy with *Pompey* and *Craſſus*, and thence formed the firſt Triumvirate. Upon this Occaſion he ſuffered many popular Inſults; and had the Mortification to ſee the Tide of popular Affection and Applauſe follow his warmeſt

Opponents. But what availed it? He had carried his Point; and they came to their Senſes too late (*a*).

They may poſſibly commit themſelves to the Guidance of a Man, who certainly means them well, and ſeeks no baſe Advantage to himſelf: But ſuch Inſtances are ſo rare, that the Experiment is never to be tried. Men, eſpecially Men of Ambition, who are the forwardeſt to graſp at ſuch an Office, do, chiefly, and in the firſt Place, conſider Themſelves; and, whilſt guided by Partiality for themſelves, cannot judge indifferently. Such a Man, meaſureing Reaſon and Juſtice by his Intereſt, may think, that it is right, that the People ſhould always be deceived, ſhould always be kept low, and under a ſevere Yoke, to hinder them from judging for Themſelves, and throwing off Him, and to prevent their growing wanton and ungovernable. In ſhort, the Fact is, (almoſt eternally) That their Leader only finds his Account in leading them, and They never, in being led. They make him conſiderable; that is, throw him into the Way of Power and Profit: This is his Point and End; and, in Conſideration of all this, what does do he do for them? At beſt, he generally leaves them where he found them. Yet this is tolerable, nay, kind, in compariſon of what oftener happens: Probably he has raiſed Feuds and Animoſities amongſt them, not to end in an Hundred Years; Fuel for inteſtine Wars; a Spirit of Licentiouſneſs and Rebellion, or of Folly and Slavery.

In the midſt of the Heats, and Zeal, and Diviſions, into which they are drawn, for This Man againſt That, are they ever thoroughly appriſed of the Merits and Source of the Diſpute? Are they Maſters of the real Facts, ſufficient for accuſing one, or for applauding another? Scarce ever. What Information they have, they have generally from intereſted Men, at beſt, quite partial and diſguiſed, often utterly falſe and forged. But the Truth is, they have generally no Information at all; but only a few Cant Words, ſuch as will always ſerve to animate a Mob; ‘ I am for ‘ *John*: He is our Friend, and very honeſt. I am againſt *Thomas*: He is our worſt Enemy, and very wicked, and deſerves

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(*a*) *Sero enim reſiſtimus ei, quem, per annos decem, aluimus contra nos.* Cic. ad Att,

‘ to be puniſhed.’ And ſo ſay They who have taken a Fancy to *Thomas*, and are prejudiced againſt *John*. When it is likely, that neither *John* nor *Thomas* have done them much Harm, or much Good; or, perhaps, both *John* and *Thomas* ſtudy to delude and enthral them. But, when Paſſion prevails, Reaſon is not heard.

There is a ſort of Witchcraft in Party, and in Party Cries, ſtrangely wild and irreſiſtible. One Name charms and compoſes; another Name, not better nor worſe, fires and alarms. I remember when one Party could not hear, with Decency or Temper, the Name of the late Lord *Oxford*: I likewiſe remember, when that of the late Lord *Godolphin* was equally diſguſtful to another Party. I have lived to ſee both theſe Noble Perſons mentioned with Applauſe, at leaſt without Rancour, by many of all Parties indifferently. If one had then told any of thoſe Party-Men, that the Time would come, when they would certainly change their Note, and give theſe two Miniſters very different and favourable Characters, he would not have been believed: For angry Men fanſy, that they ſhall always retain the ſame angry Ideas; and probably reſolve it. They do not conſider, that their Blood will not always boil, nor the ſame Object continue always to inflame them. They would do well, therefore, to reflect, that their preſent Paſſion, be it Rancour or Fondneſs, will certainly, ſome time or other, ſubſide; and therefore ſhould reſtrain it, leſt it betray them into Inconſiſtency, and make them ſay now, what they will, perhaps, contradict hereafter; for then they muſt allow, that they acted from Warmth and Miſtake. Such a Conſideration would make Men wary of running headlong into Partialities, and of condemning, or adoring, merely becauſe it is the Cry, and the Faſhion; for nothing is ſo deceitful, and even fleeting, as theſe Cries and Faſhions are. It is common to ſee a Man idolized one Winter, and forgot before the next.

I am far from intending, by what I ſay, to diſſuade People from inquiring into the Condition they are in, or how it fares with the Public. This is a juſt and neceſſary Inquiry, and deſerves all Encouragement. But let them be ſure to inquire conſcientiouſly, and upon ſolid Grounds, and be thoroughly informed, before they judge, or cenſure, or applaud. What I blame, is, their ſwallowing current Lyes, believing Miſrepreſentations, and falſe Characters, and thence bearing Ill-will to ſome, who deſerve it not; or entertaining extravagant Fondneſs for others, who deſerve it as little. There is no Reliance upon what Parties ſay of one another, to the Praiſe of their Friends, or in Detraction from their Rivals; it is all Satire, or all Praiſe. This is enough to ſhew, that it deſerves no Credit; ſince no Party was ever compoſed of Men altogether good, or altogether bad; all Bodies of Men are mixt, as are the Qualities of particular Men.

It is a ſpecial Comfort to us in this Iſland, that we may be happy, if we will. Convulſions abroad, and reſtleſs Spirits amongſt our Neighbours, may ruffle our Quiet, and put us to Expence; but, I think, can never bring Ruin, nor even Danger; and none but ourſelves can deſtroy us. Our greateſt Hazard ſeems to ariſe from the Spite and Folly of our contending Factions, which always gather Strength, by a conſtant Endeavour to diſtreſs and weaken one another. One Party, for Example, has recourſe to more Power, to preſerve itſelf from the other, and thence becomes unpopular and ſuſpected, as graſping at too much; whilſt the other gathers Popularity, and conſequently Strength, by having oppoſed that invidious Increaſe of Power, and by being conſidered as under Perſecution and Scorn. Hence they are encouraged, indeed enabled, to make freſh Efforts; and ſuch Efforts furniſh their Rivals with a Pretence for ſeeking further Strength and Security, though by it they often loſe Credit, which is the beſt Strength. Nor does either Side uſually refuſe any Aid, however unjuſt, or any Falſhood, however glaring, to mortify and vanquiſh their Opponents. The warm *Gracchus*, to carry his Point, by dint of Power and Voices, calls in Numbers from all Parts of *Italy*. The Conſul *Opimius*, a zealous Chief, on the other Side, to ballance and encounter the Strength of *Gracchus*, went attended with a Body of *Candiot* Troops. Thus Violence begot and warranted Violence.

In the late Queen's time, (to go no fuhther back) one Party, in order to get Poſſeſſion of Power, and to keep it, charged the other with encouraging Looſeneſs, Profaneneſs, Blaſphemy, and with all wicked and all impious Principles, and even with Deſigns to deſtroy the Monarchy and Church. A terrible Charge, but notoriouſly falſe, yet ſwallowed by the Vulgar, and by many who, in Condition, were above the Vulgar. From hence aroſe a furious Ferment, a Spirit of Diviſion, of Hate and Hoſtility, ſuch as threatened to blow up that very Government, which was pretended to be thus brought out of Danger. And upon this Occaſion was revived the monſtrous Impiety of Paſſive Obedience to Oppreſſors, confidently dreſſed up in the Style of a Chriſtian Doctrine; a Doctrine, which makes no Difference between the eternal Rights of *Engliſhmen*, and the beaſtly Servitude of *Turks*: Together with this, became faſhionable the other mighty Lye of indefeaſible hereditary Right. This Falſhood too, unknown to *Pagans*, a Diſgrace to Chriſtians, was fathered upon God and Scripture, and ſtyled *Divine*. It is but Charity, and, I think, reaſonable, to believe, that there were ſome who laughed at, or rather abhorred ſuch popular Madneſs, and execrable Tenets; and yet were not ſo ſcrupulous, as not to take Advantage from them, to eſtabliſh themſelves, and to remove others; though I fanſy, ſome of them found, that they had raiſed a Spirit, which they afterwards, when they deſired to lay it, could not well lay; like *Cromwell*, and his Agitators.

They who were then diſplaced, were many of them as able Men as ever this Nation produced, many of them as honeſt, as diſintereſted Men. But, with all the Glory and Triumphs of their Adminiſtration, it was attended with an enormous Expence to ſupport a War, which, many then believed, might have been ended much ſooner. Such an Opinion, true or falſe, the Moment it ſpread, was enough to make any Miniſtry unpopular, if not odious; nor do I think it poſſible for Popularity to attend any Miniſter long, for Reaſons which I have not room here to offer.

The Miniſtry that ſucceeded thoſe, were, in their Turn, attacked with violent Spirit, and charged with deviliſh Deſigns; that, particularly, of bringing in the Pretender; that is to ſay, Popery and Slavery. For, I think, we cannot expect to have him upon other or better Terms. What ſome amongſt them might deſign, I know not; perhaps no Good: It is certain there were ſeveral, even then, in the higheſt Stations, utterly remote from any ſuch Views, utterly irreconcilable to ſuch, and even zealous againſt ſuch.

All Parties have their Follies, and weak Places: But the Character of one Party is rarely to be learned from the other. They make odious Pictures of each other, in their Anger (for Parties imply mutual Wrath); and both Sides are Monſters, in the Opinion of each. How little reciprocal Juſtice they are apt to practiſe, is manifeſt from their careſſing and applauding Men, not for their moral Principles, or Integrity of Life, but for their Zeal and Attachment to the Cauſe. He who is a good Party-Man, is a good Man, let his Conduct be ever ſo vile, his Actions ever ſo wicked. On the contrary, let a Man be ever ſo unblameable, his Behaviour ever ſo righteous and worthy; all this Merit ſhall not avail him; nay, with all this Merit, it is odds but he is reviled, ridiculed, and ſcorned.

How many Dunces, how many Drunkards, Fellows of dirty Morals, and no Underſtanding, without Addreſs, or common Breeding, or one good Quality, but with a Thouſand ill ones, are to be ſeen of notable Weight and Eſteem, for no earthly Conſideration, but that of their Bigotry to their Party, and of their Party to them; whilſt Men of the moſt amiable Turn, of the greateſt Accompliſhments, and fineſt Talents, are, perhaps, ſlandered and hunted down; at beſt, ſhunned and curſed; only for not being infatuated with the epidemical Madneſs of Party! Nay, perhaps, for humanely ſtudying to ſave the Whole, to advance public Happineſs in general, and to remove public Miſchiefs, Oppreſſion, and Deluſion, a Man ſhall be condemned and undone by one Party, without being defended by the other; whilſt the Authors of public Miſchiefs, the Oppreſſors, the Deluders, ſhall be ſafe and popular: Wretches ſhall be adored; the Patriot, the virtuous and benevolent Man, ſhall be deſpiſed, perhaps perſecuted.

SECT.

SECT. II.

How apt Parties are to err in the Choice of their Leaders. How little they regard Truth and Morality, when in Competition with Party. The terrible Conſequences of all this; worthy Men decried and perſecuted; worthleſs and wicked Men popular and preferred; Liberty oppreſſed and expiring.

IN moſt Countries, they who blind and enſlave the People, are popular, and reverenced; they who would enlighten and free them, hated and perſecuted. For an Attempt to relieve the *Spaniards* from the horrid Dungeons, Flames, and Tortures of the Inquiſition, the *Spaniards* would, with Zeal and Indignation, ſurrender you to thoſe very Dungeons, Flames, and Tortures. Is this Encouragement for ſerving, or ſtriving to ſave Societies? It muſt be confeſſed, that the People, were they otherwiſe inſtructed, would act otherwiſe. They ſhould therefore hear with Patience ſuch as would ſhew them the Truth, and their own Intereſt, and never be afraid to enquire and examine, and not run after Names and Notions, which ſerve only to inflame and divide them, and therefore firſt miſlead and deceive them.

It is with Meaſures as with Men; they are praiſed, or condemned, not becauſe they are Right or Wrong, Beneficial or Hurtful, but becauſe they come from this Party, or the other. Evil is turned into Good, and Good into Evil: Truth paſſes for Falſhood; Falſhood is dreſſed up in the Guiſe of Truth: The beſt Actions are decried as the worſt, if they ariſe from one Quarter; the worſt Actions adored as the beſt, if from the other. The Reſiſting of lawleſs Tyrants, is, at one time, Rebellion and Damnation: To rebel againſt the moſt lawful Authority, is, at another time, Duty and Glory. One Year, a Prince, who openly defies Oaths and Law, and violates every Obligation, Sacred and Civil, is ſtill the Lord's Anointed, ſtill not to be oppoſed; a wanton Uſurper has a Right to all things, the Subject, the moſt unoffending Subject, a Security for nothing; nor is Law and Right any Defence againſt Violence and Plunder. Another Year, and for a Courſe of Years the moſt ſolemn Oaths taken to a Government, which, in all things, acts by the Meaſure of Right, are not binding; and that Government is called Uſurpation, though it uſurp nothing, but is founded wholly upon Law, and from the Laws only derives its whole Force.

To ſupport ſuch Extremes, to reconcile ſuch wild Contradictions, the Divine Word is boldly called in and miſapplied, the Divine Aid promiſed and invoked. One Scripture is made to juſtify one extravagant Propoſition to Day: To-morrow the ſame Scripture, or another Scripture, is forced to defend an oppoſite Propoſition, and to deſtroy the former; and the Supreme Being is always ſuppoſed angry or pleaſed, juſt as Factions are, adopting the fooliſh Paſſions and Partialities of Parties, and ſhifting his Paſſions, as Parties ſhift theirs.

Party, as I have already ſaid, always implies Anger, which is never a fair Reaſoner, nor a ſure Guide. When Fierceneſs and Ill-will poſſeſs a Man, or Body of Men, Reaſon has little Power left over them; Complaints grow into Invectives, Repreſentations become Aggravations; and I doubt it is too true, that as under ſuch a Spirit we are very ready to ſpy Faults, ſo we are glad to find them; at leaſt prone to aggravate them, and, I fear, even to make them. When we think Men our Enemies, it is too natural to wiſh them every Quality proper to hate, and to find their Actions as bad as our own Reſentment is ſevere. If, for a Shew of Impartiality, we at any time praiſe them, it is often either Affectation, or to make them the more guilty and inexcuſable.

When we have taken a Fancy to a Man, and chuſe or conſider him as our Chief and Leader, we are diſpoſed to ſee all Excellency and no Fault in him, to think him every way able to ſerve and ſupport us, and quite uncapable of betraying or hurting us, or of ill ſerving us. We repreſent him to ourſelves, juſt like ourſelves, full of warm Zeal for Us and our Cauſe, without any Views to himſelf, or any Motives that are perſonal; though it is poſſible, that from ſuch Motives only he became very zealous for us, and very angry at others. Thus we court, thus paint, and truſt, and admire the Man who joins with us, and who eſpouſes our Reſentments and Diſguſts, or ſeems to eſpouſe them.

To the Man, on the contrary, who is not of our Party, but of the oppoſite Party, we hardly allow one good Quality, but are ready to impute every ill one. Every thing that he does, is bad and malicious, and all his Intentions are wicked; and though he be charged with doing a World of Miſchief, it is odds but he is reckoned void of Parts, and a very ſilly Fellow. For thoſe who follow, or are ſuppoſed to follow him, we have juſt the ſame want of common Charity and Complaiſance. As all our own Friends and Champions are virtuous, and able, and amiable; all on the other Side are guilty, weak, and hateful. And, juſt in the ſame Style, thoſe of the other Side ſpeak and judge of us, from the ſame Prejudices.

Now, where are the Hopes of Union or Reconciliation, when the Rent is thus wide, and the Rancour thus implacable? Each Party think themſelves innocent as Angels, and the other Party as black as Devils. Will Angels ever condeſcend to treat with Devils, or confederate cordially with them even for a Day? The Breach therefore, inſtead of healing, widens; mutual Fury and Fierceneſs are increaſed by mutual Lyes and Invectives; Reaſon is loſt in Rage; Juſtice is ſwallowed up in Revenge, a High-way is raiſed to Blood and Maſſacre; and, neither Side expecting from the other fair Uſage or Humanity, both betake themſelves to Frauds and Cruelty: Both pretend the public Good, both obſtruct it, and rend the Public between them. Nay, one Party will riſque all, ſacrifice the State, and themſelves with it, rather than miſs Revenge upon the other; and, to this bloody End, call in the inveterate Enemies of their common Country, Savages and Barbarians. This has often happened; and We, even We of this Generation, had like to have ſeen it happen.

Men, therefore, had need beware of their own Hearts, and to watch over them, as in all Purſuits, ſo particularly in thoſe of Party; I ſpeak of all Parties: For, in none yet did I ever ſee Juſtice and Candour practiſed between the Individuals of oppoſite Parties. One is charged as inſatiable in his Ambition, another in his Revenge; when, perhaps, better Paſſions animate both, or at leaſt the former Paſſions, if they have them, are not near ſo intenſe. But, on theſe Occaſions, Men extol or condemn by the

Lump, and when they are reſolved to hate, muſt find no Reaſons to extenuate their Hatred; no more than their Admiration, when bent upon admiring.

Thus I have ſeen Wretches the moſt abject, vicious and ſilly, idolized; and Men of the moſt elevated Capacity, virtuous and accompliſhed, expoſed to the Deteſtation and Reproach of Fools; ſeen a Fellow, hardly rational, canonized by the Populace for being their Enemy, and an Incendiary; ſeen one of the greateſt Lights of the Age, venerable for his Piety, admired for his Knowledge and Charity, threatened with the Juſtice of a mad Mob, or with Fire and Faggot; ſeen a Friend and an Ornament to human Kind, unpopular, in Diſgrace and Danger; and a common Diſturber, whoſe Zeal was Lunacy, careſſed and adored. Was Mr. *Locke*, that great Maſter of Reaſon, that Light ſhining amongſt Men, that Friend to Conſcience and civil Liberty, ever half ſo popular as many little dirty Dabblers in Party, who had no other Merit than that of promoting Ignorance, Strife, and Diſorder? Or, would the ableſt and worthieſt Man in *England* carry an Election, by the Strength of his Character, againſt a popular Fool?

This is terrible and diſcouraging, a huge Obſtruction to all Virtue, to Truth, and Morality. Party Zeal acquires Reputation, even where common Honeſty, and common Senſe, are wanting; and Attachment to Party is Honeſty, and all things. Strange Perverſion of Order and Truth, that Men ſhould be deemed Honeſt without Morality! To be Honeſt is, with Party, to be of it; and nothing more is required. Thus, very contemptible and very wicked Men make a Figure in Party, and are eſteemed by it; ſince Senſe and Honeſty are not required, nor any thing elſe but Zeal; and ſuch Zeal being generally blind, the leſs Senſe, the more Zeal; and Zeal is an Atonement for the want of Morality, and every good Quality.

Party Principles are therefore ſubſtituted for moral Principles; the ſure way to deſtroy all Morality, and to confound the Characters of Men, and even thoſe of Good and Evil. In truth, Morality, with Senſe, is the only true Standard of Popularity, and the only juſt Recommendation to it. A virtuous Man can never endanger Liberty, nor hurt Society; nor is a wicked Man ever to be truſted with the Support of either. Yet from this Spirit, this baneful and peſtilent Spirit of Party, the ableſt and beſt Men are often precluded from the Service of their Country; the weakeſt, the worſt, and moſt contemptible, employed in its Service; and the beſt Men often forced from that Service, to make room for the worſt.

Lucullus, one of the greateſt Men in *Rome*, a Man of approved Ability and Honour, was bereft of public Employments, though he had ſuſtained them with great Dignity and Worth, greatly to his own Honour, greatly to the Glory and Emolument of *Rome*; whilſt *Gabinius*, an Upſtart, of vile Manners, venal, corrupt, and abandoned, was raiſed to high Dignities, and all public Luſtre: But he was a Creature of *Cæſar's*, who then led the People by bribing and flattering them, and thence raiſed and depreſſed whom he would. The People were then his Tools, and he afterwards made them his Slaves: They might thank themſelves, and could expect no better; though this excuſes not him. They believed that all his Views, all his Meaſures, were for their Honour and Advantage; and for him deſerted all their beſt Friends, who failed not to warn them againſt the Fate, to which they were hurrying full ſpeed and blindfold; a Race which quickly and naturally ended in Servitude.

Whilſt, under this Infatuation, they were hoiſting up *Cæſar*, and his Followers, to all public Honours and Commands, that is, fortifying Him againſt Themſelves; ſo great a Patriot as *Cato*, ſo ſincerely attached to their Intereſt, ſtriving only for the Preſervation and Stability of their State, and oppoſing terrible Innovations, and general Ruin, was never ſuffered to arrive at the Conſulſhip: Even in gaining ſubordinate Offices, he met with great Difficulty and Oppoſition, from the ſame Spirit of Party and Seduction.

Cicero would not have arrived ſo ſoon (if ever) at the ſupreme Magiſtracy, had it not been for the terrible Danger then threatening *Rome* from the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*; a Conjuncture when the great Abilities and Virtue of *Cicero* were ſo neceſſary to ſave it. In that Conſpiracy, which aimed at a general Revolution, and, in order to it, meant to proceed by Conflagration, Maſſacre, and univerſal Deſolation, ſome of the great Idols and Leaders of the People were engaged; though *Cicero* and the Senate thought it not ſafe to mention them, leſt ſuch potent Criminals, once rendered deſperate, might have proved an Over-match for their Judges, and public Juſtice. Yet ſuch Criminals continued afterwards the Idols of the People, who are too apt to credit none but ſuch as they have ever moſt Reaſon to ſuſpect, their own Favourites and Demagogues; nor to open their Eyes, till they open them in Chains and Torments.

The *Romans*, when corrupted from their original Simplicity and Innocence, ſplit into Factions; and, being incenſed and governed by ambitious Leaders, generally preferred the moſt furious and abandoned Candidates to the moſt innocent and virtuous. Thus they choſe, for one of their Tribunes, the wild and bloody *Saturninus*, in Oppoſition to *Aulus Numius*, a Man eminent for Virtue and Integrity; nay, drove the latter firſt from the Aſſembly to his own Houſe; then pulled him out, and butchered him (*a*). Such was their Complaiſance, and mad Zeal for that execrable Incendiary, the Author of ſuch Outrages and Bloodſhed.

It was a ſad Preſage of the Fall of *Rome*, when all Regard for Integrity and Virtue was gone; when wicked Men ſwayed all Things, and conferred all Offices; when the Worthy and Accompliſhed were rejected, only for being worthy and accompliſhed; when the Worthleſs and Abandoned were preferred, merely becauſe they were worthleſs and abandoned; when ſuch an excellent Perſon as *Lucius Lentulus* the Prieſt of *Mars*, was diſappointed of the Conſulſhip by ſuch a worthleſs Competitor as *Afranius*; and when ſuch a Wretch as *Gabinius*, above-mentioned, vicious and infamous as he was, obtained that important Truſt. The Reaſon was, that *Lentulus* loved his Country: *Afranius* and *Gabinius* were the Tools, the abandoned Agents, of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*. *Gabinius* was afterwards condemned as a public Thief, in ſpight of all the Power and Interpoſition of his Maſters, and baniſhed; till *Cæſar*, having uſurped the Power of *Rome*, recalled him, as

(*a*) *Ut cæde integerrimi civis facultas adipiſcendi poteſtatis teterrimo daretur*; ſays *Val. Maximus*.

one fit to be employed in his Service and Cauſe. *Cicero* reckons *Lentulus* happy, to have been ſnatched away, by Death, from being a Witneſs of the Deſtruction of his Country, which he dearly loved.

Even the peſtilent *Catiline* had the Confidence to ſtand for the Conſulſhip, and no ſmall Hopes of carrying it. For he was exceeding popular at *Rome*, even whilſt he was exerting all his Might and Malice to deſtroy the *Roman* State, and all the beſt Men in it.

There is another Conſideration, which ſhews the Spirit of Party to be a moſt pernicious and lamentable Thing; namely, how much it ſhakes and leſſens the Integrity of Men, otherwiſe virtuous and honeſt. *Caius Gracchus*, ſo remarkable for the Severity of his Manners, fond of being called the *Defender of the Laws*, and an avowed Enemy to all who attempted to hurt public Liberty, obſerved a ſcandalous Neutrality and Silence, upon an Inquiry into the Death of *Scipio* his Brother-in-law, and the moſt illuſtrious *Roman* of his Time, found murdered in his Bed; a Fate which *Gracchus* was ſuppoſed to have procured him, as an Enemy to his Schemes and Innovations.

The *Athenians*, animated by their Orators, who were eternally raiſing in that City Flames and Ferments, doomed to Execution Six of their own Commanders, even after the Merit of a noble Victory won by them; becauſe a ſudden Tempeſt had made it impoſſible for them to bury the Bodies of their Slain. This was a copious Topic for theſe hot Haranguers; a fine Theme for inflaming the People!—'How! the brave Soldiers, who generouſly 'ventured their Lives, and ſacrificed them for their Country; they 'who died conquering; by their Lives had gained Victory; by 'Victory had ſecured the State, and honoured it; to be deprived 'of the Rites of Funeral, the laſt and common Office of Humanity, often granted even by Enemies; to be denied it by 'their own Commanders, who, by the Blood of thoſe public 'Martyrs, had purchaſed their own Laurels; yet ſuffered their 'Coarſes, ſtiff and cold, to lie naked and neglected, expoſed to 'Air, and Beaſts of Prey!'——This, probably, was the Style in which they declaimed; and this was enough for the Populace, who were too much heated to hear more than one Side, with Patience; and, therefore, condemned the Innocent, as it were, unheard. For their Plea, though the beſt in the World, and the trueſt, was not regarded. They, indeed, were afterwards convinced of their Error and Injuſtice, and puniſhed ſome of theſe prating Demagogues; but it was impotent Juſtice, and done to the Injured when they were dead. How the ſame People treated many of their beſt Citizens, particularly *Socrates*, the Ornament of their State, with many of their Philoſophers and Heroes, all at the Inſtigation of their Declaimers and Factioniſts; how they abuſed the Oſtraciſm, a good Inſtitution in itſelf, intended for a Remedy againſt over-powerful and dangerous Subjects, but ſerving often as a Snare to the beſt; would be too tedious here to relate.

SECT. III.

Party infers public Weakneſs: Its deviliſh Spirit, and ſtrange Blindneſs: What public Ruin it threatens: The People rarely intereſted in it; yet how eager and obſtinate in it, and bewitched by it.

WHATEVER tends to break Union, and to create Diviſions in Society, calls for early Prevention or Removal: Since Unity is Strength; Weakneſs attends Diſcord; Deſolation often follows both. Indeed, where Parties prevail, the Good of the Whole is little regarded, often poſtponed and ſacrificed; and, whilſt each Side pretends to be the only Friends to the Public, both Sides are Enemies to it. Nor *Pompey*, nor *Cæſar*, nor the Followers of the Fortune of either, were Friends to *Rome*; for both had Aims deſtructive to the Liberty of *Rome*. The only true Friends to *Rome* were They who oppoſed the Power and ambitious Purſuits of both *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, and were for preſerving their State in its original Freedom, and Independence upon particular Men.

All who follow the Leaders of Parties, are generally loſt to the Whole: So that, where the Following on each Side is great, as in the Contention between *Marius* and *Sylla*, *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, the Leader whoſe Party prevails is Maſter of All: For one Party, in order to depreſs and vanquiſh the other, for the moſt part, raiſe their Chief ſo high, and inveſt him with ſo much Power, that he is Maſter of them, before they (or rather he) can maſter the other. They ſell themſelves to Slavery, that the others may be Slaves: The lower he lays his Enemies, the more Power he has over his Friends; and for having well revenged their Quarrel, founded too often on mere Chimera, or Folly, naturally becomes their Tyrant. Thus *Cæſar* enſlaved his own Party, as well as that of *Pompey*; juſt what *Pompey* would have done, with equal Power and Succeſs. Under the Reigns of the following *Cæſars*, did there any Diſtinction continue between the Party of *Cæſar* and that of *Pompey*? No: All were Slaves; and Slavery had ſoon put an End to the Parties themſelves, even to that which had chiefly introduced Slavery. Nor could ſuch as were obnoxious to theſe Tyrants, ſave themſelves by any Merit of their Foreſathers, in eſpouſing and advancing the Intereſt of the firſt Tyrant.

So much do Parties gain, by adhering implicitly to ambitious Leaders, (as, in truth, all ſuch Leading implies Ambition) and by purſuing Revenge towards each other. One Party cannot ruin the other, without ruining themſelves. This terrible Event their own Obſtinacy and Paſſion keeps them from ſeeing; or, if they ſee it, they venture it, and generally bring it about.

There is ſomething deviliſh and horrible in the Spirit and Rage of Party; even univerſal Diſtreſs at home, even inevitable Deſtruction from abroad, cannot always cure or allay it. The *Jews*, during the Siege of *Jeruſalem* by *Titus Veſpaſian*, inſtead of taking Warning, and uniting upon ſo terrible an Emergency, continued their furious Diviſions to the laſt. They were butchering one another, when the Enemy was entering to butcher them all. They were contending, forſooth, about Priority, what Faction ſhould be uppermoſt, what Leader ſhould prevail, with the *Romans* at their Gates, prepared to make them all Victims or Captives. When the *Turk* inveſted *Conſtantinople*, Factions were raging in it, and raged to the laſt, till the grand Enemy maſtered the City, and all its Factions. It is exceeding likely, that theſe Factions hated one another more heartily than they did the *Turk*, till the heavy Rod of his Tyranny taught them how fooliſh, how wicked, they had been, thus to hate and perſecute and diſtreſs one another, and thence accelerate that Tyranny. They could then ſee clearly, what they could not, or rather would not, ſee before, that by ſeeking to deſtroy their Opponents, and exalt themſelves, they invited and haſtened their Own Deſtruction, and Univerſal Deſtruction.

It is extremely ſtrange, and a great Reflection upon rational Beings, that the Majority in Parties ſeldom know the Reaſon why they thus hate and mortify one another. By-words, and Sounds, Names, Perſons, Modes, and Colours, controul and incenſe them. They love *John*: Why? Becauſe he hates *Thomas*; and they do not love *Thomas*, becauſe he does not love *John*. Ask them, Why they thus love and hate theſe Men, more than other Men? the Anſwer is, That they are very good, or very bad Men. Ask them, How do they know? They will tell you, That they have been told ſo. Who told them? Their Leader, or his Creatures; that is, ſuch who ſtudy to deceive them. Thus both Sides reaſon, and ſeldom can reaſon better.

Thus a Country comes to be rent into Factions; thus Factions hate one another implicitly, and ſhun one another like Plagues; find Nick-names for one another, then love or deteſt theſe Nick-names, and all that bear them; herd in Cabals, there chiefly to extol their own Side, and abuſe the other; to adore their own Chiefs as Demigods, to revile the oppoſite as Demons: They conſider the different Party as determined Enemies, then abhor and curſe them as ſuch. For it is natural to grow Enemies to our Enemies; and, againſt an Enemy, every thing is lawful, all ſorts of Falſhood, Calumny, and Violence. The famous *French* League, when they had agreed, in a Conſultation, to ſeize the King, to murder the Miniſters, and to maſſacre all who, without regard to Parties, adhered to the public Weal, further agreed to charge the *Hugonots* with all this Wickedneſs and Butchery, and thence take Occaſion to butcher them too. For whatever the Leaders and Prieſts gave out, the Populace greedily believed.

When Parties are thus formed, the Spirit of Strife is eaſily kept up, or rather hard to be extinguiſhed: Accidents fall in to heighten it; Competition for Place and Power, Lyes and Miſrepreſentations all readily believed, Ignorance never to be cured, Miſtakes not to be removed, with the wild Power of Carouſals and ſtrong Liquor, or of Superſtition, ſtronger than either. Thenceforward, any miſchievous and ſenſeleſs Cant paſſes for Argument and Reaſon; Poſitions, the moſt wicked and abſurd, for wiſe and wholſome Concluſions; and the groſſeſt Stupidity, for profound Policy. Faction grows their Delight, the Burden and Subject of Converſation; and they form regular Meetings, and Clubs, to improve themſelves in Faction, which becomes their grand Purſuit and Pleaſure, to the Bane of Society, of Peace, and Charity.

All Men pretend to love their Country: Surely this is a prepoſterous Proof of it, this blowing up the Fires of Party, this animating and perpetuating Diviſions, which are certainly miſchievous to every Country, oftentimes fatal and deſtructive. They who truly love their Country, will naturally cultivate Concord, and labour to promote its Strength, by procuring its Peace. A Country divided againſt itſelf, cannot ſtand; nor a Country well united, fall. Has a Domeſtic Enemy an Ambition to uſurp the Government? His ſureſt means will be to create Strife, to raiſe Diviſions and Animoſities, daily to widen them, and to keep them from healing. Theſe are the Meaſures which he will take to ſucceed: Thus *Cæſar* acted, and thus he ſucceeded. Does a Foreign Enemy ſtudy to invade and inſlave a Nation? He will purſue the ſame Steps. Thus *Philip* of *Macedon* was continually embroiling, and conſequently weakening, the State of *Greece*, in order to enthral them: He too ſucceeded.

How came the *Romans* to invade the antient *Britons*? Doubtleſs, encouraged by their many Parties continually jarring and attacking one another. Probably ſome of the weaker Factions amongſt them, to be revenged on the ſtronger, invited over the common Enemy. How happened the *Romans* to ſubdue, ſo totally, a People ſo warlike and brave? Certainly by the ſame Means, their endleſs Animoſities and Parties. (*a*) Being eternally at Variance, they never exerted the national Strength, and thus were conquered Piece-meal. In like manner the *Gauls* were ſubdued by the ſame Invaders; in like manner were the *Germans*; and in like manner will all Nations be liable to be ſubdued, as many (perhaps, the moſt) have been.

One would think it an eaſy Matter to perſuade the People to Union and Reconciliation, from Motives of common Security and Intereſt. They cannot enjoy Place nor Preferment; their only reaſonable Aim therefore is Liberty and Protection, with the Advantages and Bleſſings naturally flowing from theſe. It becomes them, too, to be jealous of theſe, and, upon Occaſion, bravely to defend them. And Spirit, thus far ſhewn and exerted, is Zeal, not Faction. But the Miſchief is, that by the Artifices and Influence of their Leaders, they are often brought into Meaſures pernicious to themſelves, and baneful to their Liberties; as in the Inſtances of *Cæſar*, *Piſiſtratus*, and the Duke of *Guiſe*. Have we not here in *England* ſeen them adoring wretched Demagogues, who were profeſſedly leading them into Chains, and openly haranguing in Behalf of public Bondage? Was not this infamous Blindneſs and Phrenſy? Was it not a Renouncing of their Reaſon and their Eyes? A little Attention to their own Condition and Intereſt, a ſhort Examination of the faſhionable Opinions, would have diſcovered theſe Darlings, theſe revered Guides of theirs, to have been their mortal Enemies, Impoſtors worthier of a Gibbet than of Incenſe.

But the People ſeldom go to the Bottom and Reaſon of things, ſeldom deeper than Shell and Sound. They want Patience and Attention; yet a very Little would ſerve them, if they would but exerciſe that Little. If Men of different Parties would but meet and confer cooly, they would hardly fail to agree. But, full of Heat and Prepoſſeſſion, they hate to meet; or, when they do, in-

(*a*) *In commune non conſulunt — dum ſinguli pugnant, omnes vincuntur.*

ſtead of reaſoning, ſcold and rail; perhaps, fight. Each Partizan is ſure, that he is in the right; and ſo remains Proof againſt all new Light and Information. Each proteſts he means well, and aims at Truth. Perhaps too he does, but miſſes it by concluding, that he has got it; and, each believing the other a great Knave, (for ſo Parties almoſt univerſally treat one another) they never can come to a candid Conference, nor compare their Thoughts and Aims, which would be found reconcilable enough, were they but mutually known, and candidly conſtrued.

How ſternly have I ſeen two Men, of oppoſite Parties, ſtare at one another as Monſters, when, upon the Whole, they differed very little otherwiſe than in Sounds and Jargon, and in miſtaking one another! But the Fewd was to be kept up for the Ends of their Leaders, and they were ſtill deſtined to live at a Diſtance, and in mutual Hate: For, were they to have met, they might have explained; and had they explained, they might have agreed. An Event terrible to Demagogues, and therefore to be avoided with Care! elſe the poor People might be ſilly enough to grow Wiſe and Charitable, and to want no Leaders.

Important Facts, and eſſential Principles, are commonly urged as the Cauſe of public Diviſions. This is generally Grimace, and ſeldom true. It is certain, that theſe are always pretended, and thrown out as Baits. But the genuine Strife, amongſt the many, is, for the moſt part, about Names and Men, *Marius* and *Sylla*; the *Red Roſe* and the *White*. What Combuſtion and Faction, what Bloodſhed and Battles, formerly between the Houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter*, each telling a plauſible Tale, each claiming Right and Preference, or complaining of Injury and Expulſion? What then? All this, indeed, might affect a few Men of Ambition; but the chief Concern of the People was, Which proved a bad, or which a good King? As to their Primogeniture and Deſcent, theſe were Matters of Speculation, fit to be diſcuſſed by Lawyers and Genealogiſts. If the People were well protected, the People need look no further. He who proved a good King, might well be deemed a lawful King: He who declared himſelf above or againſt Law, was to be preſumed void of Right. He is the Uſurper, who reigns by Power againſt Law: He who depoſes him, and ſquares his Power by the Law, is rightful King. They therefore are the Rebels, who adhere to a Prince, who, in a free Country, would be abſolute, let his Genealogy be ever ſo long, his Succeſſion ever ſo uninterrupted. No Man's Race gives him a Right to commit Violence; no Man has a Title to do Injuſtice: No Man therefore can ſucceed to a Title which is not.

Are there any Bounds to the Will of Princes? If there be, is it not unjuſt to break theſe Bounds? Is it not alſo juſt to defend them, and to drive away whoever would deſtroy them? Are there no Bounds to the Will, and Folly, and Cruelty of a Prince? If there be not, why do we talk of Liberty and Law, of our Birthright and Conſtitution, or of Breaches committed upon it? A King and Parliament may indeed err; but are they more likely to err, than thoſe Kings who would have no Parliaments, purely becauſe they would err, and would not be controuled by Parliaments, nor have their Errors examined or mended? They who juſtify any of our Kings, who aſſumed a Power to diſpenſe with Laws, muſt juſtify that diſpenſing Power, and averr, that we have no Laws but what were at his Mercy, and conſequently none, nor therefore Liberty; for, with a Power to diſpenſe with Law, Liberty is utterly inconſiſtent; and whoever can diſpenſe with Laws, can annul them.

Now, how can ſuch Men, (if there be any ſuch) after this, ever complain, with any Conſiſtency, of Miſgovernment, and talk of Danger to Law and Liberty; when, under ſuch a King, there was neither? Have we a Right to theſe Bleſſings? Then ſuch a King was an Uſurper, and he who depoſed him a Deliverer. Have we no Right to them? Then how could we be injured, if they were taken from us? Or, had any King a Right to take them from us? How ſo? If they belong to us now, they belonged to us then, and always. We are told from the ſame Quarter, and very truly told, that a Nation deprived of Liberty, is a miſerable Nation. Did not their diſpenſing Kings do this? Then they made, or would have made, this a miſerable Nation. How then, and upon what Foot, were they to be again recommended to us? If we were to have them again, we had nothing to do with Liberty: If we claimed Liberty, we had nothing to do with them.

The worſt that can befal Liberty, is, To be loſt. They would have taken it quite away. We have apparently a great deal left; I hope as much as ever we had: We are therefore ſtill a great deal better than under them.

Such Men, therefore, muſt either give up the Cauſe of ſuch Kings, or ceaſe to talk of Liberty. They cannot maintain the Cauſe of both: They are Fire and Water to each other. We can eaſily remember when, in order to ſave and recal ſuch a King, they vehemently contended for indefeaſible Hereditary Right, for Paſſive Obedience without Reſerve. Did they not then treat Liberty as a Chimera, the Doctrine of Liberty as Sedition, the Defence of Liberty as Rebellion? Theſe were, indeed, Notions terrible to the Public, deſtructive of all Law, productive of all Tyranny, but truly ſerviceable to the Intereſt of that Prince; indeed the only Notions that could ſerve him. But to contend for Liberty, and mean a diſpenſing King, or his Cauſe, was notable Mockery, groſs Deceit, and glaring Contradiction. To aſſert Liberty, in order to ſupport lawleſs Rule, was to make Liberty unnaturally deſtroy itſelf. They muſt have been extremely ſtupid, who could not ſee through ſuch apparent Abſurdity.

I am of Opinion, that the People, though not yet free from Party-prejudice and Party-deluſions, are yet much cooler and wiſer than they were then, at leaſt upon that Head; and would not now run mad after ſuch pernicious Nonſenſe, after Maxims ſo peſtilent to human Society. In ſhort, none ever ſwallowed ſuch, except downright Fanatics and Viſionaries; none ever propagated ſuch, but Madmen or Impoſtors. Another way of Thinking now prevails; and therefore the Style of that Party is altered; it is now Liberty, and the Public Good. This is not fair; I doubt it is fooliſh: Where Liberty is underſtood and valued, their Idol can never be admitted, nor followed.

Parties are ſo bewitched to their own Heat and Folly, that they become in Love with it; it grows their daily Theme, and the Purſuit of their Life. Both Sides talk of the Public, and think their own mutual Hate to be Zeal for the Public, whilſt they are only weakening and endangering the Public by their eternal Strife. This their Spite to one another, they call Love to their Country.

Thus they delude themſelves, and often ruin their own private Fortunes to hazard and diſtreſs the State, which they imagine themſelves to be ſucceſsfully ſerving.

Now, when People are thus infatuated, thus drunk with Faction, delighting in Antipathy, and endleſs Diſcord, making a Merit of heightening popular Rage and Diſſention, what Ear are they likely to afford to Expedients of Peace and Reconciliation? How likely to treat one who ſtudies to calm and mediate? At beſt, it is a thankleſs Office, oftener provoking and invidious, ſometimes dangerous and fatal. There is even Peril in being quiet and neutral. There is always too much Reaſon for blaming both Sides; yet, whoever does it, inſtead of reclaiming and convincing them, is more likely to incenſe them, to be charged, at beſt, with Lukewarmneſs, probably with Treachery and Deſertion.

Such was the Situation of *Cicero*, who dreaded both *Cæſar* and *Pompey*; and only followed the latter, becauſe he had ſome ſort of Obligation to him, and believed him the leſs dangerous Tyrant of the two, as having, indeed, inferior Power and Talents. But though he ſaw the wrong Meaſures of *Pompey*, and foreſaw the ſad Conſequences, he could not avoid following him. When the thing was gone ſo far, and Parties already drawn out, as it were, againſt each other, no Man, at leaſt no Man of Name, was ſuffered to be his own Maſter, or Director. The Weight of others, and the Power of Faction, muſt then draw him headlong (*a*).

Thus Men come at laſt to be ſo involved, that they are ſometimes forced to wiſh for the very Thing which they had at firſt, and all along, dreaded; as *Cicero*, at laſt, wiſhed Succeſs to *Cæſar*, whom he had ſo much feared and oppoſed; for that, having left the oppoſite Party, he was terribly threatened by them, as were all others, againſt whom they had the ſame Objection: Nay, that Party were already ſharing, amongſt themſelves, the Eſtates and Palaces of all ſuch as joined not with them. Hence *Cicero* found it perilous, even to be civilly treated by *Cæſar*. Great, therefore, was his Perplexity, how to behave towards and between

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(*a*) *Non potuiſſe ſe, cum cupiſſet, ſermones hominum ſuſtinere.*

the two contending Chiefs. If he followed *Pompey*, ‘From that Quarter, ſays he, I foreſee, with Horror, a mighty War, moſt ſanguinary and ardent. What terrible Vengeance threatened againſt the municipal Cities! with an equal Portion againſt particular Men by Name; nay, againſt all ſuch as followed him not! How often is he heard to repeat, *Such was the Power of* Sylla; *ſhall not I ſhew equal Power?*’ In another Place, the ſame great Author ſays, ‘Shall I, whom ſome call the Preſerver of *Rome*, bring againſt her a Hoſt of barbarous *Getes*, of Barbarians from *Armenia* and *Colchos?* Shall I bring Famine upon my Fellow-Citizens? Shall I bring Deſolation upon *Italy?*’

Such mournful Diſcouragements he found on the Part of *Pompey*: And then from *Cæſar*, whom he treats as ‘an open Tyrant, raging with Ambition; as an abandoned Traitor, a notorious Parricide;’ what could he foreſee, what expect, but utter Diſſolution and Miſrule? They both meditated to plunder and exhauſt the World, thence to reward their rapacious Adherents. *Cæſar* particularly was attended by a dreadful Train and Conflux of Profligates, by all the Deſperate and Debauched (*a*).

To ſuch a forlorn Crew, the Tumult of Parties was expedient and natural; and public Tranquillity and Concord, matter of Sorrow and Deſpair. But for the State, for the Body of the People, and for all the Honeſt, the Induſtrious and Subſtantial, a different Situation is neceſſary. To theſe, Peace and Unity are perpetual Bleſſings: By entertaining and encouraging a contrary Spirit, they fight againſt their own Intereſt, and are only ſerving the Purpoſes of ſuch as deſerve Gaols and Gibbets. When Liberty and Property are ſafe, none but the Deſperate and Ambitious can find their Account in Faction, which is always hurtful to thoſe who are neither animated by Ambition nor Deſpair. When Liberty and Property are attacked, all Men ought to rouſe; and then it is not Faction, but Neceſſity, common Conſent and Self-defence.

(*a*) *Cave autem putes* (ſays *Cicero* to *Atticus*) *quenquam hominem in Italia turpem eſſe, qui hinc abſit.*

It is indeed lamentable, that Men, whoſe common Intereſt is mutual Good-will and Harmony, ſhould divide, and quarrel, and hate one another, merely becauſe the Leaders and Inſtruments of Faction find it conducing to their own Self-Ends to ſet them at Variance. Are not theſe their common Enemy? Surely they are. Yet they are treated as their Benefactors and Darlings. For, the Moment that Party-heat ſeizes them, they are blind; ſo blind, that one of them reckons not a foreign Invader half ſo terrible as his next Neighbour, who, perhaps, never hurt him, and has nothing terrible about him but an obnoxious Name; which Name too was given him, and derives its Terror, only from Prejudice and Opinion. Yet to grieve this *ſuppoſed* Enemy, and to be revenged upon him, without having been ever injured by him, he is ready to call in a *real* Enemy, whoſe Drift is to deſtroy both.

Are there ſome Men angry, becauſe they are not in Power? What is that to the Nation, if other Men do as *well* there? Are ſome Men zealous to keep their Employments, and to diſappoint their Rivals? This too is natural, and why ſhould it offend the People, if it hurt not the Public? Let them contend together; What is all this to the People, who cannot occupy Place, nor enjoy Titles, and therefore ought not to involve themſelves in the Contention, or in any Contention foreign to their own Intereſt and Stability?

DISCOURSE II.

Of PATRIOTS and PARRICIDES.

SECT. I.

How Virtue and Vice, public Services, and public Crimes, may be ſaid to bring their own Rewards.

IN the Hiſtory of *Salluſt*, and in other *Roman* Hiſtories, as we are ſhocked to find ſo many Parricides, Enemies to their Country, it is a ſenſible Pleaſure to find ſome, I wiſh I could ſay ſo many, Patriots. I therefore beſtow the following Diſcourſe upon theſe oppoſite Characters.

Men are ſo prone to comply with every Temptation to Evil, that the ſureſt Way to eſcape the latter, is to avoid the former; and rather to diſtruſt their own Virtue, than to ſtand the Trial. It is certainly ſafer to fly, than to be overcome. But, as a Man, who would ſhun all the Baits and Allurements of Vice and Evil, muſt utterly leave the World, which abounds in little elſe, he who would ſecure himſelf againſt Corruption, muſt arm himſelf with Self-denial, muſt conſider his Innocence above all Price, his Virtue as the higheſt Acquiſition of his Life, the Source of all true Glory, and the ſureſt Pledge of laſting Pleaſure and Fame. When all other Pleaſures fail, this one is more than an Equivalent for the Loſs of the reſt; and it is often the Want of this, which creates ſuch an eager Purſuit after other Pleaſures, if there can be any, where this is not. Theſe Amuſements muſt ſurely be, at leaſt, very impotent and defective, which only ſerve to make Men forget for awhile, that they are not Innocent, nor conſequently Happy. In ſpight of all their Amuſements, of all their Efforts to beguile themſelves, they have a ſore Place about them, which will be continually reviving their Memory, or their Memory the ſore Place. What Recompence, what Place, or Wealth, or Power, is equal to this, or can atone for it; atone for perpetual Anguiſh and Self condemnation?

It will, perhaps, be alleged, that Men grow hardened, and their Hearts callous, and then feel no pungent Horrors, nor any Horror, for Iniquity and Baſeneſs. I doubt this is not their Caſe. Habit may ſear and deprave them in ſome meaſure, probably in a great meaſure; but, I believe, never beyond Feeling. I never knew a Man, nor heard of a Man, quite ſo abandoned, as to ſpeak ill of Honour and Honeſty; even the worſt Men pretend to ſome Degree of it, and ſometimes exerciſe it: All of them would be proud of a good Reputation; nor can any of them be abſolutely indifferent what all others ſay of them. I have known Men, notoriouſly abandoned and decried, make great Court to Men of oppoſite and approved Characters, when by ſuch Court they could propoſe no Advantage, but that of gaining ſome Eſteem, by converſing with ſuch as had a great deal.

Men therefore, the moſt hardened and corrupt Men, would rather be thought virtuous than wicked, honeſt than unjuſt; and, perhaps, wiſh themſelves ſo; would rather chuſe to hide their evil Doings than have them expoſed, even where the Diſcovery is attended with no other Penalty than that of Cenſure and Diſpraiſe. Even *Nero* and *Tiberius* had ſuch Reſerves, were anxious to conceal their ſecret Guilt, and mortified when it became expoſed. It is, indeed, agreeable to the Idea of God and a Providence, that wicked Men ſhould be haunted with the Terrors of their Enormities, and never taſte of Happineſs, though ever hunting after it; and that Innocence, however perſecuted or threatened, ſhould be attended with Pleaſure *(a)*.

That Men become hardened and inſenſible to a certain Degree, is undoubtedly true; elſe, after the firſt Compunction, which, I believe, naturally follows Crimes, they would not, at leaſt wantonly, repeat them. But even this Inſenſibility is a terrible

(a) *Si recludantur Tyrannorum mentes, poſſe adſpici laniatus & ictus.*

Curſe and Misfortune; worſe than natural Stupidity, or Lunacy? Who would chuſe, or rather, who would not dread, ſuch a Turn of Spirit, as weaned him from all Good, and the Paths of Praiſe, and hurried him continually after Evil and Infamy? For, Infamy will ever be the Iſſue and Reward of Evil; and Facts will, firſt or laſt, appear through all falſe Colours and Diſguiſes.

A Man would therefore love and purſue Virtue, hate and ſhun Vice, for his own Sake, ſince he is ſure of a Reward, ſuch a Reward as all the Powers, all the Acquiſitions of the World, cannot beſtow, even Conſciouſneſs of Innocence, and an Heart upright and eaſy: And the more extenſive his Virtue, the more extenſive his Happineſs. Does he hurt none, and help ſome? He is a good Man, and happy. Does he aſſiſt many, and ſtill injure none? He is more happy. Is he juſt to Particulars, and alſo ſerviceable to All? Does he love his Country, and purſue its Welfare, with all his Might and Zeal? Who can be more happy? He is happy, though he ſhould miſcarry; for, having done his beſt, and faithfully diſcharged his Duty, he has the Approbation of his own Conſcience, with the Applauſe of all worthy Men. Is any Reward equal to this Reward?

I have therefore always admired, as well as reverenced, the Characters of Patriots; Men of great and good Minds, Friends to Society and to human Kind, Lovers of Liberty and their Country, Enemies to Oppreſſors and Oppreſſion, and Guardians of public Virtue, and the public Weal. Theſe are the Men who have an unqueſtionable Title to the Favours and Bleſſings of the whole Race; nor can there be a greater Reproach upon the World, than that ſuch Men have not been always well uſed in it. He who loves, and ſtudies to ſerve All, merits that All ſhould love and ſerve him. But, as we often ſee Men oppoſe their own Good, and ſlight and abuſe their Benefactors, the Patriot has ſeldom competent Encouragement or Succeſs. Such as have different Hearts and Views, will hate and decry him; and it is likely there will be many ſuch. Theſe, following their natural Bent of Malignity and Falſhood, and purſuing a wicked End, will not ſpare wicked Arts and Means to obtain it. By ſuch Arts and Induſtry, they will gain Belief and Followers. Malice is more active than Innocence; the latter is apt to confide in itſelf, which ought, indeed, to be a ſure Guard, but is not always ſo; whilſt the former ſeeks all Supports, and employs every baſe Artifice. Hence Virtue comes to ſuffer, being firſt miſrepreſented, then perſecuted, at laſt oppreſſed. Hence it is, that the falſe Patriot is often more ſucceſsful and popular than the true, and often triumphs over him.

Still this hinders not, but that Virtue is ever the beſt Choice. Who would not rather be a *Cicero*, even in Exile, than a *Clodius* his Enemy, though triumphing over that virtuous *Roman?* An *Algernoon Sydney*, ſentenced to die for the everlaſting Principles of Truth and Liberty, than a *Jefferies*, infamouſly exalted to the Tribunal of Juſtice, and pronouncing that wicked Sentence?

SECT. II.

A ſuffering Patriot more happy than a ſucceſsful Parricide: Public Oppreſſors always unhappy.

MODERN Hiſtory hardly knows a more venerable Name than that of *John Barnevelt*, that good *Dutchman* and Patriot, to whom his Country owed ſo much. Yet, notwithſtanding his great Virtues, his great Services, and his great Age, he had his venerable Head ſevered from his Body, by a prevailing Faction, who confidently charged him with a Deſign to betray his Country; when it was apparent, that his great, indeed his only Crime, was, that of ſerving it too well, and for oppoſing a wicked Scheme to enſlave it.

As he had acted righteouſly, and died innocent, his End was glorious; and, though his Death was tragical, he was, in one Senſe, much leſs to be lamented, than the venal and guilty Parricides, who murdered him, under the Name of Law, and ſacrificed him, and their Conſciences, to their own corrupt Ends, and to the Ambition of Prince *Maurice:* That Prince, who was openly aſpiring to enthrall thoſe free Provinces, muſt needs deſtroy *Barnevelt*,

nevelt, his old faithful Friend and Counſellor, as his great Obſtacle. Never was honeſter or wiſer Advice, than that good Patriot gave the Prince, upon that Occaſion: But Ambition had blinded him to all Truth, Reaſon, and Gratitude, and even to his own Happineſs and Intereſt. Thinking, therefore, that he had ſufficiently ſtrengthened himſelf with a Party of Men fit for ſuch a Truſt; that is to ſay, with Men abundantly profligate and abandoned, he deceived *Barnevelt*, careſſed him, and deſtroyed him; For Ambition had taught him Falſhood, as well as Ingratitude and Cruelty; nor could there be blacker Ingratitude.

Barnevelt was, indeed, the Author and Inſtrument of his Elevation and Power; and had been the conſtant Friend and Counſellor of Prince *William* his Father. Upon the Aſſaſſination of this great Prince, when Men were ſeized with a general Panic, and, ſeeing themſelves bereft of their great Protector and Support, were even deliberating about accepting the Amneſty offered them by their old Enemy the King of *Spain*, *Barnevelt* animated them, and recalled their Courage: He told them, that he knew one fit to fill and ſuſtain the Place of the late Prince; and recommended to them Prince *Maurice* his Son, then ſtudying at *Leyden*. Thus, by the Counſel and Friendſhip of this worthy Man, he was taken from a College, and put at the Head of a State, and of Armies.

Had he not Cauſe to treat him as his Father and Benefactor? He did ſo for a while, till Ambition changed and maſtered him. He afterwards hated *Barnevelt*, becauſe *Barnevelt* would not compliment him with the Liberty of his Country. He was ſo drunk and enchanted with this Paſſion, to rule without Controul, that he, at laſt, ſeemed to think all Art and Diſſimulation needleſs; and went openly from City to City, attended by armed Men, changing their Magiſtrates by plain Force; by Force aboliſhing their antient Inſtitutions; and ſetting up Creatures and Ordinances of his own.

Now what was the Iſſue to Prince *Maurice*? What did he gain by all this Violence and Injuſtice; by deſtroying or diſplacing the beſt Men, and employing the worſt, in order to enſlave all? He miſſed his great Point; he ſuffered the Shame of being defeated in his evil Purpoſe; he had a thouſand Acts of Injuſtice to reproach his own Heart withal; he had diſpatched, removed, and provoked, all his old Friends, and was thwarted and diſappointed by his new; he loſt that Popularity which had always followed the Houſe of *Orange*, and had been perſonal to himſelf, whilſt he was only ſerving and protecting his Country; and he was now become the Object of popular Jealouſy and Hate: He found an univerſal Coldneſs; and, inſtead of being followed by Crouds, as formerly, with kind Looks and Praiſes, ſaw himſelf ſhunned with all the Marks of Neglect, Reſentment, Diſtruſt, and Scorn.

The Tide of popular Paſſion, whether it be Love or Hate, is apt ſuddenly to turn upon any great Inſtance of Cruelty or Mercy. Prince *Maurice*, from being greatly beloved and applauded, loſt at once the Hearts of his Countrymen, by the unjuſt Doom of *Barnevelt*, and by his other arbitrary Proceedings. Whilſt the late King *James* was yet beloved, at leaſt not diſliked, and whilſt the Nation ſtill manifeſted great Loyalty to his Perſon, and was really averſe to Rebellion; the brutal and ſanguinary Behaviour of *Jefferies* in the Weſt, and his Barbarities to the Followers of *Monmouth*, made a ſudden and terrible Change in the Affections of the People. They began to pity the Sufferers; and, from Pitying to Approving, the Tranſition is ſometimes very quick, eſpecially, amongſt the Populace. Beſides, in proportion to ſuch Pity was their Averſion; firſt to the Judge, at laſt to the King.

Such is the natural Effect of uſing Power wantonly, and of graſping at too much. There could not be wilder Infatuation, than of Prince *Maurice*: In labouring to ſeize the Sovereignty, he laboured to make himſelf unhappy; to deſtroy his preſent Credit, Popularity, and Eaſe; and ſo far his Labours were ſucceſsful. He was, in effect, Sovereign already: He was Captain General: He was Admiral General, that is, Commander in chief by Sea and Land: He created all Governors; he diſtributed all military Charges: Even in creating Civil Magiſtrates, he had the laſt Choice; and, out of Three Candidates, who were preſented to him, ſelected one: He enjoyed all the Power and Privileges that ever the antient Counts of *Holland* enjoyed, all that the Dukes of *Burgundy*,

Burgundy, nay, all that *Charles* the Emperor enjoyed: He pardoned all Crimes, and was chargeable with no Puniſhment.

All this Power, with the intire Affections of the People, was not enough for this Prince; though full as much as mortal Man can diſcharge or enjoy. For the fantaſtical and falſe Splendor of a Name, he forfeited the public Affection, and entailed Unhappineſs, and popular Hate, upon his remaining Years. The ſame Madneſs has poſſeſſed many other Princes, and the ſame Miſery followed it.

Prince *Maurice* had the Mortification to ſee even his own Cabal, Fellows whom he had picked out as fit to betray their Country, and ſell it to Slavery, diſappoint and oppoſe him. Theſe, when they ſaw themſelves uppermoſt, and poſſeſſed of Places, by the Murder and Removal of their Antagoniſts, began to adhere to the Conſtitution. They were then for ſecuring That which would beſt ſecure Themſelves; and, as they had been wicked Traitors for him, became juſt Traitors to him. May it ever fare ſo, with ſuch Men, and ſuch Deſigns!

It is natural, indeed too natural, for Men to graſp at enormous Power. Is it not as natural for other Men, who would ſuffer by it, to oppoſe it? What is the true, the reaſonable Purpoſe and Uſe of Power, but the Good and Protection of Men? They who only aimed to protect, would ſeek no more than is neceſſary for Protection; nor would they care how much they were limited from hurting; nay, would deſire to be ſo limited: But the Truth is, that, in the Purſuit of Power, Men generally conſider Themſelves only: Should not They, over whom that Power is ſought, conſider Themſelves, too? They ought, indeed, to beware of all aſpiring Men: It is ſeldom for their ſakes that ſuch Men aſpire; eſpecially, if ſuch a Man will be ſeeking ſuch Power, as evidently tends to injure, to oppreſs, and deſtroy them, they ought to believe that he means it; and, from that Moment, look upon him as an Enemy.

He will, no doubt, diſavow any ſuch Deſign: And who is it that ever does avow any ſuch, even when it is moſt apparent? All Traitors and Uſurpers make fair Profeſſions, and labour to hide their wicked Views; and they who would oppreſs, will certainly deceive. Even *Catiline* pretended to love, nay, to ſerve his

Country, when he was going to deſtroy it. *Spurius Melius*, by beſtowing on the *Roman* People great Quantities of Corn, in a Time of great Scarcity, was far enough from confeſſing to them, that he was thus purchaſing Dominion over them; though this was manifeſtly his Drift; and he therefore became their Benefactor, that he might be their Tyrant. *Cromwell*, that mighty Champion againſt Monarchy, aſſumed more Power, than any of our Kings ever had enjoyed, purely to keep us from the terrible Power of Kings. He, good Man! aimed at none, but juſt what was neceſſary to preſerve public Peace; that is, juſt as much as he pleaſed and wanted, enough to put Chains upon Three Kingdoms.

This Reaſoning of *Cromwell's* was as ſolid, and full as modeſt, as that of the Court, after the Reſtoration; when unlimited Power was claimed to the King, as neceſſary to ſave the Nation from relapſing into a Commonwealth, or falling under another Uſurper. As if the greateſt Curſe that could poſſibly have befallen the Public, had been preferable to one that could not poſſibly be greater: I will go further, and venture to ſay, that if ſuch a Calamity had been inevitable, and either King *Charles* or *Oliver* muſt ſway the Sceptre uncontrouled, *Oliver* had been infinitely the better and wiſer Choice, as a ſuperior Genius, endowed with more Virtues, and better Principles. An Uſurper is not the leſs one, for haveing been once a lawful King; for every lawful King grows an Uſurper, when he aſſumes what is none of His.

Men often find, even in this Life, a proper, though not a complete Retribution for their Actions; beſides that which ariſes from their own Conſcience, which is the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſenſible of all. Prince *Maurice* had ſerved his Country with great Bravery and Succeſs; and his Recompence was noble: He reaped great Glory and Fame, with public Applauſe, and all the moſt glaring and ſubſtantial Dignities of the State; nor, with Safety to their Liberties, which that People had ſo dearly purchaſed, could they give him more: And was not all that they could give him, Reward enough for doing his Duty? He thought not; but, it had been better for him that he had. If he had gained his Ends, he would have been miſerable, becauſe his Ends were wicked; nor could he have expected any thing from this Succeſs but Vexation and Sorrow. But he miſcarried; and, from thence, reaped Vexation and Sorrow, in ſuch Abundance, as conſumed his Life, as well as his Peace, and embittered and ſhortened his Days. Different and better was the End of *Barnevelt*: And, again I repeat it, he died gloriouſly, becauſe he died for his Country.

To ſave and ſerve their Country, is the Duty of all Men. Or if it be juſt to reward Men who do ſo, as it certainly is; yet, ſurely, they muſt not be left to meaſure their own Reward: If they be, the Experience of all Times will ſhew, that Men, upon ſuch Occaſions, are not very modeſt. Some have thought the whole Country no more than a proper Recompence for their Services to it; and, to prove what faithful Servants they have been, and are, to the Public, have made themſelves Maſters of it.

There have never, in truth, been greater Peſts and Felons to their Country, than ſuch as it had moſt diſtinguiſhed and ennobled with its higheſt Dignities. How could ſuch Men afterwards have the Face to complain of Ingratitude, or even of Conſpiracies againſt them, when they had proved the moſt ungrateful of all Men, and Conſpirators againſt all Men? How could they bear any poor Criminal, who had tranſgreſſed for Bread, to ſuffer, without Shame and Sympathy? Is not a Fellow who robs and binds particular Perſons, through Indigence, more intitled to Pity, and Excuſes, and Pardon, than one who is already poſſeſſed of Preferments and Plenty, yet plunders and oppreſſes a Nation; that very Nation, to whom he owes his Exaltation, and all Things; yet, from being its Servant, would make himſelf its Maſter?

Such a Servant to his Country was Prince *Maurice*. It is very probable he had no ſuch Deſign at firſt: But Power is apt to turn the Head; nor can the Man who has it, truſt his own Heart; much leſs ought the People to truſt him; I mean, implicitly. The Paſſions of Men are progreſſive; and Ambition was never reckoned the tameſt and moſt moderate Paſſion. That Prince had, at firſt, full as much as he could hope for, and, perhaps, for a while, wiſhed for no more; but, finding the States a Check upon him, he grew uneaſy under that Check; then wanted to get rid of it. The People, long oppreſſed and exhauſted by War, wanted Peace, which was offered them: He wanted perpetual War and Armies, at their Expence, to ſupport his Grandeur and Eclat. He was, therefore, fierce for continuing the War, and implacable to all who oppoſed him. Hence he meditated the Death of honeſt *Barnevelt*, and the Bondage of all.

Barnevelt was, of all Men, the leaſt qualified to comply with Meaſures ſo deſtructive to his Country; a Man who had done ſo much to make it independent and free, and ſo long and ſucceſsfully ſerved it, in ſo many Negotiations and Employments. He was Keeper of the Seals and Archives, had been truſted with Six important Embaſſies to ſeveral Courts, and near Forty times with Powers to confer with the Generals of the States, and to concert with them the Operations of War; had procured Succours from our Queen *Elizabeth* to his diſtreſſed Country, and brought ſeveral great Potentates, *England*, *Denmark*, and *France*, to own the *United Provinces* for a *Free State*. He was, indeed, the ableſt *Dutchman*, and the moſt truſted. His laſt Words were; 'I have been, all my Life, my dear Countrymen, your faithful Fellow-Citizen. Do not believe, I beſeech you, that I die a Traitor. I die, only for endeavouring to preſerve the Liberty of our common Country.' —— What a Dagger muſt ſuch a Speech, from ſuch a Man, on ſuch an Occaſion, have been in the Heart of his Enemies? As cruel as they were, methinks, I pity them as miſerable Men; and rejoice over the venerable old Martyr and Patriot, periſhing for the Cauſe of Liberty and Virtue!

SECT. III.

Cautions againſt the Arts and Encroachments of Ambition. The Character of a Patriot, and that of a Patricide. How much it is the Duty, how much the Intereſt, of all Governors to be Patriots.

WHAT a Fund of Evil and Malice lurks in the Heart of Man, when, to the Gratification of his own Vanity, fooliſh and pernicious Vanity, he can vow and reſolve general Havock, and intail the Plague of Servitude upon Generations to come! Such Things Men have actually done to gain

Power, nor will they do leſs to keep it. Yet ſome of theſe Men are ſaid to have been merciful and generous: What Mercy have they ſhewn? Perhaps to a few Particulars, when they were, at the ſame time, ſlaughtering and oppreſſing Nations. What Generoſity? Profuſe, it may be, they were to Favourites; whilſt, all the while, they were plundering the World.

Theſe are Conſiderations abundantly ſtrong, to warn Mankind to watch the Movements of Ambition, and, where-ever they grant Power, to grant it with Reſerves. No Man who intends only the Good of others, will deſire more than is neceſſary to procure that Good. Power without Bounds has, ever ſince the Creation, proved the Miſery and Bane of human Society, and of human Race. It is, indeed, utterly repugnant and irreconcilable to ſocial Happineſs. This is ſo true, that whoever knows it not, is a Stranger to the paſt and preſent State of the World. He, therefore, who loves and purſues it, muſt have a very weak Head, or a very wicked Heart. The Patriot flies and abhors it. He ſees what horrible Ravages it commits; that it ſubſiſts upon the Miſery and Depreſſion of Men; that it dreads and deſtroys whatever is amiable, noble, virtuous, and free in the World; that it courts and employs whatever is wicked, mean, deformed, and ruinous; that it has reduced the lovelieſt Regions of the Earth to Graves and Deſarts, and that it has univerſally the ſame ſwift Tendency to lay deſolate and deſtroy.

Is it not juſt, is it not amiable and glorious, to prevent or remove a Curſe ſo direful and conſuming, with ſuch a ſhocking Complication of Woes! Is it not wicked and execrable, to continue or introduce that Curſe, and thoſe Woes? This is the Work and Character of a Parricide; That, of a Patriot; the one, a Friend and Benefactor to his Species; the other, an Enemy and a Deſerter; here, an Ornament and Support of human Nature; there, its Diſgrace and Betrayer!

Behold *Cicero* labouring to ſave the State, excited by univerſal Benevolence to his Country; emboldened by the Goodneſs of his Cauſe, and the Approbation of his Conſcience; ſupporting the Intereſt of public Liberty, and ſupported by it; all good Men his Friends and Aſſiſtants, and the worſt Lot that could befal him, that of ſuffering, or dying for his Country; either of them a very glorious Lot, far preferable to that of riſing or flouriſhing by its Detriment or Ruin! Is not this a glorious Situation, a virtuous Spirit, a divine Occupation, worthy and ſecure of immortal Renown?

See *Catiline*, on the other Side, meditating the Deſtruction and Slavery of his native City; conſcious of his own hideous Guilt, worried by it, reſtleſs and deſperate; not an honeſt, not a humane Sentiment in his Heart; his Soul poſſeſſed and gnawed by Revenge, and by every depraved and beaſtly Paſſion; an Object of Deteſtation and Hate; abhorred by every virtuous Citizen; followed by none but the Debauched, the Impious and Abandoned, by the Refuſe and Diſhonour of *Rome*; nothing before him but a guilty Death, or more guilty Succeſs, with Infamy living, and dying, and dead!

The Patriot has always a good Cauſe, the Cauſe of his Country and of Mankind, of all others the moſt important and intereſting. His Aim is virtuous, his Ends noble, and therefore all his Purſuits pleaſing. The Integrity and laudable Thoughts of his Heart, are a continual Cordial and Support. A Paſſion for the Public, and the Welfare of Mankind, animates him; the Senſe of his Duty fortifies him. He has the Wiſhes, the Concurrence and Praiſes of all worthy Men: Oppoſition from the Vicious and Unworthy, proves a Juſtification to him, and inſpires him with freſh Vigour. His Views are great, benevolent, elevated, even to promote and defend whatever is lovely, righteous, deſirable, and praiſe-worthy in the World; for, the Root of all this is Liberty: Even to oppoſe and deſtroy whatever is baneful, odious, wicked, and afflicting amongſt Men; for, the certain Cauſe of all this is Slavery. In ſuch a Cauſe, it is glorious to ſucceed; for ſuch a Cauſe, it is glorious to die. However, therefore, he may be unfortunate, he can never be unhappy.

Oppoſite to this, and conſequently painful and miſerable, is the Cauſe of the Parricide; terrible and loathſome to all good Men, and to himſelf a continual Source of Fear and Remorſe. His Life is a Courſe of Falſhood and Conſtraint, and therefore of Pain and Care. He muſt hide his Heart, becauſe its Devices are evil;

and for this his Heart muſt cruelly reproach him. As he hurts, or intends to hurt, all Men, he has Reaſon to dread all, and to apprehend Deſtruction from ſuch as he would deſtroy. Virtuous Men will deteſt him; innocent Men will not aſſiſt him; he cannot truſt to the Aid of wicked Men; and ſuch Aid, when he has it, is infamous. Whatever Oppoſition is made to him, whatever Attempts are made upon him, he cannot complain, be the ſame ever ſo ſubdolous and violent; becauſe all his own Proceedings are violent and deceitful; and whoever unjuſtly arms himſelf againſt Mankind, does but call all Mankind to arm juſtly againſt him.

Can ſuch a Man be Happy? Can he have Inward Peace, without which there is no Happineſs? Can that Man have Peace, who would ruin his Country, who would deſtroy Liberty, and, with it, Truth and Virtue? That Man who would eſtabliſh Thraldom, and, with It, Vileneſs and Miſery? His Ambition does not extinguiſh his other Paſſions which thwart it; it only proves his ſtrongeſt Paſſion: But ſtill from the reſt, though they prevail not, he muſt find very painful Reſiſtance. Shame, Compunction, and Fear, are all Emotions natural to the human Soul, and have Force enough to ſhake and rend it; and the Ambitious and Guilty feel them moſt. If Pleaſure naturally attend Acts of Virtue and Benevolence; and if that Pleaſure ariſe in proportion to the Good which is done, or endeavoured; it muſt be equally natural for Anguiſh and Bitterneſs of Soul to follow Deeds of Injuſtice and Violence; and the more Iniquity, the more Remorſe.

Is it Amiable and Praiſeworthy to be friendly and kind to Particulars? How much more ſo is it to be generous to All, to love our Country and Mankind, and to endeavour their Proſperity? Is it Odious and Hard-hearted, to have Pity upon no Man, to aſſiſt and relieve none? How much more baſe and barbarous is it to diſtreſs and oppreſs our Country and all Men, for ſelfiſh and wicked Ends of our own; for one Man to reduce all the reſt to Chains and Miſery, that he may domineer and riot?

Bulion, Treaſurer to *Lewis* XIII. told his Maſter, who expreſſed ſome Tenderneſs for the poor People, loaded with Taxes, and devoured by Tax-Maſters, ‘ That they were not yet reduced

“ to eat Graſs.” Certainly Graſs, and common Air, was too good for ſuch a venomous Parricide. Was a Creature, with ſo black a Heart, and ſo much Malice, fit to be employed by the ſupreme Governor and Protector of a Nation? For, he who is not the latter, is unworthy to be the former. I do not find, that he loſt his Employment or Favour for this execrable Declaration; whence may be concluded, that a hard Heart was no ill Qualification then in a *French* Miniſter of State.

Let a People be uſed ever ſo coarſly, and even unmercifully, by their Governors, yet their Governors always expect from the People ſignal Loyalty and Affection. They muſt be thankful under Oppreſſion, be pleaſed with heavy Chains, and kiſs the Iron Rod; which, perhaps, is reckoned Sacred and Adorable; whilſt it is only employed to terrify, afflict, and kill. I have known Subjects ſo wretched, ſo oppreſſed and ſqueezed, ſo pale, ſtarved and naked, that, as their Exiſtence ſeemed a Burden and a Curſe to them, Death would have appeared a Bleſſing and Relief: Yet their Prince talked much, and gravely, of his Glory, and of the Zeal and Duty of his Subjects: Duty! For what? For making them as miſerable as all the Arts and Malice of Blood-ſuckers could make them? They were, indeed, tame, and ſtupid, and patient by Force. But Abjectneſs and Deſpair deſerves not the Name of Duty. Duty ought to be a rational and voluntary Thing, the Effect of Eaſe, and fatherly Protection. No Man has a Right to expect Tenderneſs or Regard from me, if he uſe me cruelly and contemptuouſly. Governors who treat not their Subjects like Children, cannot expect to be treated by their Subjects as Fathers.

All Governors ought to be Patriots, the beſt Patriots, and to ſet a continual Example of Patriotiſm to others, and to all Men. Without ſtudying the Happineſs of others, they cannot hope for any Glory to themſelves; and whoever rules without Glory, is not like to eſcape Infamy. Their higheſt and pureſt Glory is the Freedom and Felicity of their People. To procure this, as it is their Duty and beſt Ambition, ought to be the Study and Buſineſs of their Lives. This is their great Point, and, for their own Sakes, they ought to labour it. What elſe can concern them ſo much, and ſo nearly? No Power is otherwiſe laudable, than from the Good which it does. Where it does none, it is contemptible; where it does Evil, it is deteſtable; and is then only lovely, when it bleſſes, protects, and ſaves. It is like Fire and Water, two great Benefits to the World, when properly applied, and confined; but equally terrible and pernicious, when they riſe to Inundations and devouring Flames.

I am charmed with the Saying and Behaviour of the *Chineſe* Emperor *Tai Zung*, who carrying the Prince his Son into the Fields, and ſhewing him the Husbandmen buſy at their Labour, ‘ See, ſaid he to him, what Pains theſe poor Men take, all the ‘ Year round, to maintain You and Me. I have therefore ever ‘ been careful to eaſe and protect theſe poor People: Without ‘ their Labour and Sweat, You and I ſhould have no Kingdom.’ Theſe were Sentiments worthy of a King, who, when he is indeed the Father of his People, and loves and treats them tenderly, is then truly King; and, when he acts not like a Father, is then, in effect, ſomething elſe, and worſe.

Theſe are Sentiments which ought to poſſeſs every Man who adminiſters, or has any Share in adminiſtring a State; and without ſuch Sentiments as theſe, no other Qualifications are availing, or to be truſted. The Head generally is led by the Heart, and, if he love any Intereſt of his own better than that of the State, he will be apt, inſtead of ſacrificing private Intereſt to that of the Public, to ſacrifice the State to his private Intereſt. This, indeed, is poor Policy, and a narrow View, as well as very wicked; it is Pity it were not more ſingular.

An Emperor of *Turkey*, when he was told how much the poor People were harraſſed, and how many of them deſtroyed, by the Hardſhips which they ſuffered, in preparing Sport for him daily, and daily attending him in it, was ſo far from relenting, or feeling Pity, for Wretches thus ſuffering and periſhing for his Diverſions, that he anſwered, with great Scorn, to the merciful Man who gave him this honeſt Information; ‘ Take care of the Dogs; be ‘ ſure they be well uſed, and fed.’ Was this poor, great, miſerable, lofty, hard-hearted Wretch, a Governor? This Deſtroyer of

Men, a ſupreme Magiſtrate? This incarnate Dæmon, God's Ordinance?

O with how much Nonſenſe, with how much Wickedneſs and Miſery, this ſtrange World abounds! And how faſt and naturally they beget one another! It would be a great Bleſſing and Advantage gained to Mankind, under ſuch Governments, if they could but compound with their Governors, to forbear doing them Miſchief; and, upon that Conſideration, chearfully give up all Hopes and Expectancy of any Good or Advantage from them whatſoever. It would, in truth, be a glorious Bargain, and mend the Condition of the World prodigiouſly; conſidering at what a ſad and barbarous Rate the Government of the World is conducted in moſt Countries. For it is melancholy to conſider, but too true, that generally they who ſway the State, are its greateſt Enemies: It is therefore no Wonder, that they treat as Traitors, and often deſtroy, its beſt Friends.

I have often wondered, how the Governors of a Nation oppreſſed and poor, could enjoy any Pleaſure; how reliſh Pomp and Luxury, when by it they brought Wretchedneſs upon Millions! One would think, that, as they are Men, they muſt find much Bitterneſs in their Cup, and many anxious Reflections. Can they always avoid remembring, that Deſpair may produce Outrage and Revolt; and that their Subjects, having been treated without Mercy, may ſhow none? Or, ſuppoſing them ever ſo Tame, yet, if they are Miſerable, is not this a melancholy Conſideration to thoſe who make them ſo? Can all the Pomp, and Luxury, and Flattery in the World, atone for ſo painful a Thought? What can be more diſhonourable and unjuſt, and therefore more affecting, than to ſtarve and afflict Multitudes, that we may riot and flutter? Multitudes too, whom it is our Duty to love, and aſſiſt, and cheriſh? Is there a real Delight in doing Good, as ſurely there is? Then equal is, or ought to be, the Pain of being the Cauſe of Evil; and that Pain muſt be ſtill greater, and more pungent, if the Evil be done to ſuch as depend upon us, to ſuch as are truſted to our Care and Protection.

It is impoſſible not to love a Patriot. It is only loving thoſe who love us. Is not this a deſirable Character and Reward? It is impoſſible not to hate a Parricide, becauſe he hates us, and is our Enemy. Who would not dread and avoid ſuch a Situation? Indeed, Patriotiſm is no more than good Policy; it is the ſafeſt and beſt Choice, as well as the moſt virtuous and juſt. The whole State of *Venice* became, at one time, a State of Patriots, and found their Account glorioſly in it.

As they were preſſed by the powerful League of *Cambray*, and convinced, how much it availed them to preſerve the Affections of their Subjects, they did a Thing, ſays the Hiſtorian, unexampled in the latter Ages. They publiſhed a Decree, by which they engaged to indemnify them for all their Loſſes, paſt and to come, during the War, out of the public Treaſury. Thoſe who truſted them had no Cauſe to repent. That State kept their Word religiouſly with every Particular, and found the good Effects of it; for never did People manifeſt greater Zeal and Fidelity, under all the Afflictions and Hardſhips of that terrible and unequal War. In ſpight of all Dangers, of all the Rage of a foreign Soldiery, and even of Death, that People perſiſted in their Affections to their State, ran all Riſques for it, and even voluntarily ſerved it as Spies. Such had been their merciful and paternal Uſage from their Governors, and ſo generouſly and affectionately did they return it.

We ſee by this, that Governments can find Ways to make the People grateful, and even generous, as alſo what Ways theſe are. Had that wiſe State always acted thus wiſely, and uſed their Subjects with equal Juſtice and Tenderneſs, they might, in all Likelihood, have been ſtill Sovereigns of the *Morea*.

The Inſtance of the *Saguntines* is famous. They, rather than ſurrender themſelves to the Enemies of *Rome*, burnt themſelves and their City. There was ſomething very remarkable and great in the Spirit and Behaviour of the *Corſicans*, during their late Revolt; which, I dare ſay, was not without Provocation: Few Revolts are. Not a Man of them would continue in foreign Service, however good his Appointments were there, when the Cauſe of his Country called him Home; Not a Man in the Iſland, not a Frier, was to be found, at any Price, to give Intelligence to the Enemy; and many of them choſe to bear Racks, and Torture, and Death in the moſt terrible Shapes, rather than turn Spies and Traitors to their Country. This was Patriotiſm, an invincible Love to their native Country, above all Temptation and Terror, above all Price and Corruption.

This firm and generous Conduct of the *Corſicans* brings into my Mind the fine Anſwer of the *Lacedæmonians* to King *Philip* of *Macedon*, who, in his Letters to them, threatened, that, 'He 'would prevent all their Meaſures!' *Will he prevent us from dying?* replied thoſe brave old *Spartans*.

Donato Gianotti, Secretary to the State of *Florence*, whilſt it was yet free, could not bear even to live in it, when changed into a deſpotic Principality, and ſubjected to the Houſe of *Medicis*, though he was offered, by the Great Duke, high Dignities and Advantages; all which he utterly rejected, and retired to *Venice*, to live and die in a free City. He ſcorned to countenance Tyranny and Uſurpation; nor would he ſtay to ſee the ſad Conſequences of ſo terrible a Change, the beſt Citizens exiled, or impriſoned, or martyred; at beſt, awed, neglected, and unpreferred; the worſt, careſſed and promoted for being ſo, for their Inſenſibility of public Servitude, and for their Promptneſs to bear it; Men of Merit and Figure, loſt in Oblivion and Solitude, Objects of Jealouſy, and uſeleſs to the Public; Pimps and Betrayers, in high Favour, and covered with the Marks of it. He could not bear to ſee the Laws, and Liberty, and Welfare of his Country, all ſwallowed up in the Will, and Pride, and Convenience of a late Citizen, and a private Family; nor his Countrymen the *Florentines*, for ſo many Ages free, and brave, and impatient of any Yoke, a People who had been their own Maſters ſo late and ſo long, now reduced to Impotence and Vaſſalage, cowed and enſlaved. This was Proof of a good Spirit in *Gianotti*, and he made a better Choice. The meaneſt Retirement is far beyond any Share in Tyranny, beyond all the guilty Glare and Spoils which it can beſtow.

Philip Strozzi, that illuſtrious and wealthy Citizen, of the ſame City, (one of the richeſt Subjects in *Europe*) was ſo paſſionate a Lover of public Liberty, and had ſuch an Antipathy to Slavery, that, having tried all Ways of reſtoring the Freedom of his

Country, without Succeſs, he ordered his Children, by his laſt Will, to remove his Bones from his Grave in *Florence*, and, carrying them to *Venice*, interr them there; ‘ To the End, ſays he, that ſince I had not the Felicity to die in a free State, I may enjoy that Favour after my Death, and my Aſhes reſt in Peace, out of the Reach and Domination of the Conqueror.’ *Strozzi* had attempted to reſtore the Republic, but failed, and was put in Priſon; where, apprehending the Application of the Rack, that he might not, by Torture, be brought to betray his Friends, he ſlew himſelf. The Motive was noble, if the Act could be juſtified.

SECT. IV.

How apt the World is to be deceived with Glare and Outſide, to admire proſperous Iniquity, and to ſlight Merit in Diſgrace. Public Spirit the Duty of all Men. The Evils and Folly attending the Want of it.

IT is remarkable enough, and little to the Credit of the Judgment of the World, that Iniquity, if it be but very great and glaring, juſtifies itſelf; or rather, it is often juſtified by the ſtrange Conſent of the Groſs of Mankind; and what ſhould blacken and blaſt it, purifies and ennobles it. Can the Earth produce a more peſtilent and guilty Creature, than one who enſlaves any Part of it? In that one Act of Wickedneſs is implied every wicked Act whatſoever, Robbery, Murder, Treachery, Inhumanity, the Ravages of Luſt and Malice, of Cruelty and Oppreſſion, the Perſecution and Exile of Virtue, the Abaſement of Juſtice, and the Introduction to all Sorrow, groſs Ignorance, and Beſtiality. Yet, whoever paſſes through this frightful Train of Sin and Villainy with Succeſs, ſhall have the unaccountable Honour to be admired and courted: He, who would have adorned a Gibbet, with univerſal Approbation, for attempting any one of them, grows renowned for perpetrating them all; and thenceforth Gibbets and Halters become the Portion and Reward of the Righteous and Innocent, of the Patriot, and the Friend to Virtue. Are not poor Thieves, are not humble Rogues, and ſmall Robbers, notably injured by ſuch partial Judgment, and ſuch an unequal Lot? *Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema.*

Man ſeems to be a Creature formed to be impoſed upon, and miſled; elſe the greateſt Villain would always be the moſt decried and unhappy, and the moſt righteous and benevolent Man would flouriſh moſt, be beſt ſupported, moſt adored and applauded. To the Diſhonour of our Species, and Misfortune of the World, the Reverſe of all this is true. They who ought to rejoice, often weep; they who deſerve to weep, often rejoice: The Innocent are generally oppreſſed, the Well-meaning miſled: They who do this, are exalted and revered by thoſe who ſuffer it; and the miſerable Dupes, the Sufferers, often account theſe their Enemies and Seducers to be their ſpecial Friends; nay, are at great Pains and Expence to perpetuate their Misfortunes, under the Name and Notion of notable Advantages: They ſometimes reckon him their worſt Foe, who would enlighten and relieve them.

This is the Creature who boaſts of being Rational! It muſt be owned, that he is capable of Inſtruction, as well as of ſometimes abuſing it: But the Truth is, Inſtruction is little elſe but Abuſe in moſt Countries, little elſe but propagating Falſhoods, and wonderful Nonſenſe; with Antipathy to Truth, to Reaſon, and to Liberty; a Fondneſs for Ignorance, which paſſes for divine Knowlege, and for Bondage, which is ſtyled Obedience. Hence Popes and Tyrants are idolized; hence ſuch as oppoſe theſe ſacred Parricides, theſe ſupreme Curſes upon Earth, are reproached, traduced, and mentioned with Horror; and hence, the greateſt of all Rebels, he who enſlaves his Country, when he has done it, is called Ruler, or ſome other fine Name; and treats, as Rebels, all who are loyal to their Country, againſt his Diſloyalty and Rebellion.

Such is the ridiculous Force and Witchcraft attending Names, and proceeding from prepoſterous Education. Much more honourable to me, much more happy, ſeems the Family of *Medicis*, whilſt yet private Men, and opulent Citizens of a free City, than when raiſed by Faction, by Force, and by the dirty and corrupted Populace, to be Lords of Injuſtice over their native State. Nay, I know not whether they were not richer when Subjects, than when Princes; more innocent I am ſure they were, as well as more ſecure. Yet, ſuch is the deceitful Force of a big Word, that they were no ſooner called Princes, a Title ill-gotten, and therefore uſurped, but great Monarchs intermarried with them. Whilſt they were good Citizens and Merchants, theſe Monarchs, probably, would have deſpiſed ſuch an Alliance. Strange Blindneſs and Injuſtice! A Merchant may be an honeſt Man, a Patriot, and a Friend to Mankind; a uſeful Member of Society he certainly is. Can a Uſurper, one who brings Chains and Calamity upon his Country, claim any of theſe Characters and Commendations?

I ſee more Glory (and there is more) in being a juſt and uſeful Magiſtrate, in a free Country, even a Burgeſs in *Swiſſerland,* than in exerciſing the Iron Rod of a Tyrant, with a Title ever ſo ſounding, over a Country ever ſo charming. Liberty produces Comfort, nay, Plenty and Proſperity, even amongſt Rocks; and ſmileth in the ſterneſt Regions; ſhe bleſſes in ſpight of Nature; and, in ſpight of Nature, Tyranny brings Curſes. In Climes, which, for Beauty and Fertility, look like the Pride and Maſterpiece of the Creation, Rags and Famine, Naſtineſs, ghaſtly Looks, and Miſery in all Shapes, are ſeen to abound; and the forlorn Condition of the wretched People ſeems to belye and diſgrace the Soil. Such, in fact, is the Difference between the Condition of the *Swiſs* Cantons, cold, bleak, and mountainous as they are, and that of ſome of the fineſt Regions under the Sun, not far from them.

Can they, who conſider this, and are at all ſolicitous about the State of their Country, ever ſufficiently value Liberty, and defend it? Can they prize Patriots, and hate Parricides, too much? Can they too much dread Tyranny, too much deteſt Slavery? Can they think any Subject upon Earth ſo worthy of being handled and opened, recommended and enforced? It is the great Theme, the firſt and principal Concern of Society. What can concern Men ſo much, as, whether they ſhall be Happy, or Miſerable; Free, or in Chains? Whether they ſhall enjoy the higheſt Bleſſing, or bear the moſt bitter Curſe and Calamity, that this World affords? *Cicero* eſteemed Death and Exile to be Evils far ſhort of Slavery: *Mortem & ejectionem quaſi majora timemus; quæ multo ſunt minora.*

Here, therefore, is the Teſt of the Patriot and the Parricide, and their different Characters. He who has a virtuous and tender Regard for the Public; he who wiſhes and purſues its Welfare; he who rejoices in its Proſperity, and feels its Misfortunes, and is zealous to remove them; he who is jealous of public Liberty as the great Root of all ſocial Felicity; he who dreads and abhors arbitrary Dominion as the moſt devouring Plague; He, This is the Patriot, the Friend of his Country, and deſerving its Friendſhip.

Yet all this is no more than one's Duty, a Duty, which every Man owes to the Public. But it is too true, that ſuch Duties as Virtue alone injoins, are ſeldom performed, or even conſidered as ſuch. Men think, that, if they can but eſcape Cenſure and Penalties, they do their Duty; and beſtow that good Name upon Sordidneſs and Fear. Such narrow Minds hardly deſerve the Care of thoſe who have larger. Beſides, Wretches who are deſtitute themſelves of public Spirit, cannot prize it in others, nor be grateful to thoſe who have it. This Inſenſibility, I doubt, goes often further than the Vulgar, and above them. But where-ever it is found, it is exceſſively fooliſh, as well as ſhocking and criminal: For, as public Spirit is a Duty, from every Man to all the reſt, enforced by the eternal Authority of the Law of Nature, whoever obeys it not, is an Offender, a greater Offender than ſome who are condemned by poſitive Laws; ſince he who hurts only one Man, or Particulars, cannot be ſo guilty as he who offends againſt all.

The Nature of Society implies the Neceſſity, and conſequently the Duty, of mutual Help and Benevolence; and whatever of this Kind a Man claims from others, others may claim from him. The Right is reciprocal, and therefore ſo is the Duty. So that he who is indifferent about the Whole, about the general Intereſt of the Society, makes himſelf an Alien, and, in fact, forfeits the

Favour and Protection of the Whole. He who has this Turn, this ſtrange unfeeling Heart, is a contemptible Being, as well as fooliſh and ſhort-ſighted. When the Society is oppreſſed, or enſlaved, He muſt be oppreſſed and enſlaved too. For, I ſpeak not now of any great Parricide, who has the Misfortune to be ſucceſsful, and to ſubdue all.

When this Spirit of Indifference about the Condition of the Public, becomes general, it is, indeed, terrible; as it is an Encouragement and Opportunity given to Parricides, ſo to ſtrengthen and exalt themſelves, that even the Revival of public Spirit ſhall have no other Effect, than to furniſh Victims to Their Power and Revenge; and the public Bondage, which might have been prevented, only by a little Care and Vigilance, is, perhaps, ſo fixed, as not to be removed, even by ſtrenuous Reſiſtance, and an Effuſion of Blood.

This Sort of Stupor poſſeſſed the People of *Italy*, during the Attempts of *Cæſar*; even whilſt he was already in their Country, openly armed againſt the Commonwealth. Poor and narrow were the Conſiderations that ſwayed them; and they looked no further than juſt to preſerve their Seats and Farms, their Money and Rents. *Nihil prorſus aliud curant, niſi agros, niſi villulas, niſi nummulos*, ſays *Cicero*. —— He adds, in another Letter, *Hujus inſidioſa clementia delectantur*: That artful Clemency of his, which was only a Snare laid for them, delighted them, and laid them aſleep. Poor deluded Men! They did not conſider, that he was going to have it in his Power to ſeize for himſelf, or to ſurrender to ſome of his needy Followers, (who only followed him for Rapine) theſe very darling Seats, and Lands, and Treaſures of theirs, whenever he pleaſed, with Impunity; or that, if He ſpared them, ſome of his Succeſſors might take their Fortunes, and their Lives too; as, indeed, they did, without any Ceremony or Mercy.

It is, indeed, amazing, that any Man, who thinks at all of the Public, ſhould be indifferent about it; it is more amazing, that any Man, who has a Stake in it, can avoid thinking of it, or be without Zeal for it: But it is moſt amazing, that great Men, Men of Dignity and Fortune, of Splendor and Title, all which can only be ſecure whilſt the Public is ſo, ſhould not always, and in all

Countries, be upon perpetual Guard againſt their own Ruin and Debaſement, and continually ſtudying to ſupport public Liberty, which muſt ſupport them.

Lukewarmneſs, from ſuch Men, would ſeem incredible, if it had never happened; and is infamous whenever it happens, as well as the Effect of the moſt groſs Blindneſs and Infatuation. Yet thus lukewarm were many of the Great *Romans*, even when they ſaw *Cæſar's* Sword already waving dreadfully over them. Well might *Cicero* ſay of them, as he does, with juſt Severity and Contempt, *Ita ſtulti ſunt, ut, amiſſa republica, piſcinas ſuas ſalvas fore videntur.* ‘ They were ſuch Fools to conclude, that, though the Republic were loſt, their Fiſh-ponds would remain ſecure.’

Fools indeed! When Liberty was gone, no Man could be ſecure, nor any Man's Poſſeſſions. This Diſcovery, which a Child might have made at firſt, they made afterwards; when their not having made it ſooner, only ſerved to upbraid and torment them. They, indeed, felt it, and felt it with a Vengeance, under the Triumvirate, when a Price was ſet upon their Heads, and their Poſſeſſions, and darling Fiſh-ponds, ſeized by the Tyrants who ſucceeded their Friend *Cæſar*, whoſe Clemency was not perpetuated with his Uſurpation. This, too, was very eaſy to have been foreſeen; as alſo the future State of their Families, which were all perſecuted; moſt of them cut off by the following Tyrants, without any Exception, or Favour to the Deſcendants of ſuch as had helped to eſtabliſh the Tyranny.

Here is a Leſſon and Warning to all Nations, eſpecially to Men of Name and Figure amongſt them, how dearly they ought to prize public Spirit and Patriots; how much it becomes and behoves them to poſſeſs and cheriſh that Spirit; and how nearly it imports all Men to love their Country. It is only Self-love generouſly applied; and he who loves himſelf judiciouſly, will certainly love the Public and Liberty. It is, moreover, virtuous and honourable; and is intitled to ſolid Fame, to the Affections and Praiſes of all Men. What other Motive needs there? He who has not this Spirit, may, perhaps, be a harmleſs Man; but he is a very bad Citizen: He who diſlikes or deſpiſes it, is an Enemy to his Fellow-Citizens; and muſt expect a natural Return, that of Hate and Infamy. Is Life, or any thing in Life, worth enjoying upon ſuch melancholy Terms? A *virtuous* Man may bear Diſlike and Obloquy, becauſe he knows that he deſerves it not: But Deteſtation *abroad*, accompanied with Guilt *within*, and occaſioned by it, is a heavy and a doleful Lot! What does the World produce to atone for it? Guilty Greatneſs is, at beſt, but a great Burden and Reproach.

The Love of our Country is ſuch an amiable Quality, indeed ſuch an important Duty, attended with ſo many Recommendations to enforce it, that it is a Pity, as well as a Wonder, it ſhould not be common. How natural it is, to love and reſpect a Man of this Spirit! It melts me into Compaſſion and Sympathy, and fills me with Reverence and Eſteem, when I find, in my Reading, ſuch a Character as that of the Sieur *Baptiſt du Meſnil*, Advocate General in *France*, in the time of that Monſter in a Diadem *Catharine de Medicis*. He loved his Country ſo paſſionately, that it broke his Heart to ſee its Misfortunes. This Teſtimony he has from Monſieur *De Thou*, that great Hiſtorian and Patriot; and this Teſtimony is a glorious Reward for ſo virtuous a Mind, for a Grief ſo pious, and ſo honeſt an End.

Cicero uſed to ask himſelf, What Men would ſay of him when he was gone? And was more afraid of the Judgment of future Hiſtorians, than of all the common Prate and Cenſure of the preſent Time. This was agreeable to the good Senſe of *Cicero*. A Man who loves Fame, will labour to deſerve it: If he be indifferent about it, it is a ſhrewd Preſumption, that he is equally indifferent about his Morals: If he utterly deſpiſe it, he does as ſurely deſpiſe the Means of acquiring it, even Virtue and worthy Actions. Fame is always the ſure Portion of the Patriot, firſt or laſt (for ſometimes he is eclipſed for awhile); and a glorious Portion it is. Flatterers and Parricides, with the great and ſmall Vulgar, may traduce him; but this only confirms his Merit, and adds to his Renown. The beſt Lot that can befal the Parricide, is to be forgot: A very comfortleſs Lot! eſpecially to a Man who has Cauſe to wiſh for it. It was a laudable Paſſion for Glory in *Cicero*, when he grew jealous, leſt the Services done by *Pompey* to the Republic, might ſeem, to Poſterity, to ſurpaſs His.

It is but reaſonable, that Men who are employed, and truſted, and paid, by the Public, ſhould ſtudy its Intereſt and Welfare before all Things: If they do not, they diſhonour their Employments, and break their Truſt. Wretched, and even impious, was the Evaſion and Excuſe of the Cardinal *de Biragues*, Chancellor of *France*, for his abject Compliances with all the vile Devices, Frauds, and Enormities of the Court, in the ſcandalous Reign of *Henry* the Third: He ſaid, 'That he was not Chancellor of *France*, 'but Chancellor to the *King* of *France*.' It was an abſurd Diſtinction, as well as falſe and wicked. If the arbitrary Humour of that Prince had been checked, if his Miniſters, inſtead of baſely complying with his raſh Will and Caprice, had taught him, as they ought, to meaſure his Power by the Laws, and to ſeek his Glory in the Proſperity of his People, he might have died glorioully and lamented. By ſerving only his Paſſions, they ruined his Honour and Reputation, and blaſted his Reign: He became, firſt, the Dread; next, the Averſion; at laſt, the Scorn of his own People, and an Object of Pity or Contempt to *Chriſtendom*.

This was the bleſſed Effect of complaiſant Counſellors; who made it a great Merit, and Point of Flattery, that they were the *King*'s Miniſters, and not the Miniſters of the *Kingdom*: God knows, they were not; the Kingdom ſoon diſcovered it: Whence, too, another Diſcovery quickly followed, that, neither, was he King of his People, whom he cruelly oppreſſed, but only of his Favourites, whom, at the Expence of his Subjects, he extravagantly raiſed and enriched. When he had, by ſuch Miniſters and Meaſures, incenſed his People, did theſe his Favourites retrieve for him the popular Affection? No; they were a dead Weight upon Him, as they were one principal Cauſe of the public Hate. When the People had revolted, did his Favourites prove his Support? No; he was forced to have recourſe for Aid to the poor Proteſtants, whom he had been conſtantly butchering, perſecuting, and uſing treacherouſly. How happy and beloved, and, therefore, how powerful and glorious, might this unfortunate Prince have been, only by following the eaſieſt and honeſteſt Methods of Government; which are always the moſt honourable and ſafe! But his Mother, his Monks, and his Minions, all ſeeking their own particular and baſe Ends, corrupted his Heart, youthful and voluptuous, by pernicious Maxims and Flattery; and thence brought upon him Ruin and Reproach.

'It was not the *Name* of *Kings*, that created ſuch Averſion in 'our Forefathers to Monarchy,' ſaid *Tiberius Gracchus* to the *Roman* People: No; 'It was their Partiality, their profuſe and 'boundleſs Favours to Particulars; whilſt others, of ſuperior 'Merit, remained in Want and Poverty.' This was, indeed, unpopular and provoking; an Indication of what they had moſt at Heart; not the Service or Honour of the Public, but the Gratification of their own Caprice. Nor can any People, even the moſt ſtupid, be pleaſed, to ſee contemptible Men in Favour; ſuch as Pimps, Barbers, and Buffoons; whilſt Men of Merit, Ability, and Virtue, are neglected, diſcountenanced, and brow-beaten. Where Patriots, or the Spirit of Patriotiſm governs, that Government can hardly be ſhaken: And it is only for want of ſuch Governors, and ſuch a Spirit, that moſt, if not all Governments come to decay and periſh: Nor can it be otherwiſe, when the public Intereſt is neglected by public Men, or ſacrificed to little private Intereſts of their own. It is very true, that theſe ſeparate Intereſts are always ill-judged; and, as they certainly hurt the State, they will, in the End, diſappoint, and injure, and diſhonour the Man who purſues them at the Expence of the State; upon the Proſperity of which, that of Individuals muſt always depend: Of which I have already given Inſtances, and many more might be given.

SECT. V.

Conſiderations upon Two diſtinguiſhed Romans, Cato *and* Cæſar; *one in the Intereſt of his Country, the other in his own Intereſt: With the Fate and Iſſue of* Cæſar's *Ambition, to himſelf and his Race.*

I SHALL finiſh this Diſcourſe with ſome Obſervations upon Two famous *Romans*, *Cato* and *Cæſar*; the firſt falling by his own Hands, rather than ſuffer or ſee the public Bondage; the ſecond by the Hands of others, for having introduced it. Their Characters are drawn ingeniouſly by *Salluſt*; but not fully. He owns, that, in their Age, Lineage, and Eloquence, there was a near Reſemblance; that they poſſeſſed equal Greatneſs of Mind, and gained equal Glory: But he conſiders them only as Two great Subjects of a free State, ſerving it, and thence acquiring Fame by different Ways and Qualities; and omits the grand Difference of all, that the one made it the great Study and Labour of his Life, to ſave and purify the State; whilſt the other ſtrove, with all his Might and Art, to corrupt and overthrow it. *Cato* contended for public Liberty and Virtue; *Cæſar* for his own Power; and thence promoted all public Abuſes and Corruption. In *Cato*, all virtuous Men, and every righteous Cauſe, found a ſure Patron and Sanctuary: By *Cæſar*, the Profligate, the Depraved, and Deſperate, with every Traitor, and all traiterous Practices, were protected and cheriſhed. *Cato* endeavoured to recall antient Probity and Innocence; to reclaim or puniſh Evil-doers; to ſecure the Public, by upright Meaſures; and to tranſmit Liberty and good Government to Generations to come: *Cæſar* promoted Diſſoluteneſs and Venality; encouraged public Criminals; embroiled, and debauched, and oppreſſed the State. *Cato* loved his Country, fought for it, and died for it; and thence left to it an illuſtrious and affecting Example, of Virtue incorruptible, and of primitive Zeal: *Cæſar* loved Himſelf beyond his Country, fought for Himſelf againſt his Country, and to Himſelf enſlaved his Country: He intailed Bondage upon That and ſucceeding Ages; and left a Race of Succeſſors truly worthy of the Inheritance of Tyranny; a Race who were the Scourge and Shame of human Nature, the Peſts and Butchers of the *Romans*, and of all Men.

Such, literally, were the Doings and Character of thy boaſted *Cæſar*, O *Rome*; theſe his Atchievments, this his Legacy! If all this make him not a Parricide, the higheſt Parricide, the Meaning of Words is inverted, Truth and Reaſon have loſt their Courſe, and Guilt and Innocence are no more. Did he not fill thee, *Rome*, and all thy wide Regions, with Blood, and Woe, and Chains? He ſpoke well, he fought well; but for whoſe ſake? and who reaped the Benefit? Was not the Benefit His; the Expence, the Pain, and Sorrow, Thine? Over Thee and thy Liberties was his laſt Triumph.

Rather boaſt a Patriot; thy Patriot *Cato*; one who was a Foe to Thy Foes, thy beſt Champion, thy true Prophet; one who forewarned thee of all thy impending Calamities; ſtruggled to avert them; and periſhed, rather than behold them (*a*). This is Fame indeed; genuine Fame; great, immortal, and unallayed. Whatever Exploits *Cæſar* did, whatever fine Qualities he had, ſtill he enſlaved his Country; a Conſideration that tarniſhes and fruſtrates all his Praiſe. *Cicero* treats him as a Madman, and a wretched Being, who had never the leaſt Notion of genuine Glory. *Amentem & miſerum, qui ne umbram quidem unquam* τοῦ καλοῦ *viderit.* 'Does he (ſays *Cicero*) do all theſe Things for the ſake of his 'Honour? Where is his Honour; where his Virtue and Juſtice? 'To hold an Army *from* the Public *againſt* the Public? To ſeize 'the municipal Cities, in order to uſurp *Rome* itſelf, and en'ſlave his Country? To cancel all Debts; to pardon all Crimi'nals; to commit a thouſand Outrages; all to arrive at Tyranny, 'which is his higheſt Deity?' All this, in the Opinion of that great *Roman* Patriot and Luminary, was to be moſt miſerable, as well as moſt wicked; and his great Succeſs was but great Guilt.

(*a*) *Ille ea quæ nunc ſunt, & futura viderit; &, ne fierint, contenderit; &, facta ne viderit, vitam reliquerit.*

Nothing was ever more ſhameleſs than his Demands, in order to an Accommodation; in which, however, he was never ſincere. I muſt again borrow the Reaſoning of *Cicero*. ‘How? Grant ‘him what he asks with ſuch enormous Impudence! For, what ‘is more impudent, O *Cæſar!* Thou haſt holden the Province ‘Ten Years; a Term not given thee by the Senate, but given ‘thee by Thyſelf, and the Force of Faction. Even this Term, ‘one meaſured not by the Law, but thy own Luſt, is elapſed. ‘But grant it to be legitimate: The Senate have decreed thee a ‘Succeſſor. This thou oppoſeſt, and crieſt, Let ſome Conſidera‘tion be had for Me. I ſay, Do Thou have ſome Conſideration ‘for Us. Doſt thou keep an Army longer than the *Roman* ‘People ordained, keep it in Defiance of the Authority of the ‘Senate? There is therefore now no Choice, but either to fight, ‘or to ſubmit.’ In another Letter to *Atticus*, taking Notice of ſome plauſible Promiſes from *Cæſar*, ‘Does *Cæſar* pretend, ſays ‘*Cicero*, to bring good Tidings to all worthy *Romans*? Where ‘will he find ſuch, unleſs he hang himſelf, and go to the other ‘World for them?’

The Clemency of *Cæſar* is much extolled. In truth, it was abſolutely neceſſary, that he ſhould appear full of Clemency; and therefore it was Policy to proceed by the Ways of Clemency, as long as Clemency would do. He had ſeen *Marius* and *Sylla* deteſted for their perſonal Cruelties. But, if mild Methods had failed, will any one ſay, that a Man, mad with Ambition, would have forgone all his fine Schemes, and ambitious Views, rather than purſue them by Acts of Vengeance and Blood? What Cruelty is ſo great, as that of making War upon one's Country, and enſlaving it? Did he not do this? Muſt he not do every thing neceſſary to ſuch an impious End, even kill and deſtroy, till he gained it, or was himſelf deſtroyed? Would he, who expoſed Men to Death and Slaughter by Myriads, have ſcrupled the Death of Particulars? Did he not tell *Cicero* roundly, that, if he could not obtain the Concurrence of *Cicero* and his Friends, he would embrace any Aſſiſtance, from whatever Quarter it came, and betake himſelf to all Courſes whatſoever —— *ad omnia eſſe deſcenſurum?* Did not *Curio*, his Friend and Adherent, declare of him, that

'He was not, in his own Nature and Inclination, unpoſſeſſed 'with a Spirit of Cruelty; but thought Clemency a popular 'Quality; yet, if the Favour of the People failed him, he would 'certainly prove cruel.' *Cælius* too, the Orator, and a Partizan of *Cæſar*'s, freely ſays of him, in a Letter to *Cicero*, that 'He 'meditated nothing but what was Violent and Tragical, nor even 'ſpoke in any other Strain.' *Cicero* charges him expreſly, with a long and conſtant Deſign to murder *Pompey*.

Phalaris, the Tyrant of *Agrigentum*, whoſe Name is become proverbial for Cruelty, began his Uſurpation with great Mildneſs, and proceeded in it long: He even manifeſted great Patience and Forgiveneſs upon the Diſcovery of ſeveral Attempts and Conſpiracies againſt his Life; but, from the Frequency of ſuch Attempts, he became Vindictive and Bloody, and continued ſo. He pleaded, 'That, without being cruel to others, he could not be 'ſafe himſelf.' A terrible Expedient for Safety, very precarious, and often producing a contrary Effect. *Cæſar*, in all Probability, muſt have acted as *Phalaris* had acted.

Take away *Cæſar*'s fine Qualities, which, of themſelves, merit no Commendation, as he applied them to ſuch evil Purpoſes, and conſider only his Views and Purſuits, which were continually Evil, what a Monſter muſt he appear? Nay, his Crimes are the worſe for his fine Qualities. Without doubt, he was a Thouſand times worſe than *Nero*, as he did a Thouſand times more Miſchief to the World. Such Difference does Art, or the Want of it, make in the Characters of Men. *Nero* wanted Addreſs, to appear a pleaſing Devil, *Cæſar* had it. Beſides, it was he, who, by enſlaving the *Romans*, enabled *Nero* to butcher them.

I ſhall conclude, with conſidering the Advantages which this famous Uſurper, *Cæſar*, drew from his Uſurpation. It, indeed, coſt him very dear: After a troubleſome Life, a world of Guilt and Bloodſhed, many Perils, and endleſs Diſquiets, he was cut off as a Traitor and a Tyrant. As to Fame and Poſterity, he, like all other Uſurpers, judged ill about them. From good and wiſe Men, he, who did ſuch execrable things, in order to the moſt execrable of All, even the deſtroying public Liberty, and enſlaving his Country, could reap no Fame at all, but eternal Averſion and

Reproach: And who would court Fame from the dirty and obſcene Rabble?

It fared as ill with his Poſterity, as with his Fame. He might, indeed, have left them poſſeſſed of great Glory, and a laſting Eſtabliſhment, by reforming and reſtoring the State, and thence entailing upon them, and upon all Men, the great Bleſſing of their antient Liberty. Then, too, his Renown would have been permanent and noble, like that of the firſt *Brutus*, and his Deſcendants, ever dear to the *Romans*, and ever revered.

This would have been juſt Ambition, like that recommended by *Machiavel*, who would have ‘A Prince, or great Man, who aims at Praiſe and Immortality, to chuſe, for the Scene of his Government and Glory, a State which is corrupt and decaying, as one proper for him to rectify and reſtore.’ This is a Deſign truly great and princely, benevolent and honourable. Whereas to vitiate and enthral a State, is barbarous, little, and baſe. *Cæſar* took not the former virtuous Courſe; but choſe the latter Courſe, which was altogether impious and deſtructive, and thence forfeited all juſt Fame; and, having put Chains upon his Country, left thence a Curſe upon his Poſterity.

His immediate Succeſſor deſcended not from him, but from his Siſter: He that followed was not of his Family, but left the Empire to one of the Race, where it, however, continued not long. The whole Line, for the moſt part, proved beaſtly, bloody, and deteſted Monſters. Could ſuch contribute to preſerve or perpetuate his Fame? They died too, like him, violent Deaths. So little did His or Their overgrown Power ſerve to ſecure Him or Them! It, indeed, cauſed and quickened their tragical Fall. In a few Reigns, all bloody, unfortunate, and accurſed, or rather, in a few Years, the Imperial Diadem was rent from his Family for ever. That horrible Cannibal *Nero*, was the laſt of it. *Auguſtus*, more bloody than he, was the firſt; I mean, after *Julius*. The Three who intervened, worthy Depoſitaries of the Name and Power of *Cæſar*, were, like the laſt, the Curſe, the Scandal, and the Executioners of human Kind.

But, beſides the bloody Fate, regularly overtaking every one of his Family, who wore the Purple, the reſt, and the unreigning

Branches, were continual Objects of the Jealouſy and Cruelty of Him that reigned, who was ever conſtantly cutting off all of the ſame Stock, who were conſpicuous for Parts, or Perſon, or Wealth, or any other Advantages, perſonal or accidental; nay, often only for being of that Stock.

This therefore is the mighty Iſſue of the mighty *Cæſar*'s Ambition. To his Country he procured Bondage, and utter Ruin; to Himſelf, and his Race, a Series of Slaughters, till they had all finally periſhed, together with the Curſes, and univerſal Hate, of human Kind. Theſe were the Doings, this the Merit of the great *Cæſar*, one ſo extolled for his Conduct, for the Warineſs of his Meaſures, and his great Succeſs! He was, indeed, very Artful, as well as very Brave and Succeſsful, in bringing certain Deſtruction upon Himſelf, his Country, and his Lineage. For, in ſhort, this was the real Reſult of all his Policy, of all his Plots, and Eloquence, and Heroiſm. Was This to be Amiable, This to be Fortunate and Wiſe?

Is it not natural to ask, How could ſuch a Character be admired? How ſuch a Man be popular? Yet *Cæſar was* popular; He gained all his Power by his Popularity; he gained all his Popularity by acting the Patriot; and uſurped Patriotiſm on purpoſe to uſurp the Empire: Nor was this Proceeding peculiar to *Cæſar*: It was the conſtant Art and Armour of all preceding Parricides, and by it they covered and recommended themſelves, always with too much Succeſs, to the credulous Many. In truth, the Efforts, and Frauds, and Management of ſuch Parricides, (for many ſuch there were) make a great Part of the *Roman* Hiſtory, from the Foundation of the Republic, to the laſt Period of *Roman* Liberty. *Cæſar* had Parts equal to any of them, though not ſuperior to ſome of them, with greater Opportunities, and more Succeſs. They had all pretended to be public Benefactors, warm Advocates for the People, zealous Patrons of Liberty. Their fair Profeſſions, falſe Bounties, and boaſted Patriotiſm, were echoed, with their Names, loudly amongſt the Populace: Then followed their popular Direction and Sway, deceitful Speeches, inflammatory Invectives, pleaſing and pernicious Laws, with all Attempts to improve popular Phrenſy, and, by the Cry of Liberty, to eſtabliſh Tyranny. *Catiline* followed the ſame Road, and periſhed in it: *Cæſar* got to the End of it, and periſhed afterwards. By the Cry and Aſſiſtance of the People, he baffled *Pompey* and the Senate: By an Army, procured for him by the People from the State, he enſlaved the People, and uſurped the State. He made them giddy with the Sound of Liberty; and, whilſt they were under that Infatuation, ſnatched away the Subſtance. This had been ever found the ſafeſt Way of undermining Liberty; the ſureſt, the moſt concealed, and moſt ſucceſsful Way. *Cæſar*, that pretended Patriot, that real Parricide, thought it ſo, and found it ſo (*a*).

(*a*) I cannot but here remember, with very ſingular Pleaſure, the Place where this Diſcourſe was compoſed, many Years ago, (about Ten or a Dozen) at Mr. *Bathurſt's* Houſe, in *Clarendon* Park; a fine Place, and a worthy Man! my amiable and accompliſhed Friend, with whom I have paſſed many inſtructive Hours, many pleaſant Days and Weeks; a Friend, whom I ſhall ever highly eſteem, and who deſerves all Eſteem, from all good *Engliſhmen*, for every deſirable Quality, and every ſound and virtuous Principle.

DISCOURSE III.

Of the Reſignation of SYLLA.

SECT. I.

His Policy in Reſigning; his Motives and Encouragement to reſign.

THE Name of *Sylla* occurs ſo often in *Salluſt*, his Uſurpation is ſo frequently referred to, and his Abdication has been ſo long conſidered as a profound Myſtery in Politics, that I ſhall here beſtow ſome Thoughts upon it. His Reſignation hath been reckoned a ſurpriſing Step, very hard to be explained. I cannot help differing from ſuch as think it ſo, ſince I can account for it from obvious and probable Cauſes. But they who ſeek only for deep and abſtruſe Reaſons, will always overlook or deſpiſe plain ones. It was ſurely the greateſt, as well as the wiſeſt of all the Actions of his Life, and had as much Senſe as Boldneſs in it. Had *Cæſar* followed his Example, he too might have avoided a tragical End; as *Sylla*, had he not reſigned, might have met with *Cæſar*'s Fate.

The People are naturally Forgiving, as well as naturally Violent; and the Reſtoring of public Liberty, was, to the *Romans*, who ardently loved it, ſuch an Act of Benignity, as gained their Hearts in general. His aſſuming the Dictatorſhip admitted of an Excuſe from the Struggle of Parties, as a Meaſure of Self-defence, neceſſary to ſecure him, and the Nobility, againſt the Violence of *Marius*, and his Aſſociates, at the Head of the Commons. This Conſideration ſerved to juſtify, at leaſt to palliate, many Acts of Cruelty and Power; and his Abdication paſſed, with the Public, for a Compenſation for all. His Uſurpation was then aſcribed to

Neceſſity; his Reſignation appeared to flow from Benignity and popular Spirit.

If *Sylla*, therefore, reſigned only in order to be quiet and ſafe, it fully anſwered his Ends. Or, if he was ſuppoſed to have done it from Greatneſs of Mind; ſuch an Opinion was ſufficient to procure him high Applauſe, as one animated by ſomething more noble than Ambition, or, at leaſt, governed by the beſt Ambition; ſuch Ambition, as made him prefer the public Intereſt and Welfare, to all the Glare and Charms of abſolute Power, and ſeek perſonal Glory from the general Good, the only juſt and genuine Glory! All other Glory is falſly ſo called, groveling, ſelfiſh, and contemptible. Does the debaſing and enſlaving of all Men, that One may ſwagger, and, by tyrannizing over all, hurt all, entitle that Man to any Share of Glory? No: Whoever introduces univerſal Infamy, is univerſally infamous. He may pretend to Glory, becauſe none dare contradict him; but none will ſupport that Pretence but ſuch as dread him, and court him, or are miſled by them that do ſo.

Beſides, *Sylla* had Proofs, and Warnings, that his abſolute Power, even his Dictatorſhip, did not render him abſolutely ſecure, nor procure him abſolute Submiſſion. His Friend *Pompey*, and ſome other young Patricians, who were become popular by their Addreſs, and gallant Actions, had gained ſuch Credit at *Rome*, that they were become powerful enough to thwart and diſappoint him upon very important Occaſions, ſo as to carry popular Elections againſt him. For he did not, I believe he durſt not, carry even the dictatorial Power ſo far as to aboliſh annual Magiſtracies. *Cæſar* did not carry it ſo far: He only controuled them by his Influence.

Sylla judged well, in not provoking all Men, eſpecially ſuch Men who had Courage and Intereſt to make a terrible Party againſt him; Men who were already grown too ſtrong for him, and Men who might have been ſoon able to have forced him to reſign. A voluntary Reſignation was far preferable, as it was more ſafe. Had they gone ſo far, as to have forced him to reſign, they would, perhaps, have found it neceſſary to have gone farther, and to have taken away his Life, for the Security of their own. A voluntary

Reſignation neither prompted Him to meditate Vengeance againſt Them, nor Them to uſe Precautions againſt Vengeance from Him.

It is likewiſe reaſonable to believe, that *Pompey*, and other great Men, glad to get rid of him, in order to ſhare at leaſt in that Power which he poſſeſſed intire, had either explicitly engaged to him for the future Security of his Perſon, or were underſtood by him to have been ſo engaged, from Reaſons of State. By an Ordinance already made, all his Acts and Regulations, many of them very tyrannical and barbarous, but many of them conducing to public Peace and Order, and moſt of them in Favour of the Nobility, againſt the Power of the People, and their Tribunes, were declared Legal, and made the ſtanding Laws of the Commonwealth: They were even preſerved and obeyed, not only after his Reſignation, but after his Death.

As he therefore well knew the Situation of Things, and the Intereſt and Views of the leading Men, his Reſignation was not altogether the Effect of Magnanimity. All this will account for the Tranquillity of his Mind, and for his bold and unconcerned Behaviour, after he had reſigned; for his walking ſecurely in the Forum; for his Forwardneſs in meddling ſtill with public Affairs; and, for his cauſing a Man to be put to Death, in his Preſence, for railing at him, when he was no longer Dictator. So that, whatever he might declare in reſigning his Power, he truſted not altogether to his Genius, and the Felicity of his Fortune.

SECT. II.

What Meaſures, and Precautions, he had taken for his Security, after his Reſignation.

SYLLA could not, in the full Poſſeſſion of all his tremendous Power, defend himſelf againſt the Attempts of any ſingle deſperate Man: No Monarch can. What Security he wanted, was, againſt the Violence of the People, againſt public Proſecution, and being made accountable to the Republic, for what he had done againſt the Republic, eſpecially againſt the popular Part of it. This Security he had procured to himſelf, from the Condition in which he left the Republic, the People depreſſed, the Patricians in full Sway, and his own Friends, at leaſt ſuch as from Policy would not ſee him hurt, at the Head of Affairs.

He had got rid of all his moſt formidable Enemies; firſt, by conquering them, then by deſtroying them; nor had he ſpared any Meaſure or Manner of Cruelty; inſomuch that, by the Sword, Proſcription, Baniſhment, and Confiſcation, he doomed a Hundred Thouſand *Roman* Citizens to periſh, with near a Hundred Senators, and almoſt Three Thouſand *Roman* Knights. Such Enemies as remained alive, eſpecially all the Children of the Proſcribed, continued diſabled, by the Law, from being reſtored; a Law, which continued in Force after *Sylla* was dead, for a Reaſon which will be found in theſe Diſcourſes.

It muſt be owned, that many of his Regulations were wholſome and neceſſary: Many of them, too, contributed largely to the Safety of his Retreat; as I ſhall here ſhew in ſeveral Inſtances.

He had beſtowed all the beſt Colonies, and great municipal Towns in *Italy*, which had taken Part againſt him, upon his faithful legionary Soldiers. So that in them he had a great and experienced Army, which coſt him nothing, ready, at all Events, to eſpouſe his Quarrel, and fight for him.

At *Rome* he had complimented Ten Thouſand Slaves (ſuch as had belonged to thoſe whom he had proſcribed) with their Freedom, on Pretence of ſupplying the City with a Body of Freemen, after ſo many deſtroyed in the Civil War. Here was a Band of Men, all his own Creatures, thoroughly engaged to him, diſtinguiſhed by him with the Title of *Cornelians*, after his own Name, and anſwering the Purpoſe of a Body-guard to him at *Rome*.

As he had ſeized immenſe Wealth, from all whom he diſliked or ſuſpected, he diſtributed it ſo as to make by it many powerful Friends; and, by preferring his own Creatures to all Places of Power and Truſt in the Provinces, he had made himſelf ſtrong there.

He had ſecured himſelf from all popular Attacks, by retrenching, and, indeed, ſinking the Power of the popular Tribunes, thoſe formidable Officers, who had ſo lately and ſo long awed the Senate, ſwayed the People, and acted as Maſters in *Rome*. By an Ordinance of his, none but Patricians could be Tribunes of the People; nor could they, after that Office, riſe to any of the great Offices of the State, that of Conſul, or of Prætor. They were likewiſe reſtrained from inflaming and haranguing the People, and from arguing before them, as uſual, for, or againſt, any new Law. He had, moreover, taken the Adminiſtration of the Tribunals, that is, the Execution of all legal Juſtice, both Civil and Criminal, out of the Hands of the *Roman* Knights, and committed it wholly to the Patricians: A Change of high Moment to Him, as well as to Them!

He had done many great and popular Actions, highly to the Honour and Advantage of *Rome*; new conquered *Greece*, recovered *Macedonia*, ſubdued *Thrace*, vanquiſhed *Mithridates*, that terrible and inveterate Enemy to the *Romans*, and reſcued, from his Tyranny, the Cities and Coaſt of *Aſia*.

He was brave, proſperous, handſome, and eloquent; all popular Qualities! He brought great Wealth, as well as great Honour, to *Rome*. His Triumph was ſplendid and dazling, over foreign Enemies only, not over any of the *Roman* Chiefs, his Rivals, nor for his Succeſs in the Civil War; and he always modeſtly aſcribed all his proſperous Events to good Fortune.

He entertained the People with magnificent Shows and Diverſions, made them grand Feaſts, gave them great Largeſſes; all mighty Engines of Popularity! His laſt great popular Action was his Reſignation, the moſt popular of all; indeed, the moſt noble and virtuous: For which he was highly celebrated at *Rome* to the End of his Life, and his Death followed with the higheſt popular Honours.

DISCOURSE IV.

Of the Pride and ill Conduct of the Patricians, after the Expulſion of Kings.

SECT. I.

The Roman *Commonwealth unequally balanced. The Kingly Power, upon the Expulſion of* Tarquin, *engroſſed, and imperiouſly exerciſed, by the Patricians. The ill Policy of this to Themſelves, the Injuſtice of it to the Plebeians.*

AS the principal Diſſentions and Revolutions in the *Roman* State, are imputed, by *Salluſt*, to the Abuſe of Power, either by the Patricians, or Plebeians, after they had reciprocally gained it, or to their mutual Struggle to gain it; I ſhall here explain the Miſtakes of both, and firſt, thoſe of the Patricians.

In every Government, where conſtant Diſſentions reign, there muſt be a great Defect, either in the Inſtitution of it, or in the Adminiſtration. *Rome*, under Kings, ſeems, to me, to have been better ſecured againſt inteſtine Diſcord, than it was after their Expulſion; had the laſt *Tarquin*, like his beſt Predeceſſors, obſerved the original Laws of the State. As they were truſted with the Adminiſtration of the State; as they were chief Commanders in War, and ſupreme Civil Magiſtrates, and had the Execution of Juſtice and Law; they had Power ſufficient to check and oblige the Populace; to diſtinguiſh, as well as to awe, the Nobility; and to ſecure their own Station and Dignity. But all this Power and Prerogative not ſatisfying the mad Ambition of *Tarquin*, he ſcorned to poſſeſs the Power of Protecting, though this be the only End, and therefore the only Glory, of Reigning, unleſs he had alſo the Power of Enthralling and Deſtroying.

He therefore ſet up a Model of Government, as frightful as it was new, to that free and brave Nation; and, without conſulting People or Senate, Two of the Three Eſtates, He, who was only the Third, would needs rule alone, according to his Luſt. As he had uſurped the Throne by the moſt barbarous Parricide, he tried to maintain himſelf in it by the moſt arrogant Tyranny. Hence, not only He, but the Throne itſelf, became odious and unpopular, and both were degraded and aboliſhed together for ever (*a*).

But, though the King was gone, the legal Part of Kingſhip remained; and the two Conſuls could do whatever the Kings could do. They called together the Senate, and preſided in it; as they did in the Aſſemblies of the People, whom they likewiſe ſummoned: They bore the chief Magiſtracy in *Rome*, and chief Command in War. Theſe, which were the principal Prerogatives and Emoluments of Royalty, became the Portion of theſe Two Magiſtrates, and were, conſequently, confined to the Senate, from whence they were choſen. It is true, the People choſe them Annually, (as they had formerly the Kings for Life) but ſtill the Choice was reſtrained to Senators.

This Acceſſion of Dignity, and therefore of Pride, to the Nobility, awed now by no Superior, and poſſeſſed of all the Authority and Trappings of the State, had its uſual Effect upon the Minds of Men, naturally frail and vain, and inſpired them with high Conceit of their Blood and Character, both which they accounted *Sacred*, as they did all beneath them *Profane*; though moſt of them ſprang originally from the loweſt Plebeians, ſuch as they now deſpiſed; and they owed their Supremacy at *Rome*, to nothing but the Tyranny and Expulſion of *Tarquin*. Such is the Inſolence of Man, ever fond of being thought more than Human, and of making himſelf, what God never made him, of a Texture more Divine than the reſt of his Species. I wiſh that Heathens only were thus apt to exalt themſelves, and belye the Godhead, by boldly pretending to a Share of it; a ſure Symptom of Impoſture, as well as of Inſolence, when Men make the worſt Qualities

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(*a*) *Poſtquam Regum pertæſum, leges maluerunt.* Tacit.

cleaving to Humanity, Marks of their Divinity; namely, their Pride, and Paſſion; their Frauds, and ſelfiſh Deſigns.

Such Uſe has been made, in all Ages, of the Name of Heaven, by Men who meant to engroſs and controul this Earth. Thus Emperors and Popes came to be deified; and thus, numberleſs Fanatics of all Sorts, ſome *Pagan*, others falſly called *Chriſtian*, have roundly claimed an Alliance with the Deity, or Commiſſions and Immunities from Him; for no other apparent Reaſon, than that they differed from the reſt of the World in Crazineſs and Conceit, or in the Quaintneſs of their Titles and Apparel, or in ſome ſenſeleſs Forms and Grimaces, pompouſly practiſed to promote Superſtition, and dignify Folly and Fraud; as if the confident Pretence of One, or a Few, to celeſtial Attributes and Authority, were ſufficient to enforce the Belief and Obedience of all the reſt; or, as if certain religious Terms and Faſhions, invented by Men, inferred any real Warrant or Power from God to ſome Men, to guide and govern other Men endowed with equal Faculties, and equally capable of undergoing, or of performing, the ſame Solemnity; a Task which required no other Ability than that of Voice and Motion, and, perhaps, a demure Look.

Yet this Solemnity, this Exerciſe of the *Auſpices*, hitherto confined to the Patricians, excluſive of the Plebeians, was one of the beſt Arguments for excluding the Plebeians from it for ever, and conſequently from every conſiderable Office and Dignity in the State; ſince, without the Solemnity of the *Auſpices*, no conſiderable Office could be exerciſed. This Reaſoning in the Nobility was now very ſtrange and unjuſt, upon ſeveral Accounts. For though, during the Monarchy, they enjoyed this excluſive Privilege, which was Part of the Conſtitution ſettled under *Romulus*; yet, when the Monarchy was aboliſhed, the People, by whoſe Aſſiſtance the Change was effected, were intitled to new Advantages and Prerogatives, as well as the Patricians, who, having ſuffered more than the People in the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, had not only revenged and ſecured themſelves by his Expulſion, which had been therefore concerted by them, but had gained from it all the Power and Pre-eminence of Royalty intirely to their own

Body, as before I have obſerved. They were therefore become, by the Conjunction of Monarchy and Nobility, more than twice as great and ſtrong as they had Both been whilſt they were ſeparate; as there could be no longer any Jarrings or Jealouſy between the Claims and Prerogatives of King and Patricians, ſince the Patricians poſſeſſed both.

So that the People, inſtead of any Profit or Relief (unleſs ſuch as was altogether precarious and momentary) from this Revolution, which they had readily helped to accompliſh, were really in a worſe State than before, by being ſubſervient to a higher and more awful Power. Nor could Things laſt long upon this ſtrange Foot of Inequality in a free City. How, or why, was *Tarquin* to be kept out by the People, if the People were ſtill to be greater Slaves than they had been under *Tarquin?* Yet the Nobility had no other Way to keep up the Spirit of the People againſt *Tarquin*, and all Kings, but by the conſtant Cry of popular Liberty, and of the Tyranny of Kingſhip. Nor had the People much Cauſe to complain of Contempt, or hard Uſage, whilſt *Tarquin* was making conſtant Efforts to be reſtored, and forming continual Confederacies, amongſt the neighbouring States, againſt *Rome*. But when all his Attempts, and thoſe of his Allies, were defeated, as well by the Bravery of the *Roman* Soldiers, (that is to ſay, the *Roman* People) as by the good Conduct of the Patricians, and he and his Family were extinct, the Patricians began to ſhew, as all Men, and Bodies of Men, almoſt always do, that Power uncontrouled and enormous will, firſt or laſt, be enormouſly exerted (*a*).

The People, whom the Patricians, out of Fear of *Tarquin*, had perſuaded, that they were never free before, and had taught to love Liberty in Hatred to Tyranny, could not but be provoked, to find ſuch, as ſeemed, hitherto, no more than their Counſellors and Coadjutors in the common Cauſe, acting, on a ſudden, as their Maſters; Men, who had lately been the great Orators and Champions for Liberty, ſetting up and practiſing Tyranny. The

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(*a*) *Plebi, cui ad eam diem ſumma ope inſervitum eſt, injuria a primoribus fieri cœpere.* Liv.

People; who had done more than They, in Defence of public Freedom, thought they had as good a Right to be free Themſelves. What was this boaſted Revolution to Them, if they derived no Benefit from it? It was exceeding hard, and even barbarous, that They, who exerted ſo much Bravery, and ventured their Lives, to accompliſh it, ſhould ſtill be in a worſe Condition than before; poſſeſſed of leſs Liberty; expoſed to more Severity and Inſults; nay, enthralled by thoſe whom they had reſcued from Thraldom. It was, indeed, very ungrateful in the Patricians towards their Deliverers: For what could They have done without the People? It was alſo unjuſt; becauſe they impoſed upon the People, what they would not ſuffer the King to impoſe upon Themſelves: And was ill-judged; ſince how could they expect, that the People, who held in their Hands the Elements of Power; who created all Magiſtrates, and gave Sanction to all Laws; who were born to Liberty; and, having now redeemed it, expected to enjoy more than ever; who were armed, and brave; all bred Soldiers; and daily fighting for their Rights, Poſſeſſions, and Independency; would, all at once, bear Servitude, from ſuch as they had juſt ſaved from Servitude; and be oppreſſed by thoſe who were bound to protect them (*a*)?

They bore it, in truth, for ſome time, with great Tameneſs: But it was ill Policy to think, that what they ſuffered for awhile, they would ſuffer always; and ſubmit to any Degree of Hardſhip, becauſe they had ſubmitted to many Degrees. Sometimes the Tranſition is hardly perceiveable, from abuſed Patience to violent Reſentment. It was manifeſt, from the Change of Behaviour in the Patricians, upon the Death of *Tarquin*, that their late popular Conduct had been only the Acting of a Part; and their Cry for public Liberty, no more than Cant and Grimace; whilſt they were ſecuring and engroſſing to Themſelves the ſame Domination which He had loſt; but which, whilſt He lived, They durſt not avow.

When, therefore, they had Him no longer to fear, they no longer uſed the People with the ſame Reſpect and Tenderneſs; but, as if every Patrician had been a *Tarquin*, began to treat the

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(*a*) *Fremebant, ſe foris pro libertate & imperio dimicantes, domi a civibus captos & oppreſſos eſſe.*

People like Slaves, and ſubject them to Whips and Chains, according to the Extremity of the Law; a Law utterly inconſiſtent with the Genius of a free and brave People, and fit to have been aboliſhed with the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, had Tyranny been aboliſhed with the Tyrant. But the reaſonable Claims and Redreſs of the People ſquared not with the domineering Views of the Nobles; who, bearing all the Names, Enſigns, and Offices of Power, treated the Plebeians as their Vaſſals, born to *bear* and *obey*.

SECT. II.

The Plebeians, long oppreſſed, obtain a Remedy by Force; but a Remedy dangerous to the State.

THE Plebeians, who would have ſtill ſubmitted to the Patricians as their Magiſtrates, would not tamely ſuffer them as Oppreſſors: And, ſince they had ſuch Heads, who thus unnaturally uſed and tortured the Limbs, they were adviſed and reſolved to find other Heads, or, which is the ſame thing, Protectors, who were more nearly intereſted in the Preſervation of the Body.

This will ever be the Caſe and Event, whilſt Men are Men; all who are oppreſſed, will, where they can, relieve themſelves from Oppreſſion. If Magiſtrates will not be content with their proper Character, the Office of Protecting, but ſtretch that Office into Rigour and Violence, they who feel it will ſeek a Remedy, and, perhaps, find and apply one ſtronger than the Diſeaſe; and ſo cure a great Evil by one as great or greater. This is the natural Progreſs and Conſequence of popular Reformations. The People ſeldom think of any, till they are quite inflamed; and then they are not fit to make any. The *Roman* Populace, with all the Merit that any People could have, had ſuffered as much as People could ſuffer, before they retired, and held a common Conſultation, how to redreſs themſelves. Every body knows the Story of their propoſing and carrying the Eſtabliſhment of Magiſtrates of their own, Tribunes of the People; Officers who avenged them, indeed, amply upon the Patricians, but who were likewiſe almoſt continually miſleading them, violating the public Tranquillity; and who, though they helped to aggrandize, yet ruined the State.

This Reward had the Nobles, for their extravagant Pride and Contempt; for their engroſſing all Power to Themſelves, and exerting it without Bounds over the Commons. It was a ſtrange Error in the Nobles, to think, that the *Roman* People, who made Laws and Magiſtrates, would not only remain without any Share in the Execution of the Laws, and any Lot or Advantage in their Choice of Magiſtrates, but even tamely bear the violent Abuſe of Law, from Magiſtrates of their own Creation. Was it likely, that They, who had the legiſlative Power, would be content with an intire Excluſion from the Adminiſtration; and be Slaves to Officers created by Themſelves? Upon the Expulſion of *Tarquin*, as it was a new State, new and proper Regulations ſhould have been made; and an equal Adminiſtration ſettled, equally intereſting to the whole Community; with a Set of Magiſtrates alike concerned for Nobles and Commons, without excluſive Views and Qualifications, and Names and Offices of Strife; ſuch as the Tribunes of the People proved, *extraordinary* Officers, veſted with the whole Authority of the People, and ſet up profeſſedly to oppoſe and controul the whole Adminiſtration; which, at laſt, by this Authority, at firſt intirely negative, they uſurped and ſwayed.

From hence it appears, that Governments are ſeldom equally balanced and perfect: They are, for the moſt part, Patch-work, ſeldom formed at once upon an honeſt, univerſal, and rational Scheme; but, generally, ſo eſtabliſhed, at firſt, as to anſwer the ambitious Views of One, or a Few; or altered afterwards, according to preſent Neceſſity, and by extemporary Remedies; ſuch as rather ſerve to give momentary Eaſe, and remove ſome glaring Symptoms, than to eradicate the Diſeaſe. The People, with whom inſtant Relief generally paſſes for a complete Cure, are apt to truſt implicitly to the Skill and Management of the State-Phyſicians of the Time; whilſt theſe Phyſicians contrive how to make the beſt Advantage of their Patients, and the Diſtemper; and, by flattering Medicines, and magnificent Promiſes, get the intire Direction of their Perſons and Purſes.

This may, indeed, at laſt, provoke the People to look out for other Doctors, and other Remedies, when they find themſelves ſtill ſick and diſordered, and, perhaps, worſe, rather than better. But, as, where-ever they turn and apply, they muſt truſt Somebody, they are not ſure of being better uſed, or more effectually cured, by their new Phyſicians and Patrons; who, in order to ſerve them, muſt be truſted by them; and will thence have an Opportunity (which they ſeldom will neglect) of ſerving themſelves at the Expence of ſuch as employ them.

For the People are, generally, gained by the ſame Snares and Profeſſions; and let them be ever ſo angry at one Man, or Party of Men, for abuſing the Truſt which they had repoſed in them without Reſerve, they are ſtill ready to commit the ſame Truſt, with equal Blindneſs, to their new Favourites; who, perhaps, have acquired their Confidence by deceiving them, and, in Requital for having acquired it, are determined to deceive them ſtill more.

Thus the *Roman* People, finding themſelves oppreſſed by *Tarquin*, heartily concurred with the Patricians in dethroning and expelling him, without taking any due Precautions againſt Oppreſſion from the Patricians, in whoſe Hands the Kingly Power ſtill continued. The poor Populace ſaw no farther than the Name, and the Man; and, both theſe being gone, they perceived nothing to hurt them, and, therefore, nothing to fear. But, as Power and Ambition ſeldom ſleep, what they perceived not at firſt, they amply felt afterwards. The Patricians, delivered from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, forgetting how inſupportable they had found Tyranny to Themſelves, as alſo, by whoſe Aid and Courage they had ſhaken it off, began to exerciſe it over the Plebeians without Mercy or Bounds. The Plebeians, finding, at length, that they had only changed One ſevere Maſter for Many, rouſed by ill Uſage, and liſtening to their own Demagogues, ſought Redreſs and Protection from the Creation of Plebeian Officers; who, afterwards, abuſed their Power, and, conſequently, The People, as much as ever the Patricians had done; as will fully appear, when I come to diſcourſe of the popular Tribunes.

This, however, excuſes not the Patricians; who might eaſily have foreſeen what their rigorous Rule would produce, amongſt a

People ſo magnanimous and determined. Their bearing it, in many Inſtances, and for ſome Time, proved not, that they would always bear it; but only, that they were not yet deſperate. They, indeed, wanted but One Spark to ſet ſo many inflamed Spirits on a Blaze: This Spark was adminiſtered by *Volero*; and one more effectual could not have happened.

It might have ſeemed reaſonable, that the *Roman* Soldiers, that is to ſay, the Commonalty of *Rome*, who were daily venturing their Lives againſt the public Enemies, and bringing home continual Victories, ſhould have ſhared in the good Fortune of the State; and that they, who were the Authors and Inſtruments of public Safety, and public Honour, ſhould have enjoyed Eaſe and Eſteem at home. But they found a very different Lot and Recompence; and, in Return for Triumphs and Laurels, won by them for the Commonwealth, and as a Reward for Inlargement of her Territory, and Revenue, and Strength, they were treated with Whips and Gaols, and found themſelves Slaves, for having, by the Price of their Blood, preſerved their Country free. Such juſt Cauſe had they to aſk as they did, ‘Were we in the Power of our ‘Enemies, whom we have ſo often vanquiſhed, could They treat ‘us worſe than theſe our Fellow-Citizens treat us?’

In the midſt of ſuch bitter Uſage on one Side, and of ſuch grievous Complaints on the other, the ſad Sight, and mournful Tale, of a miſerable Man, in the public Place, whither he had juſt broke from Chains and Stripes, drew the whole Body of Plebeians thither, and filled up the Meaſure of their Reſentment and Horror: He was an antient Man, covered with all the Marks of Wretchedneſs, and barbarous Uſage; his Apparel old and naſty; his Body emaciated; his Countenance wan and meagre; his Eyes hollow; his Hair matted and ſtaring; all together a Figure frightful and ſhocking. The doleful Impreſſions which his Appearance made, were greatly heightened by what he ſaid; ‘That, ‘whilſt he was ſerving his Country, in the War againſt the ‘*Sabines*, his Grounds were utterly waſted and ruined by the ‘Enemy, and produced him no Harveſt; his Farm itſelf was ‘burned; all his Goods plundered; and his Stock of Cattle carried off: Beſides, having the public Aſſeſſment to pay, he had

‘ been forced to borrow: To diſcharge this Debt, increaſed by
‘ monſtrous Uſury, he had parted, firſt, with the Eſtate left him
‘ by his Anceſtors; then, with what other Effects he had; at laſt,
‘ to complete his Calamity, had ſurrendered up his Body: That
‘ his Creditors, not ſatisfied with holding him in Servitude, had
‘ doomed him to Irons and Torture.’ Next, he made his Back bare, and there ſhew'd the recent Gaſhes and Impreſſions of the Laſh; whilſt upon his Breaſt there appeared large Scars of Wounds from the public Enemy, all thus honourably received before. Add, that he was well known by ſome of the Spectators; who ſaid, that they had ſeen him bravely engaged as an Officer at the Head of his Men, and diſtinguiſhed for his noble Exploits in War. Such were the Merits, ſuch the Sufferings, of *Volero*.

What needed there more to blow up general Diſcontent into a Flame? Nothing was ſeen in *Rome*, but Diſſention and Uproar. Yet the Plebeians were quieted, for the preſent, by ſome reaſonable Condeſcenſions, which were very little obſerved, and by fair Promiſes, never made good: So that the old Grievances, returning or continuing, revived the old Complaints and Diſaffection; and the People, who would have been ſatisfied with very moderate Conceſſions honeſtly fulfilled, quite weary of truſting to Words, and utterly provoked by falſe Dealings, inſiſted upon, and obtained the Creation of ſuch a new Power in the Commonwealth, as, by altering the old Balance, formed as it were another and a new Commonwealth, and terribly diminiſhed the Authority of the Patricians, as well as mortified their Pride. It was but the Courſe of Things: They who domineer when they are uppermoſt, cannot be ſurpriſed, nor ought to complain, when they are undermoſt, to find Others domineer over Them. Every Man has a like Right to injure another; that is, no Right at all: But whoever begins the Exerciſe of Injuſtice, has the leaſt Right or Pretence to cry out when he ſuffers it.

DISCOURSE V.

Of the Inſtitution and Power of the popular Tribunes.

SECT. I.

The blind Confidence of the People in the Tribunes: The Ambition, and violent Attempts, of thoſe popular Leaders.

THE *Roman* People, who had hitherto ſuffered too much, ſeem now to have gained too much. For, though theſe their Tribunes were veſted with a negative Power only, yet, as they exerted and applied it, (as it was eaſy to foreſee they would) it was the Exerciſe of Government over the Government; ſince, whenever they pleaſed, they could (at leaſt they did) by one ſhort Word, ſuſpend and interdict the whole Adminiſtration; command the great Council of the State to ſtand ſtill, and not only oppoſe, but impriſon the ſupreme Magiſtrates, alter their Titles and Number, dictate to the Grandees of the State, and even force the greateſt of them, the Dictator himſelf, to abdicate his Charge. It was, indeed, owing to Accident, to the Stratagems, Reputation, and Spirit of the Nobility; to their ſuperior Addreſs, and Temporizing, and to the inveterate Reverence of the People towards the Patricians, that theſe popular Tribunes did not very early quite aboliſh the old Government, and ſet up another. At beſt, there was thenceforward but little, or ſhort-lived Concord at *Rome*; much Strife, or the Seeds of Strife, continually ſubſiſting: And as the Nobles, by wronging and oppreſſing the Plebeians, had driven them to Extremities, and unwiſely put them upon trying their own Strength; the Plebeians made the Patricians ſoon feel that Strength, and with it that Reſentment, which they had too long deſpiſed. It is the Conſequence of Juſtice long delayed, and of Miſery forced to ſeek its own Relief. They who are ill uſed, and denied juſt Relief, when thus driven upon finding it themſelves, may likewiſe find the Means of returning it, perhaps twofold; nor is it to be wondered at, if they make that Return; neither are they to be blamed for it, any further than when, in doing it, they hurt Themſelves in order to mortify Others, and enable the Inſtruments of their Vengeance to become the Inſtruments of their Oppreſſion.

It is very true, that theſe many Feuds, and the continual Efforts of the popular Tribunes, occaſioned many Wars and Conqueſts, and thence contributed to the Grandeur of *Rome*, as well as to furniſh out many able Commanders and Stateſmen. But this was an accidental Advantage, ariſing out of a real Evil; ſuch as might have produced, and was often near producing, and did at laſt produce, utter Ruin and Diſſolution. For a long while, neither Side could quite ſubdue the other, though engaged in a continual Struggle: And as ſoon as one came to be enſlaved, it was by ſuch means as enſlaved the other too. *Sylla*, at the Head of the Nobility, maſtered the Plebeian Party with *Marius* at their Head, but was alſo full as much Maſter of the Nobles. *Cæſar*, the Idol of the Commonalty, ſubdued *Pompey* and the Senate, but equally ſubdued the Commonalty too.

Parties are too angry, and conſequently too blind, (for ſurely nothing is more blinding than Rage) to ſee any Deſigns in their Leader to their Diſadvantage. It is only public Spirit that prompts him, and their Intereſt alone is the Meaſure of his Conduct. All his Profeſſions are ſincere, all his Harangues convincing, his Steps diſintereſted, and his Lyes and Flatteries ſo many Marks of Love and Truth. Thus they dance after their Demagogues to Bondage, and all the while cry *Liberty*, repeating it after Him, till He has carried Them (perhaps for ever) out of the Reach of Liberty, and made uſe of the Sound utterly to deſtroy the Subſtance. *Spurius Melius*, *Marcus Manlius Capitolinus*, and *Spurius Caſſius*, all driving at Tyranny by the Cry of Liberty, were all popular, all beloved, and believed. *Catiline* had Liberty, *Roman* Liberty, in his Mouth, whilſt his traiterous Heart was panting after Tyranny and Maſſacre, and the utter Extinction of the *Roman* State. And *Cæſar*, out of Fear and Tenderneſs for public Liberty, was zealous to ſave the bloody Accomplices of *Catiline*, even after the fulleſt Conviction, ſuch as even the Arts and Eloquence of *Cæſar* could not baffle nor evade. That *Catiline* was popular, *Salluſt* ſhews; and how popular *Cæſar* was, the World knows, as the *Roman* Commonwealth did, to her Sorrow and Subverſion.

The Tribunes applied themſelves early to the ſame Arts, with great Popularity and Succeſs, cheating the People almoſt continually with deceitful Baits, inflaming them by ſeditious Harangues, and keeping them ever idle and turbulent. In truth, conſidering the ambitious Attempts and Views of the Tribunes, with their great Boldneſs in miſleading and inflaming the People, and the great Credulity of the People, and their Proneneſs to be miſled and inflamed; I cannot ſee, but that ſome extraordinary Revolution muſt have ſoon enſued, if, out of their own Number, a Remedy had not been found for their Fury, by gaining One, which it was not always hard to do out of Ten, to oppoſe, and conſequently fruſtrate, the extravagant Projects of the reſt. Though this Remedy was once afterwards taken away, in an extraordinary and violent Manner, by one of the famous *Gracchi*.

SECT. II.

Reflections on the plauſible Profeſſions, and dangerous Conduct, of the Gracchi. *Public Reformations, how cautiouſly to be attempted.*

HAD theſe two illuſtrious Brothers, the *Gracchi*, proceeded much further, however virtuous at firſt their Motives may have been, and however crying the Injuſtice of the Nobles, I think the State muſt have been turned upſide down, and ſome ſudden Tyranny muſt have been the Lot of *Rome*; or, which is generally introductive of Tyranny, a cruel Civil War, with Invaſion, and probably Conqueſt, from ſo many warlike Nations, exaſperated againſt the *Romans*, for having been vanquiſhed by them. It is certain, that the Spirits of Men, on both Sides, were furiouſly heated, and diſpoſed to think no Meaſures, which promiſed Succeſs or Aſſiſtance, unjuſt, or too ſanguinary. When Things go this Length, as both Parties will always like their own Cauſe beſt, they will judge all Means lawful to ſupport it; and, as Fury and Madneſs will be called Zeal, Calumny and Lyes will obtain Credit; Violence and Outrage will paſs for Self-defence; Bloodſhed and Maſſacre will bear the Title of Puniſhment; and all Wickedneſs and Barbarity will be done under the ſofteſt Names, and for the beſt Ends: As I have more fully explained in my Diſcourſe upon Civil Wars.

Suppoſe the two *Gracchi*, whoſe Virtues and great Talents I honour, whoſe tragical Ends I lament and abhor, but whoſe Conduct ſeems to me to have had a very terrible Aſpect and Tendency; I ſay, ſuppoſe them to have had the beſt Intentions upon Earth; it is moſt certain, that their Meaſures were ſuch, as rendered each of them ſucceſſively abſolute Maſter of the Republic; a Situation, than which nothing can be more terrible to a free State; for it was then at his Mercy, whether it ſhould be a State, or no; a plain Proof, that it was not free! Beſides, they gave ſuch alarming Proofs of their violent Spirit, as well as of their tremendous Power, that they ſeemed as little Maſters of their own Temper and Ambition, as the State was of its own Authority. It is a dreadful Medicine, which is as likely to kill as to cure; and if there be certain Diſorders incident to the Body, which cannot be extirpated without the Extirpation of Life, and are therefore to be endured; is it not more eligible to ſuffer certain Diſeaſes in the Body Politic, even certain great Diſeaſes, than attempt to remove them, by an Expedient much more likely to deſtroy than to reform it; or which, if it reform one Abuſe, yet tends to introduce the moſt horrible of all Evils and Abuſes, even Tyranny and Servitude?

Now, what is it that introduces this greateſt of all Corruptions and Calamities, but the Power of one Man to do what he pleaſes? And was not *Tiberius Gracchus* that Man? Was not his Brother

Caius, after him, ſuch another Man? Their Profeſſions were plauſible; and the open and daring Abuſes of the Nobility furniſhed them with fair Pretences. But who knows their Intentions, the Intentions of two very able and very powerful Men, animated by Vengeance, as well as by Juſtice, and aiming avowedly at the Abaſement, probably at the Deſtruction, of the Senate, as well as at the Relief of the poor Plebeians? Were they, or could they be, Maſters of their own Intentions? As they could not foreſee all Difficulties, neither could they foreſee what Expedients they muſt be forced upon to overcome them. For they ſeemed determined to carry their Point at all Adventures, and therefore to try every Means proper for ſuch a Purpoſe.

Now, ſuppoſe nothing leſs than the Power of *Sylla*, and of *Cæſar*, would have been found ſufficient, namely, Power abſolute and continued, that is, downright Tyranny; would they have ſubmitted, and dropped their Point? I cannot ſee, from their obſtinate Behaviour, and violent Meaſures, that they would. Or, if they had openly aſſumed the ſupreme Power in Form, as they did in Effect, they would have ſaid, (and perhaps then might have meant what they ſaid) that there was no other Way of humbling the Nobles, and reſtoring the Commons; and that when they had accompliſhed this End, they would lay it down: And yet would have found afterwards, full as good Reaſons for prolonging it, even for their own Ambition and Security, and that of their new Eſtabliſhments; that is to ſay, for ever. It was the Plea and Practice of *Cromwell*. He made Reformation a Stale for Uſurpation: When he had mounted the Throne, he found it unſafe, as well as unpleaſant, to deſcend; never pretended to hold his Power always, but only till a Godly thorough Settlement was made; how ſoon, or how late, He only was to judge; and in the mean time, retained his ſovereign Authority to keep the Peace, and carry on the Work of Reformation.

I dread all ſuch Reformations, as are only to be effected by the arbitrary Will, and unaccountable Humour, of one Man, by a Power too not delegated, but taken. I would rather ſee many Abuſes ſubſiſt, than a *Cromwell*, a *Piſiſtratus*, a *Cæſar*, or (if you will) a *Gracchus*, aſſuming lawleſs Power to redreſs them.

Indeed, in all Revolutions, the moſt neceſſary and beſt, there are Evils and Inconveniencies more than enow *(a)*.

The Provocation given by the Nobles was, indeed, very great, and their Oppreſſions ſhocking; as They were, in the Face and Defiance of all Law and Compaſſion, poſſeſſed of all that Portion of the conquered Lands, which was appointed for the Subſiſtence of the poor Plebeians, who had earned them with their Swords. The Uſurpers were rioting in overgrown Wealth, Pomp, and Luxury; whilſt the poor *Romans*, who daily expoſed their Lives for the Safety and Aggrandizing of theſe their Oppreſſors, by being deprived of their Property, wanted Bread. There could therefore be nothing more juſt, nothing more equitable, or more conducing to mutual Peace amongſt Fellow-Citizens, and to the Equality ſo neceſſary in a free State, where the overgrown Riches, and conſequently Power, of One, or a Few, tend directly to the Enthralling of All, than the Aſcertaining the *Agrarian* Law, and Reſtoring the uſurped Lands to the injured and neceſſitous Proprietors.

But the Evil was inveterate, and far ſpread; all the great Men in the Commonwealth were engaged in Pride and Intereſt to ſupport it, and to oppoſe every Remedy: Since whatever removed That, muſt reduce Them; and terribly ſhorten their Property, their Figure, and Authority.

Lælius, that accompliſhed *Roman*, the celebrated Friend of the great *Scipio Africanus*, as virtuous and public-ſpirited a Man as either of the *Gracchi*, and, I think, more wiſe, was ſenſibly touched with the ſame Grievances, which ſo much piqued Them, and, whilſt he was Tribune of the People, conceived a Deſign to cure them; but gave it over, upon a View of its extreme Difficulty and Peril. Had he ſeen any Proſpect of ſucceeding, by Methods that were not deſperate, and threatening to the Commonwealth, it is likely he would have purſued his Intention. Surely the Temptation was great to an honeſt and humane Mind, to make the Rich and Wanton reſtore the Bread, which they had robbed from the Poor and Innocent, to cut up daring Oppreſſion by the Roots, to reſtore the baffled Laws to their former Force, and to eſtabliſh a juſt and equal Adminiſtration in a free Commonwealth. But he would not attempt what he foreſaw no Man could accompliſh, without making himſelf Maſter of all the reſt; and particular Acts of Injuſtice, perhaps, ſeemed to him more tolerable than the Tyranny, that is, the Power, of One over All. The *Gracchi* actually aſſumed and exerciſed that Power, which, had not They been deſtroyed, would, in all Likelihood, have deſtroyed the Republic. *Machiavel* obſerves, that whenever the People are brought to admire and extol a Man, only becauſe he has Power to puniſh their Enemies; if he prove but ſelfiſh and able, their Liberty is loſt, and he may uſurp the ſupreme Power when he pleaſes. For, by the Aſſiſtance of the People, he may maſter the Nobility; and, when the Nobility are depreſſed, it will not be difficult to him to enſlave the People; who will then have no Reſource of Succour or Support.

(a) *Omnes rerum mutationes cædem, fugam, aliaque hoſtilia portendant.*

The *Gracchi* breathed the true Spirit of the Tribunitial Power, ever turbulent and aſpiring, ever producing popular Tyrants. It was a Power which ſeemed very ſmall at firſt, ſince they who had it appeared lower than the loweſt Magiſtrates, and were, indeed, without any Mark or Name of Magiſtracy, without Juriſdiction over their Fellow-Citizens, and without any Tribunal, or particular Habit, or the Power of calling Aſſemblies. They were dreſſed like common Men, ſat without the Senate, attended by one Serjeant; and their ſole Buſineſs and Authority was, to obſerve, that nothing paſſed there contrary to the Intereſt of the Plebeians. So that their whole Power was Negative, and compriſed in one ſhort Word, *I forbid*; a Word capable of being terribly extended; as, indeed, it ſoon, and always was.

SECT. III.

The boundleſs Power aſſumed by the Tribunes: With what Boldneſs and Iniquity they exerciſe it. The People ſtill their Dupes.

THE Power of the Tribunes grew ſo enormous, that, under that Title, the Emperors, afterwards, held and maintained their Uſurpation, which they choſe to call by the Name of the *Tribunitial Power*, as the greateſt Power known to the free State, and moreover familiar, and even acceptable, to the People. This was one of the Arts of *Auguſtus*, and practiſed, by all his Succeſſors, down to *Conſtantine*. The Title of *King*, and that of *Dictator*, were odious: That therefore of the *Tribuneſhip*, comprehending full as much Power, was adjudged more ſafe; beſides that, it was declared, from the Beginning, *ſacred* and *inviolable*. This ſhews to what a Height and Immenſity this Office muſt have grown, when Princes, uſurping and arbitrary Princes, entertained ſo high a Conceit of it, and eſteemed it ſufficient to denote and ſupport their lawleſs Power.

The Tribunes began early to manifeſt what copious Authority they meant to draw from their ſhort Commiſſion. They aſſembled the People, harangued, governed, and inflamed them; commanded the Senate to meet, controuled, interrupted, and inſulted it; arraigned the higheſt Patricians, and ordered the Conſuls (the ſupreme Magiſtrates of the State) into Cuſtody. All this oppreſſive, and indeed deſtructive Power, they found in an Office inſtituted only to prevent Oppreſſion. They would mend the Government by Miſrule, protect the Plebeians by oppreſſing the Nobility, and lead the People by miſguiding and oppreſſing them (*a*). Their greateſt Credit conſiſted in fomenting continual Miſunderſtanding between the People and Senate; and, as the

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(*a*) *Ut denique omnia quæ improbi fingebant, magis vera exiſtimarent, quam quæ vere facta erant, & a nobis docebantur.*

People would ſcarce ever receive Information but from their Tribunes; the Tribunes ſeldom gave them any Information that was true, and thus became their Favourites for deceiving them. A Caſe by no means new in the World, nor likely to grow old.

They ſeemed to think themſelves created to cruſh and perſecute the Patricians, whom they were only to check and balance; and to alarm and deceive the Commons, whoſe great Intereſt it was to be quiet and free. The Senate, the great Council, and one of the two Limbs of the State, was to be lopped off, or laid aſide, or rendered intirely uſeleſs, and the State itſelf to be diſabled and mutilated, and conſequently the Conſtitution changed, to make Way, not for a popular Government, but for the furious and unnatural Sway of a few Demagogues, naturally and neceſſarily ending in the Tyranny of One. The unrepreſented Multitude never can govern; and a few Individuals, repreſenting and governing the Multitude, generally govern for Themſelves, againſt the Intereſt of the Whole, and cannot hold long; but muſt either be all removed, or will ſoon remove each other, and leave the Whole in the Hands of One; and then the Multitude, who at firſt were Principals, and gave all the Power, will be Slaves to the Power of One.

Popular Sovereignty (I mean the Populace not duly repreſented) is popular Licentiouſneſs, which is deſtructive of regular Liberty; and tends directly to what it ſeems, at leaſt ſounds, leaſt like, the lawleſs Sovereignty of a ſingle Man. So that he, who, with this View, takes off all Bonds and Reſtraints from the People, will ſoon have an Opportunity to bring them under the moſt ſevere and ſtrongeſt of all, even the Bonds of Servitude. Anarchy can never laſt long any-where, and is always more likely to end in the Government of *Will* than that of *Laws*. During ſuch a State, the People are too mad to be well adviſed, and are therefore fit to be maſtered. Though the Many have no Art, ſome Few amongſt them may have a great deal; and amongſt theſe Few, One may have more Cunning, or more Succeſs, than the Reſt. Now, as Anarchy generally ends in Tyranny, great Licentiouſneſs produces Anarchy.

How could popular Tranquillity, and conſequently civil Liberty, which delights in Quiet, be ſecured at *Rome* where theſe popular Leaders were, for their own Ends and Importance, continually tranſporting and affrighting the People? Soon after their Creation, two of them, *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, took Occaſion from a public Calamity, (a proper Conjuncture for raiſing popular Tumults) to publiſh a miſchievous Lye, 'That the Patricians, by 'keeping their Granaries full, had cauſed the Dearth, and conſequently the Famine, that prevailed, as it furniſhed them with 'an Opportunity of ſelling Corn at an exorbitant Price.' For this, they repreſented the Patricians as Extortioners, and hard-hearted Tyrants, who thus aimed at ſwallowing up what ſmall Portions yet remained of Land and Subſtance to the poor Plebeians, or at ſtarving all the Plebeians in general. For this Famine there was an obvious Cauſe, as the Tribunes well knew, even the wilful Idleneſs and Neglect of the People themſelves, who, when they retired from *Rome* with an Intention to ſettle elſewhere, had left their Fields uncultivated, and occaſioned their own want of Bread. But the Tribunes were ſenſible, that any Falſhood, however groſs, would paſs with the Multitude, who were ſtarving and credulous. Theſe Sons of Sedition traduced and decried the Government with one only View, even that they themſelves might come to be Governors.

Indeed, theſe Tribunes carried moſt of their Points by downright Impudence, and by Lyes, confidently ſpread to terrify the People, and Incenſe them againſt the Senate. The Tribune *Volſcius* procured *Cæſo*, Son of the famous *Quintus Cincinnatus*, that brave old Captain, and frequent Deliverer of his Country, to be condemned for a Fact which he never committed, as was afterwards fully proved, when the vile Falſifier was puniſhed with perpetual Exile for having forged it. This lying Accuſer charged *Cæſo*, before the People, with having killed a Brother of his. For this the credulous People, deceived and exaſperated by their Tribune, doomed *Cæſo* to Baniſhment, and a Fine; and to pay this Fine, the venerable old Patriot, ſo often Conſul and Dictator, ſold the beſt Part of his Eſtate, and was forced to retire to a poor

Hovel beyond the *Tiber*, and there cultivate, with his own Hands, Five Acres of Ground for his Subſiſtence.

When the Tribunes found, that the blind Croud ſwallowed greedily every Lye againſt the Senate, they contrived a Plot to deſtroy the greateſt Part of that venerable Body at once, by accuſing them of a ſham Conſpiracy to deſtroy a great Part of the People. This pretended Plot of the Senate againſt the People, and their Magiſtrates the Tribunes, was carefully imparted to the Populace, who believed it all, though it was all a moſt miſchievous Fiction. Nay, the Tribunes had the Aſſurance to repair to the Senate, and, in a formal and pathetic Speech, to repreſent it to the Fathers. But both in the Senate, and before an Aſſembly of the People, the pretended Conſpiracy was finely and ſucceſsfully expoſed, and the Abſurdity and Improbability of it ſo fully demonſtrated, that it turned highly to the Diſgrace of the Framers. But, though all People of *Senſe* and Condition were abundantly convinced, the Rabble, ever ſtupid and deluded, perſiſted in believing it, without once ſuſpecting it to be, what it really was, a ſhocking Device of theſe their Idols, to increaſe and confirm their Dominion over them. So that they were not Magiſtrates, but eternal Fomenters of Diſcord; a Character which deſtroys that of a Magiſtrate.

It was evident, that their noiſy Zeal for the People, and the Liberties of the People, was Grimace; when they were doing what was ruinous to popular Liberty, by raiſing continual Seditions, and attempting, as they often did, ſometimes avowedly, to perpetuate themſelves in their Office. But ſtill the Multitude were convinced, that all theſe peſtilent Doings and Deſigns were for their Benefit. If the Tribune *Sextius* had not known them to be the groſſeſt Dupes in Nature, he could not have treated them with ſuch egregious Inſult and Scorn as he did, by declaring to their Faces, when, having been once diſappointed of the Conſulſhip, he ſued for it a ſecond time; 'If We, the Tribunes, obtain 'not the Conſulſhip by your Help, you ſhall never obtain the 'Diviſion of the Lands, nor the Diſcharge of your Debts, by ours.' But even this ſelfiſh Declaration cured not the People of their wild

Partiality for *Sextius*; though by it he forfeited all Title to Modeſty and public Spirit, and all juſt Pretence to Popularity.

It may not, perhaps, be impertinent to obſerve here, that theſe Declaimers, who filled *Rome* with their Aſſemblies, their Swaggering, and their Harangues, Men, ſo bold at the Head of a Multitude, and profeſſing ſuch Vigilance for the public Weal, never once ſhewed their Faces, nor were their Names mentioned, when the brave *Coriolanus*, driven from *Rome* by their Invectives, was returned thither at the Head of an Army, to take Vengeance on them. It was much ſafer to abuſe him in the *Forum*, than to meet him in the Field; and whilſt he was purſuing, and might have effected, the Deſtruction of the Republic, the Tribunes, whoſe Tongues could not then avail them, yet had now recourſe to no better Weapon; that is to ſay, To none; and expected the Event with Submiſſion and Silence. When they had eſcaped that terrible Blow, not by any Addreſs or Proweſs of theirs, inſtead of bluſhing for their late Behaviour, and retiring till it might be forgot, they ſoon reſumed their old Strains and Practice of Pertneſs and Sedition. Indeed, they propoſed ſome things that were reaſonable and juſt; as the worſt Tyrants have ſometimes made good Laws, whilſt their Conduct upon the Whole was lawleſs and violent.

Nor did the Tribunes loſe any Opportunity of boaſting their popular Services, and heightening their own Merit. They likewiſe took all Occaſions, to depreciate and revile the Senate and Magiſtracy, to repreſent them in conſtant Combination againſt the Commonalty, and themſelves as their great Protectors. So that the People were kept by them in an everlaſting Ferment, in a Flame of various Paſſions, Partiality, Averſion, Fear, and Jealouſy. Neither is it to the Reputation of theſe Tribunes with Poſterity, that they were aſſiduous to procure Information of the Tranſactions and Paſſages in private Families, (the ſure Sign of a mean and ſpiteful Spirit!) whence to raiſe and aggravate ill-natured Reports; all to make the Patricians odious, or contemptible.

Was *Rome*, thus conſtituted, thus agitated and tumultuous, a well compoſed State, properly balanced and ſecure?

DISCOURSE VI.

Of PUBLIC CORRUPTION; *particularly that of the* Romans.

SECT. I.

The Intereſt of Virtue, *and of the* Public, *every Man's Intereſt.*

THERE are, in *Salluſt*, ſo many Reflections about public Corruption, ſuch ſtrong Inſtances of it at *Rome*, not only in the People, but amongſt the great Men, who ought to have been the ſoundeſt of all, and Patterns of Probity to the reſt of the Commonwealth; eſpecially of their Venality, during the *Jugurthine* War; and public Corruption is in itſelf of ſuch fatal Effect; that I ſhall take it into large Conſideration in the following Diſcourſe.

Whoever would cure public Evils and Corruption, can never do it ſo effectually, as by convincing ſuch who promote them, that whatever is injurious to their Country is likewiſe prejudicial to Themſelves; whether they conſider their Innocence, or their Fame, or the Permanence and Stability of their Family and Fortune. This ſeems, to me, ſo true, that I cannot, in all Hiſtory, recollect an Inſtance which does not confirm it. That no Man can be called happy, who betrays public Truſt, or enſlaves his Country, is as certain, as that there is ſuch a Thing as Happineſs or Unhappineſs, ſuch a Thing as Honour or Diſhonour, in the World: Where there is no Virtue, there can be no Merit nor Praiſe; neither can there be any Breach of Truſt, or Failure of Duty, without Reproach and Infamy: Beſides that, it is often accompanied, as it ought to be, with perſonal Peril and Ruin: But this Peril is not the greateſt Peril; that of loſing Honour and Reputation, and inward Peace, is by much the moſt terrible. Virtue, and a good Name, is the beſt Wealth: It is Wealth which cannot periſh; and he who is rich in Virtue, can never be poor: Whereas the Man who is rich without it, ſtill labours under the worſt of all Poverty, and is liable withal to loſe his Treaſures and Revenues; and, when theſe are gone, what remains to comfort or ſupport him? In his higheſt Pomp and Proſperity, all Men of Senſe and Probity deſpiſe him; and, when deſerted by Fortune, even the Vulgar ridicule and ſcorn him. This was the Fate of that miſerable Voluptuary the Emperor *Vitellius*; who had earned ſuch Infamy by the Vileneſs of his Life, that the Manner of his Death, though very ſad and tragical, procured him no Compaſſion. So true is that Maxim of the Philoſopher's, 'That only is miſerable, which is 'baſe and diſhoneſt.'

The good, the upright Man, he whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean, has a continual Reſource in himſelf, out of the Reach of Power or Fortune. The Man who keeps his Integrity, and does his Duty, is always ſure of one Reward, even when he is oppreſſed, perſecuted, and ungratefully uſed. To be conſcious of having acted virtuouſly, is a Reward for Virtue; ſuch a Reward as the Power and Malice of Men cannot obſtruct nor diminiſh. And where this Recompence is wanting, any other Recompence, however ſplendid and ſounding, is but Farce and Mockery, Satire and Reproach: It is like melted Gold poured down the Throat of a Miſer; it is like loading a Traitor with Bags of Money, till he expire under the Wages of his Treaſon.

There have been Men diſtinguiſhed with very high Titles and Preferments, for Actions which merited Gibbets and Dungeons: But what Man of Senſe or Honour would have choſen their miſerable Lot? Their unnatural Exaltation only added to the former Deteſtation of their Perſons and Crimes; and they were conſidered as double Criminals, for having uſurped and defiled the Rewards only due to Merit, to cover their Deformity, and adorn their Guilt. Had they any Pleaſure in ſuch bloated Greatneſs? Then they were ſtupid, and in the Condition of the loweſt and moſt unperceiving Quadrupeds; a Situation not to be envied; indeed, to a reaſonable Being, worſe, and more wretched, than Non-exiſtence. At beſt, they were ſeared, and had hardened their Hearts with ſuch a continual Bent to Vice, to depraved Habits, and the Repetition of Crimes, as to be inſenſible, that Wickedneſs was wicked, and that Crimes were criminal.

Can a higher, or more ſhocking Curſe than this befall a Man, to become an habitual Enemy to Virtue, and, conſequently, to Men, and human Society; and to be continually abandoned to a Paſſion for Evil and Miſchief? This is the Character and Curſe of a Dæmon; yet it is a Character which is too often found amongſt the Sons of Men: And if they find no Delight at all in theſe their unſuitable Trappings, but ſtill feel their own pungent Guilt, in the midſt of all that Glare intended to hide it from others, then are theſe Trappings only freſh Burdens; which, by being wickedly obtained, do but bring new Guilt and Pain; and their Dignities and Diſtinctions are ſo many importunate Monitors and Remembrances, how little they deſerve them, and how much they deſerve another and an oppoſite Lot.

Proſperity, Wealth, and Power, caſt a falſe Luſtre upon Characters, and diſguiſe Crimes and Defects, eſpecially from the Eyes of the Rabble: But when that falſe Luſtre is loſt in the Loſs of what cauſed it; that is to ſay, when the Proſperity of the Guilty ceaſes; ſuch Crimes and Defects become apparent, expoſed, and hated. All Men then ſee, what wiſe Men always ſaw, that where there was no real Merit, there could be no real Honour or Fame. Imagine any Two Men, one vicious and criminal, but continually proſperous; the other virtuous and innocent, but always unfortunate, or rather unſucceſsful; which of theſe Two Characters would appear the more eligible to a wiſe Man? Undoubtedly the latter, at firſt Sight; for Vice and Wickedneſs are the higheſt Misfortune; and Virtue brings Felicity, even in Diſtreſs.

SECT. II.

The fatal Tendency of public Corruption. The Public ſometimes ſerved by encouraging private Corruption. Other Means of Corruption, beſide that of Money. Corruption ſometimes practiſed by ſuch who rail at it; in ſome Inſtances, by good Men, who hate it.

BY all that I have ſaid in the foregoing Section, I mean only to introduce a Diſcourſe upon Corruption, which is the Subject I purpoſe to purſue; an intereſting Subject, ſince, by Corruption, every thing is changed, and, at laſt, conſumed. Even War and Violence do not bring Ruin with more Certainty, nor, indeed, with ſo much Certainty: For Violence may be reſiſted and baffled; but Corruption, by continually waſting and weakening the Parts, muſt, without a Cure, infallibly, at laſt, deſtroy the Whole. Corruption, moreover, invites Violence; ſince ſuch is the Nature of Man, that there are ever too many ready to ſeize and uſurp whatever is deſtitute of Defence; and thus tempts their Ambition, or Avarice, with a Proſpect of Succeſs. This World, which has been ſo full of Revolutions ever ſince the Beginning of it, at leaſt, ſince the Beginning of Records, would, perhaps, have afforded very few, had the ſeveral States in it been adminiſtered with conſtant Virtue and Probity, had the Magiſtrates done their Duty with Capacity, Vigilance, and Vigour.

This is the Method, theſe the Qualifications, for rendering a State proſperous and ſecure: And where theſe are wanting in any State, that State will certainly grow impotent and contemptible; and thence the Prey of ſome bold domeſtic Traitor, or of ſome foreign Invader. Nations the moſt populous and rich, when debaſed by Corruption, have never proved a Match for a People, however ſmall and poor a People, who ſtill poſſeſſed their primitive Integrity and Spirit. Happy is that Nation, where the Government is ſo formed, as to admit no Corruption! A Happineſs, I doubt, not be hoped for; and, therefore, happy is that People, who, though they be in a good meaſure corrupt, yet preſerve their civil Liberties long, as ſome ſuch People have done; thoſe of *Athens*, and ſome others: Yet, even there, Liberty was daily declining, according to the Progreſs of Corruption, and always ſure to be utterly loſt at laſt.

No doubt, there is great Analogy between private Morals and the Morals of a State; and, conſequently, between public and private Corruption; yet they are far from being univerſally the ſame; ſince ſometimes the Public is helped, and even ſaved, by encouraging private Acts of Diſhoneſty; ſuch as bribing ſecret or public Enemies with Money, or (which is the ſame thing) with Promiſes, to betray their Truſt, and to diſcover the Secrets of their Country or Party, contrary to their Honour, and, perhaps, their Oath. If this be a great Breach upon private Conſcience, and private Morals, to encourage Perjury and Falſhood, it would be a greater Breach of public Conſcience and Morals, to riſque the State, or any great public Advantage, for want of it; and, in the Caſuiſtry of a State, the greater Good cancels the ſmaller Evil: Nor does he who practiſes it, ſin, though he make others ſin. It is immoral and cruel, cauſleſly to take away the Life of a ſingle Citizen; but it is juſtifiable, to expoſe many thouſand Lives for the Defence of the Public, and the Whole; becauſe the Care of the Whole, which is better than a Part, is the Buſineſs and Duty of Governors, who would be unworthy of that Character, if, out of a falſe Tenderneſs for Blood, they ſhould venture All, rather than Some. It is the ſame with Miniſters who hire Spies; that is, People to lye and cheat for them, and bribe foreign Miniſters and Generals to betray Counſels and Armies to them. Without ſuch Practices they could not ſerve their Country as they ought; and what is their Duty cannot be a Crime, nor omitted without a Crime.

The ſame Reaſoning holds, when applied to the ſecret and ſubdolous means of fruſtrating domeſtic Traitors and Treaſon; namely, the Hiring ſome to betray the reſt, and miſleading them all, by fair Speeches, and falſe Appearances: How, elſe, are any hoſtile Deſigns from Abroad, or any cloſe Conſpiracy at Home, to be detected and prevented? What other Part had *Cicero* to take with the dreadful Conſpiracy of *Catiline*? Was he ever blamed by any

Man of Candour or Honeſty, for gaining over one of the Conſpirators, by great Promiſes, and great Sums of Money, to betray the reſt; or for perſuading the *Allobrogian* Deputies to expreſs a violent Paſſion for the Conſpiracy, and to promiſe copiouſly to the Conſpirators? Or was he ever cenſured for bribing *Antonius*, his Collegue, with a Government better than that which he kept to Himſelf, in order to ſecure to the State a Man very corrupt, and otherwiſe wavering, or rather inclining to dangerous Courſes? For this, too, is the Duty of Governors, when public Men will not do their Duty to the Public, or are, perhaps, diſpoſed to betray their Truſt, and the Public too, and yet cannot be removed or ſecured, to apply even to their worſt Paſſions, and hire them to be honeſt, ſince they value not Honeſty, and love Hire.

Whatever tends to ſave or ſecure the Public, or to mend its Condition, is not Corruption; even though it may be effected by the Aſſiſtance of corrupt Men, and by Means that are called corrupt, and may be ſo in Him to whom they are applied, but cannot be ſo in Him that thus profitably applies them; becauſe, by ſuch Men, and ſuch Means, he ſerves, nay, often ſaves, the State. It is Corruption, true and terrible Corruption, whatever is practiſed to ſave the Guilty and the Corrupt, (except where they have been the Inſtruments of public Good) to ſet ſome above the Law, to deprive others of its Protection, and to deſtroy the Force of the Laws. But it cannot be Corruption in a juſt Man, to hire a venal Man to do his Duty, and ſerve the Public, if nothing but Hire will induce him. If corrupt Men will not ſave nor ſerve their Country, without corrupt Motives, the juſt Miniſters of the Public are not corrupt, but ſtill juſt, in furniſhing them with ſuch Motives. He to whom they apply them is, indeed, corrupt; but though they hate Corruption, and corrupt Men, ever ſo much, yet, in Juſtice to their Country, they muſt procure Men to ſerve it how they can. It is great Pity, that this ſhould ever be the Caſe; but I fear it is often ſo.

In all Events, none but virtuous, none but public-ſpirited Men are to be veſted with ſuch a tender Truſt. A corrupt Man, employed in corrupt Meaſures, is more likely to apply them to hurt the State, than to ſave it; and what is continually hurting it, will, at laſt, deſtroy it. It is, indeed, a terrible Sign, when Men, eſpecially public Men, refuſe to ſerve or aſſiſt the State without private Conſiderations, which, upon ſuch Occaſions, are always ſordid Conſiderations. Whoever will not act for the Public, when his Duty calls him to it, without a Reward, will be preſumed ready to act againſt the Public for a Reward: And he who has the Diſtribution of ſuch Rewards, is Maſter of all ſuch venal Spirits, and conſequently of the Public. Though even theſe venal Men may not at firſt mean to diſtreſs, much leſs to ruin their Country, yet an able Man, who has gained their Confidence, and purchaſed their Affections, may ſo far blind and engage them, that they will, they muſt, go all and the worſt Lengths. Many of *Cæſar's* Creatures, many of *Cromwell's*, never dreamed of ſeeing the one *Protector*, or the other *perpetual Dictator*.

Corruption in a State is a Deviation from our Duty to the Public, upon private Motives. Nor are ſuch Motives confined to Money, or Place, or Favour. Whoever prefers his Anger, or his Ambition, or his Hopes, or his Popularity, to his Duty to the Public, is as corrupt as he who poſtpones the Public to Gain; and Avarice, as diſtaſteful and ſordid a Paſſion as it is, does not more Hurt than other Paſſions with more pleaſing Names, ſuch as Liberality, Clemency, and the Love of Applauſe. *Cæſar* was not reckoned avaricious; *Craſſus* was. But *Cæſar* corrupted *Rome* more by his Liberality, than *Craſſus* did, or could, by Avarice; ſince Avarice only corrupts the Heart that entertains it, and therefore avaricious Men cannot be terrible to a State, otherwiſe than by plundering it, which they ſeldom have Credit enough to do. But, as Liberality is popular, the liberal Man is the moſt likely Man to rob his Country, as *Cæſar* actually did.

Sometimes Corruption is boldly charged upon others, by thoſe who are themſelves exceedingly corrupt. Thus *Marius* grew popular at *Rome*, by accuſing the Patricians as corrupt, which, indeed, was true; and by railing at Corruption, for which there was ample Cauſe. But it ill ſuited his Mouth; for he himſelf proved as corrupt a Knave, as he did a bloody and a revengeful Savage, falſe, ungrateful, and void of Faith. He firſt railed at Bribery, and afterwards procured the Conſulſhip, eſpecially his latter Conſulſhips, by Bribes; and, by Force of Bribing, kept *Metellus*, that excellent Perſon, Patriot, and Commander, from being Conſul.

Catiline complained of Corruption in the Adminiſtration, at the very Time when he was corrupting all the Youth at *Rome*, with all his debauched and deluded Followers there, to deſtroy the *Roman* State. Indeed, moſt of the Traitors, and the greateſt Incendiaries in *Rome*, profeſſed Zeal and Concern for their Country, and charged the beſt Friends to it with Corruption, whilſt they themſelves were meditating Deſtruction to their Country, and all its beſt Friends. Nay, ſome of them, ſuch as *Titus Manlius*, *Spurius Caſſius*, and *Spurius Mælius*, even when they were doomed to die, as Enemies to their Country, appealed to the People, with notable Conſidence, in the Style of their Patrons and Friends; as if they had been Victims only for the Sake of the Multitude, for whom they were preparing the Bittereſt of all Calamities to a *Roman*, even Bondage!

SECT. III.

Some Corruptions in the State to be borne, rather than removed by the Introduction of greater.

THE Tranſactions of this World, eſpecially Tranſactions of State, are more Problematical than is generally thought or conſidered; and the trueſt Virtue may, at ſome Conjunctures, be exerted prepoſterouſly. No Man ever queſtioned that of *Cato*; his Virtue is become Proverbial. Yet, by carrying it further than the Times would bear, he ſometimes hurt what he loved beyond his Life, even Liberty, and his Country. By this means, at one time, he loſt to the Public the Body of the *Roman* Knights; a very powerful Body, and, till then, well diſpoſed to aſſiſt againſt the exorbitant Power of *Pompey* and *Cæſar*. This was a great Conſideration, ſuperior to all others. But *Cato* gave it up, rather than allow them ſome Mitigation in a Bargain, for

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a Part of the Public Revenue. I forget whether he gained this ſmall Point; ſure I am, that, by inſiſting upon it, he loſt a much greater. That great Body, thus piqued, fell inſtantly into the Arms of the firſt Triumvirate, who knew how to humour and prize them. So truly might *Cicero* ſay of *Cato* —— *optimo animo utens & ſumma fide, nocet interdum Reipub. dicit enim tanquam in* πολιτείᾳ *Platonis ſententiam.*

Cato hated all Corruption, Public and Private, and could not bear to ſee the Commonwealth wronged by the Farmers of her Revenue; nor the *Roman* Knights, who were ſuch, grow rich at her Expence, and commit notorious Abuſe and Oppreſſions, as they often did, as well as often refuſe to comply with the Terms of their own Bargain. It was, in truth, melancholy and affecting, to conſider how mercileſly theſe public Farmers ſqueezed and devoured the People in the Provinces, and to what cruel Extremities they drove them, even to ſell their Children to ſatisfy the Tax-gatherers. *Lucullus* therefore deſerved immortal Praiſe, for cauſing theſe poor People to be redreſſed; the more for the powerful Enmity which he incurred for ſuch Mercy and Beneficence. It incenſed the whole Equeſtrian Order, who thenceforward laboured his Downfal. For, Men who gain by Injuſtice, always think it unjuſt to be reſtrained from it. Such Injuſtice and Baſeneſs in the public Farmers provoked the honeſt Mind of *Cato*. But he carried his Honeſty further than the Times would bear, and, with an upright Deſign to aſſiſt the State, haſtened its Fall.

Juſt ſo acted *Appius* the Cenſor. He, indeed, exerciſed that high Office with ſtrict and ſevere Juſtice. But, whilſt he attended to Juſtice only, he overlooked Reaſons of State, which are often juſt, though they quadrate not with the ſimple and exact Ideas of Juſtice. For, by degrading many Senators of Diſtinction, though it was what in Strictneſs they deſerved, he notably weakened the Republican Party; that is to ſay, his own Party, for which he was ſincerely zealous; and conſequently ſtrengthened that of *Cæſar*, which he equally hated and oppoſed. *Appius* ſet cordially about the Cure of Corruption; and, by doing it, contributed to bring in univerſal Corruption, even the Domination of *Cæſar*, and Perdition to the Commonwealth.

Sylla, to ſecure himſelf from future Vengeance, for his preſent Cruelties and Oppreſſion, made a Law, which excluded from all public Offices, the Children of all ſuch *Romans* as he had proſcribed. What was this but adding one Wickedneſs to another, and perpetuating his Cruelty? Could there be more apparent Juſtice, than to aboliſh that unrighteous and barbarous Law? Yet, when *Sylla* was dead, the Repeal of it was oppoſed by ſuch as hated *Sylla* and his Power, even by the beſt and wiſeſt Men in *Rome*; and for wiſe and juſt Reaſons. For, had the Children of the Proſcribed been reſtored to a Capacity for Employments, they might have been led, by their Reſentment, to have cancelled all other Laws, all the uſeful Laws paſſed under *Sylla*, and thence brought great Diſorder into the State.

The Abuſe of Liberty, by turning it into Licentiouſneſs, is Corruption, ſuch Corruption as threatens, becauſe it often brings, public Ruin; and therefore it is wiſe and juſt to cure it, in any Way conſiſtent with Liberty. But it would be a much greater Corruption, to cure popular Licence by eſtabliſhing Tyranny; that is, by giving abſolute Power to one Man to prevent the Abuſe of Liberty in many.

Whatever weakens the Power of a State, is Corruption, however righteous and plauſible it may appear: Whatever preſerves or increaſes its internal Strength, cannot be Corruption, though it may appear harſh and immoral. It is juſt to cut off a Limb to ſave the whole Body; as it would be unjuſt to expoſe the Body, to periſh for the Sake of ſaving the Limb. When *Spurius Mælius*, who attempted to make himſelf Tyrant of *Rome*, could not be brought to Juſtice in the ordinary Way, whilſt he was protected by the Multitude, whom he had bought and cheated by deceitful Acts of Liberality; it was neceſſary, and therefore juſt, to take away his Life by an extraordinary Power. Yet it was alſo juſt, becauſe neceſſary, to forbear all Inquiry after his Adherents; becauſe they were ſuppoſed to be very many; and it was judged raſh, to make very many Citizens deſperate.

The Rule and Art is, to make the Remedy ſtrong enough for the Diſeaſe, without being too ſtrong for the Patient. *Cæſar* and *Craſſus* were engaged in the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, and it was juſt to have arraigned them for it; but it was not expedient, becauſe not ſafe; for then the Criminals, many and powerful as they were, might have been too ſtrong for the Proſecutors and the State. It was therefore juſt to ſpare them, however guilty. Yet it would have ſounded well Abroad, and been a notable Topic for railing at *Cicero*, and charging him with Partiality and Corruption, in having paſſed by, or rather protected, the moſt Mighty of all the Traitors, and therefore the moſt Dangerous. But *Cicero*, who aimed only at ſaving his Country, was conſtrained to connive at ſome who were leagued to deſtroy it.

Caius Piſo was one of the worſt Men in *Rome*, a powerful and a deſperate Incendiary, an Accomplice of *Catiline*, ready for all public Miſchief, and more worthy of a Dungeon than Preferment; yet, was ſent into *Spain* with ſupreme Command. This muſt ſurely ſeem very wrong and unjuſtifiable. There were, however, many worthy Citizens, and even Patriots, who approved it, and were pleaſed with it, for a powerful political Reaſon; namely, that he was a Man, who, from his Figure, Spirit, and Character, might ſerve to balance and check the overgrown Power of *Pompey*, become now altogether formidable.

The purchaſing Votes at *Rome*, for public Employments, was juſtly reſtrained by ſtrong and ſevere Laws; as what had a direct Tendency to ruin any State. Yet that Practice, wicked in moſt Circumſtances, became neceſſary in ſome, and countenanced by the moſt virtuous *Romans*. Thus, when *Cæſar*, who had already given ſo many Proofs of a Genius utterly lawleſs and aſpiring, was ſuing for the Conſulſhip by Money, and all Methods of Corruption, ſuch as wiſhed well to the Public, and oppoſed him, thought it no Corruption to oppoſe him by the like Means, and, by a Contribution of Money, to aſſiſt *Bibulus* his Competitor. Even *Cato* owned, that bribing the Centuries againſt him conduced to the Security and Intereſt of the Commonwealth.

I am far from making, or intending by what I have ſaid, any Apology for Corruption. I hate Corruption as much as I love what it tends to deſtroy, Liberty, Peace, and Juſtice. I mean only to ſhew, that what ſounds like Corruption, may not be Corruption; and that it is not ſo much the Act, as the Characters and Deſigns of Men, that conſtitute it. I have owned every ſuch Act to be Corruption in him to whom it is applied; but contend, that it may be otherwiſe in him who honeſtly and uſefully applies it.

It was Corruption in *Catiline*, to bribe Men to promote his Intereſt againſt the Intereſt of the State: But it was public Spirit in *Cicero*, to gain Men by Money to ſerve the State againſt the treaſonable Deſigns of *Catiline*.

SECT. IV.

How hard to prevent Corruption, where the Means of Corruption are found.

SUCH is the Nature of Man, and of Society, that where-ever the Means of Corruption are found, the Exerciſe of it will ſoon follow. *Rome* was at firſt Virtuous from Neceſſity, very Poor, almoſt always in War and Danger. Poverty, and Equality, (which is often the Effect of Poverty, eſpecially in new Eſtabliſhments, before the Pride of Blood and Lineage begins) proved her Defence for ſome time againſt Ambition. She had no Trade, no Money, no Room or Materials for Luxury. Temperance and Frugality naturally followed Neceſſity. Iron, the beſt Inſtrument in forming and preſerving their State, was more eſteemed than Gold, which Men ſeldom love, till it has hurt them; that is, taught them by Uſe to deſire more than they want. They had no ſlaviſh Dependents; for the Relation of Patron and Client implied no more than a kind Intercourſe of Protection and Duty. Each ſupported Himſelf; for none were able then to ſupport Many, and thence to draw numerous Dependencies. Liberty was their great Paſſion; Virtue had all Opportunities of ſhining, none of being debauched and enervated. But their Habits changed with their Condition; they firſt grew leſs Virtuous, then Vicious, at length Abandoned. It is the Courſe and Fate not of *Romans* only, but of Men.

Juſt ſo it fared with the *Saracens*, at firſt Poor, Virtuous, and Self-denying; afterwards, very Voluptuous, from being very Rich. *Omar*, the ſecond Caliph, was ſuch an Admirer of their former Condition of Meanneſs in Equipage, Living, and Dreſs, that in his Progreſs to the Camp at *Jeruſalem*, beſieged by his Army, the ſame Camel carried him and his Proviſions, a Couple of Sacks, one holding Grain, the other Fruits; before him, a great Leathern Bottle of Water; behind him, a large wooden Platter. Thus he travelled more like what he had been, than what he was; a Farmer, than a Prince; and, perceiving ſome *Saracens* dreſſed in rich Silks, the Plunder of Chriſtians, he ſorely chaſtiſed their Pride, ordered them to be dragged through the Dirt with their Faces downward, and their fine Attire to be rent in Pieces. And though, like all Conquerors, he was cruel to human Race; he was, like ſome other Conquerors, juſt and humane to Particulars. He ſaid, to certain of his People, who were puniſhing a poor Man for not paying, what he was not able to pay, his Tribute; he ſaid, and quoted *Mahomet* for it, 'Do not afflict Men; for thoſe who afflict Men, 'God will afflict, and puniſh them in Hell-fire on the Day of 'Judgment.' Enthuſiaſm hindered him, as Ambition does others, from ſeeing how much he himſelf was afflicting the World, by the Violence of War, in making Conqueſts, and ſettling *Mahometiſm*.

Such were the firſt *Saracens* in Plainneſs and Frugality; nay, moſt of the Spoil taken in War, and of the Tribute paid by the conquered Nations, was appropriated to the Uſe of the Public, untouched by their Princes, who took hardly any Part to themſelves, as I have elſewhere obſerved. But after they had been ſome time accuſtomed to Wealth, they found out all its Allurements and worſt Uſes, and became a moſt intereſted and voluptuous Race, both Prince and People. The *Ottomans* too, who conquered the *Saracens*, began like them, and ended like them; in the Beginning, Plain and Temperate; at laſt, Luxurious, Avaricious, and Splendid. The *Ottoman* Princes, for a long while, like the *Saracen* Princes, did not appropriate any of the Public Revenue to their own Perſonal Expence. Afterwards, the Public

Revenue ſcarce ſufficed ſome of their Succeſſors for their Perſonal Waſte and Luxury.

In truth, where-ever Riches come, they never fail to bring along with them their Abuſe, as well as Uſe; and are, next to Superſtition, the great and ſucceſsful Inſtrument of corrupting human Society. For, as Men are chiefly led by a Paſſion for Eaſe and Pleaſure, whatever moſt readily purchaſes theſe, will be proportionably eſteemed; and, as Riches procure all worldly Things, they will be prized above all ſuch Things. Even Virtue, fine Qualities and Acquirements, will be leſs valued than Wealth, becauſe Wealth, which can do more than they, will be conſequently more popular and potent. When Money, and not Worth, comes to be the Standard of Reſpect, the moſt Rich, however Sordid and Vicious, come to be preferred before the moſt Able and Virtuous; and Profuſeneſs, which is Folly, baffles Merit and Wiſdom, upon any Competition for popular Favour.

This is one of the ill Conſequences of Riches: They bring Weight and Eſteem to the Poſſeſſor, though he be otherwiſe empty, ſilly, and immoral. Hence Scorn follows Virtue in Poverty; and the great Strife comes to be that of excelling in Wealth, which thus becomes an Equivalent for all Merit, and conceals all want of it. Great Talents are not to be acquired, great Opulence may; and then it ſtands for Talents, Virtue, and All things. Thus Men come to contend, not for Superiority in Merit, but in Money, which is often the Portion of the Fool, and the Profligate.

Does Money adorn any Man's Mind? Does it improve the Head, or mend the Heart? What is valuable in a Man, but his Diſpoſition and his Faculties? Is it not They chiefly that ſet him above Brutes, which, for Symmetry and Strength, often ſurpaſs him? Riches make him not leſs a Beaſt, where, in his Habits and Propenſities, he is one. A Wolf, or a Tyger, lying in Dens full of Gold and Diamonds, would be ſtill a Wolf, or a Tyger; and a worthy Man not leſs worthy, though he poſſeſs neither Diamonds nor Gold. No Man has any Advantages, for which his Perſon ought to be valued, but what are Perſonal. Neither Wealth nor Power is ſo. A Man therefore may be a Wretch, though very rich and powerful.

All Order and Juſtice comes to be inverted, when Riches bear Sway, or are made the Means of it. This is true Corruption, which then taints and pervades all Things, and grows the Beginning, the Middle, and the End. A Man then, inſtead of pleading his Services to his Country, or having ſhewn his Capacity to ſerve it, need only produce his Money, and ſhew, That he is rich. It was ſo at *Rome*. The worſt Men carried popular Elections from the beſt, by being richer, or by employing their Riches to bribe the People. And, as they gave them Money, they made Money of them: Such giving and receiving Money for Votes, and Votes for Money, was an obvious Bargain, plain Traffick, buying in order to ſell. The People ſee it not at firſt, nor its Tendency. They conclude, that he who pays them beſt, can ſerve them beſt; or, that he is their beſt Friend, without once thinking of his Services and Truſt: Nor can they believe, that one who is ſo generous to them, and one to whom they are ſo kind, can mean them any harm, or would raiſe himſelf higher at the Expence of his good Friends, who thus raiſed him ſo high. They that are ſhy in the Beginning, grow leſs ſo, as the Thing becomes more common; and become reconciled, by Degrees, to that which had once ſhocked them. Some, who never approve it, come in the End to practiſe it, when they judge, that their ſingle Integrity cannot poſſibly reſiſt a general Contagion; at leaſt, they find this Excuſe for what their Integrity cannot but condemn.

Immenſe were the Sums which it coſt the *Roman* Candidates for Places and Preferments, in bribing and entertaining the People. It is eaſy to gueſs, if it were not known, as it notoriouſly is, what Frauds and Rapine muſt follow ſuch Prodigality, and what Impunity ſuch Rapine. The Magiſtrates, who had paid ſo dear for their Promotion, thought themſelves intitled to make Reprizals, and to reimburſe themſelves, beſides making the beſt of their Employments. Beſides, it was but prudent to levy and reſerve a good Sum, to convince the Tribunals of their Innocence, and juſt Adminiſtration, in caſe any clamorous Complainers, whom they had, perhaps, oppreſſed no more than the reſt, ſhould force them to defend themſelves there.

Cæſar, beſides waſting all his own Subſtance, ran in Debt near Two Millions of our Money, by bribing the People, and their Tribunes; with what View is apparent. For it is natural to Ambition to make its Advantage, and a Tool, of Avarice. *Cæſar* did by Bribes what his Sword, without them, never could have done, oppreſſed the Liberty of his Country. Perhaps he conſidered the *Roman* People, as his Property, and that, becauſe he had bought them, he might take them. Neither could they, or any other People who do ſo, complain, with Decency, of any ill Uſage from ſuch as they ſuffer to purchaſe them.

SECT. V.

Venal Men, with what ill Grace they complain of any ill Conduct, or Corruption, in him who bought them: People once corrupted, how abandoned to all Corruption.

THOSE who have ſold themſelves, ought no longer to conſider themſelves as their Own: No; they are His who bought them. What is it that gives us Property in a Bondman, but paying the Price for him; and then he is ours, whether he conſents to be ſo, or no? When People ſet themſelves to Sale, the Title will be preſumed ſtill clearer, as Conſent at leaſt ſtrengthens Property. For what do they take Money? Is it for their Votes? Then, he who has bought them, means to make the beſt of his Bargain; ſince for this End only he made it. They may mean what they pleaſe; but thus, generally, the Purchaſer will reaſon, and thus act. He will not reckon himſelf beholden to Them, but to his Money; he will not conſider himſelf entering upon a Truſt, but taking Poſſeſſion of a Purchace; and that, if He had not made it, Another would. He who *commits* a Truſt, parts only with the Adminiſtration, and is intitled to a juſt Account how it is adminiſtred. But he who *ſells* a Truſt, parts with it intire, and for ever; at leaſt, he is at the Mercy of the Buyer, and leaves him Power to raiſe his Money again how he can, and with whatever Improvements he pleaſes. He who hath got Poſſeſſion, is the ſtrongeſt Man; and it is odds but he will argue and behave like the ſtrongeſt.

Others, indeed, ſuch as are uncorrupt, may juſtly blame and reproach him, for taking ſuch diſhoneſt Advantages even of venal Men: But they, whoſe Venality have enabled him to oppreſs them, cannot well wonder at It, nor upbraid Him for it. What was the Multitude to Him? Perhaps he knew not One in a Thouſand amongſt them: He wanted only their Votes, for which they took his Money; and, as They applied That to their *own* Uſe, ſo did He Thoſe to *his*. It was not in his Thoughts, to impoveriſh Himſelf merely to enrich Them; nor yet to purchaſe Leave, at a great Price, to drudge in carrying on their Intereſt and Affairs, or to be continually annoyed with their Noiſe and Folly: No; he bought their Voices, in order to ride upon their Necks; to make them the Inſtruments of his Fortune, and to ſet him above wanting them any more.

Caius Pontius the *Samnite* was ſo ſenſible, that a State of Corruption was a State of Decay, and ſaw it ſo evidently in the *Roman* Commonwealth, that he wiſhed, ‘ That Fortune had appointed ‘ him his Time of Life in thoſe Days when the *Roman* People ‘ began firſt to take Gifts and Bribes: For then, ſaid he, I would have ‘ borne their Empire no longer.’ He ſeems to have judged ſoundly; for, as they were longer in ſubduing the Little free State of the *Samnites*, than in conquering all the Great Kings in *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa*, it is almoſt demonſtrable, that, had their Love to their Country, and, conſequently, their Bravery in fighting for it, been weakened by Venality, the *Samnites* muſt have vanquiſhed them.

‘ I aſk, (ſays *Cicero*) whether they who left us this Common‘ wealth ſo gloriouſly eſtabliſhed, ſeem to have had *one* Thought ‘ towards feeding Avarice, by the Gratifications of Gold and Sil‘ ver; or Vanity, by ſplendid Furniture; or Voluptuouſneſs, by ‘ delicious Banquets; or a Paſſion for Pleaſure, by Indulgence and ‘ Luxury?’ But the Vices of the *Romans* were then as glaring and common, as the Virtues of their Anceſtors formerly had been; and they were not aſhamed to be boaſting of their Anceſtors, and quoting the Examples of their Forefathers, whilſt they were doing every thing unworthy of their Forefathers, and diſgraceful and ruinous to themſelves: Nor were they ever louder in their Cries for Liberty, than when they were following Thoſe, ſelling themſelves to Thoſe, who purpoſed to enthrall them, and to deſtroy their boaſted Liberty: Nay, ſuch as meditated nothing but abſolutely to rule them, and, conſequently, to enſlave them, were always moſt popular with them. Whoever fed them with Money, or Proviſion, or Flattery, was their Darling; though, by all his Bounty, and Soothing, and Noiſe for Liberty, he aimed only at being their Tyrant. Even the deteſtable *Catiline* was popular, and conſidered by them as a great Champion for Liberty, becauſe he talked loudly about it, and was a known Enemy to thoſe who were then uppermoſt in the State; Men who, whatever Faults they had, were, in compariſon with him, virtuous and unblameable.

Even whilſt *Cicero* was Conſul, one of the ableſt and moſt upright Magiſtrates that ever honoured or protected any Government; and whilſt that Parricide continued to purſue his inhuman Conſpiracy againſt *Rome*, and all that was valuable and ſacred in it; the People, tho' they could have no Objection to *Cicero*, but that he was in the Intereſt of the Senate, that is, was for preſerving the Senate, and his Country, yet ſtill admired and followed *Catiline*, till, by the Diſcovery of his Plot and Deſigns, it appeared that he was about to have extirpated, by the univerſal Rage of Fire and Sword, the very Being of their City and Commonwealth. Then, indeed, they were ſhocked, and cried, *Horror!* They had all along imagined, that he only meant to have changed the Magiſtrates, whom they diſliked; or, at worſt, to have begun a Civil War, in which they had little to loſe, and a Chance to get (which Chance was dearer to them, than public Tranquillity, and their Country): But, in the Burning and Deſtruction of *Rome*, they would have met their own Deſtruction; and ſo far they deteſted the Views of *Catiline*.

That the *Roman* Populace were governed, upon this Occaſion, by a Spirit of Corruption and Blindneſs, (two Qualities generally following one another) and not by Judgment or Honeſty, appears from hence; that *Catiline*, whom they applauded, and from whom they hoped ſo much, was, and ever had been, a notorious Profligate, black with all Crimes, deteſtable in his private Life, abandoned, corrupt, and lawleſs, in Office: So that, if they expected from him nothing but public Diſorders and Revolutions, (as what elſe could they expect?) they were corrupt, utterly corrupt, and loſt to all Public Spirit, to all Senſe of Honour and Virtue: If they depended upon him for any public Good or Reformation, they were blind. It is, in truth, evident, that they conſidered him as a public Plague, as a ready Inſtrument of general Confuſion and War; and, as ſuch, warmly eſpouſed and encouraged him. *Salluſt* declares it explicitly: *Omnino cuncta plebes, novarum rerum ſtudio, Catilinæ incepta probabat. Id adeo*, &c.

‘ The Commonalty, in a Body, from a Paſſion for public Changes, approved the Purſuits of *Catiline*; and, in doing ſo, ſeemed but to follow their uſual Bent: For, in this our City, all they who are deſtitute of Place and Subſtance, ever repine at the Enjoyments and Diſtinction of virtuous Men; ever extol the Vicious; hate the old Ways; long for Novelties and Change; and, from Diſguſt to their own Condition, labour to introduce univerſal Confuſion. In popular Commotions and Diſcord, they find their Subſiſtence without Pains and Care; ſince Poverty, which never has any thing to loſe, is, upon ſuch Occaſions, readily ſupported.’

Now ſuch Fondneſs for Civil Diſorders, and for the wicked Authors of ſuch, is, by this Account, intirely derived from the depraved Spirit and Diſpoſition of the People; and not imputable to the Miſconduct of the Magiſtrates, however faulty they might be: Nay, the beſt, the moſt ſtrict and ſteady Adminiſtration muſt have been the moſt diſliked and unpopular, when the People were paſſionate for the worſt Calamities, ſuch as Civil Diſſentions and War; and for the wickedeſt Men, ſuch as promoted thoſe Calamities, and becauſe they promoted them; even for *Catiline*, *Cethegus*, and every great Traitor and Incendiary.

Could there be a more tempting Opportunity than this, offered to the Ambition of *Cæſar*, for purſuing the great Aim of his Life, that of uſurping the Government of *Rome*? And, perhaps, it is the moſt plauſible Defence that can be made for him, (for no ſolid Defence will his Crimes bear) that, ſeeing them the Dupes and blind Followers of every audacious and deſperate Demagogue, He, who was a more powerful and able, at leaſt a more fortunate Demagogue, than all the reſt, judged it politic to enſlave them Himſelf, rather than let any other enſlave Them and Him too; though the more honourable Task would have been, what was alſo his Duty, to have reſcued and reformed them, and to have ſtruggled againſt their extravagant Corruption and Folly: This would have been an Undertaking worthy of his great Abilities, and indefatigable Spirit, had his Heart been as good as his Head: But he found them bad, and made them worſe, in order to make them his own.

SECT. VI.

Amongſt a corrupt People, the moſt debauched and deſperate Leaders are the moſt popular.

IF only bad Government had diſpleaſed the *Roman* People, the excellent Government of *Cicero*, one ſo wiſe, fatherly, uncorrupt, and meritorious, a Government which ſaved them and their State, would have removed their Diſpleaſure, and reconciled them to the State, and their own Safety under it. But it had not that Effect; at leaſt till they ſaw, that *Catiline*'s Deſigns threatened Themſelves with immediate Deſtruction. Till then, they continued to love and follow him, as one that was to preſent them with, what they earneſtly wiſhed, public Uproar, Civil War, and Rapine; all which implied an Overthrow of the Government, which they foreſaw, and rejoiced in; and, therefore, could ſee no Merit in *Cicero*, as a general Preſerver of the State; but muſt have found great Fault with him for diſappointing *Catiline*, and their beſt Views, had not the Diſcovery produced more than they expected.

Was this a People worthy of Liberty? or was public Liberty, in ſuch keeping, likely to laſt long? Long before this, indeed very early, the *Roman* People were prone to Corruption, and zealouſly attached to ſuch as corrupted them, by whatever Means it was attempted; whether by falſe Munificence, or by Faction, or by the never-failing Bait and Cry of Liberty. So that they were always corrupted, and conſequently moſt abuſed, by their greateſt Champions and Favourites; that is, by their real and worſt Enemies; as the falſe Friend is ever the moſt dangerous Foe.

Spurius Mælius, whilſt he cheated them with falſe Bounties and fair Speeches, was extremely popular, and even their Idol, though he only fed them, and flattered them, in order to enſlave them. But the Character and Appearance of a Benefactor covered and recommended the Traitor; and the People, like other Animals, not ſeeing the Hook, greedily ſwallowed the Bait. Nor would they have ever diſcovered his horrid Deſigns, till they had been accompliſhed, had not others, even ſuch as they ſuſpected and diſliked, diſcovered and expoſed them. For, their daily Watchmen and Orators, in whoſe Zeal and Sagacity they generally put blind Truſt, had ſold themſelves, and their Truſt; that is, ſold the People to *Mælius*; ſo that whilſt he was purſuing Kingſhip, they were ſilent and aſſiſting. When the Traitor was put to Death, they expreſſed much Regret for his Fate, and their Loſs of him, remembring his perfidious Courtſhip and Liberality, and forgetting or diſbelieving his Treaſon.

Juſt ſuch another Deceiver, falſe Friend, and real Enemy, they had in *Marcus Manlius Capitolinus*. For the People are ever the ſervile Tools of ſuch as know how to blind them with falſe Tales and Appearances. He was, indeed, a brave Soldier, had nobly defended the *Capitol* againſt the *Gauls*, and done many ſignal Exploits in War; but, full of Ambition, and envying the famous *Camillus*, attempted Royalty by the Means of Popularity; and, in order to gain the People, took ſuch Meaſures as will ever gain them: He deceived them with magnificent Profeſſions and Undertakings, and corrupted them by bribing them; and as he was profuſe in his Gifts and Careſſes, they were equally extravagant in their Zeal and Adoration. Whilſt he was giving Money to many, or paying their Debts; becoming Security for ſome, and even aſſiſting and reſcuing others by downright Violence; whilſt he was continually propoſing popular Schemes, popular Projects, and popular Largeſſes; it never entered into their credulous Heads, that a Benefactor, ſo infinitely liberal and zealous, could poſſibly intend them any Harm, much leſs Miſery and Chains. Yet it was obvious to common Senſe, that either *Manlius*, or the Government, muſt fall; eſpecially when he came to be conſtantly guarded by the Croud, and to bid Defiance to the Magiſtrates. But the People, corrupted even to Blindneſs, either ſaw no Danger to the State, or regarded *Manlius* more than the State, or perhaps as the beſt Friend to the State; and much Difficulty there was in ſecuring the State againſt him, by depriving him of Life. His Friends, the Multitude, who ſtrove to reſcue him from Juſtice, loudly lamented him for having ſuffered it; and, as the Plague happened ſoon after, they ſaid, that it was a Judgment, ſent by *Jupiter*, to avenge the innocent Blood of *Manlius*, the Defender of his Temple the *Capitol*. For, as they were perpetually infatuated by the Projects and Harangues of their Tribunes and Demagogues, they were always ſauntering in the Forum, and reaſoning about Matters of Government. Thus they neglected their Labour, and the Manuring of their Lands; and, when Famine followed, which was very natural, they railed at their Governors.

The extraordinary Conflux of People from all Parts of *Italy* to *Rome*, upon the Return of *Cicero* from Baniſhment, raiſed the Price of Proviſions. This public Inconvenience furniſhed a Colour to the Tribune *Clodius*, his implacable Enemy, for traducing him to the Rabble, as the Cauſe of it; and for charging him with it, as a Crime. The Rabble gave full Credit to their Oracle the Tribune, and called licentiouſly upon *Cicero* for Bread; nay, taught their Children the ſame ſeditious Cry. In their Fury they inſulted and ſcared away the Audience at the Theatre, attacked the Houſe of the Prætor, who preſided at the public Plays; beſieged the Senate in the *Temple of Concord*; fell upon one of the Conſuls with Stones, and wounded him. In the Mouth of this Rabble, animated by the moſt abandoned of all Profligates, and led by two notorious Criminals, one an Aſſaſſin, another a Creature and Inſtrument of *Catiline's*, the Name of *Cicero*, ſo juſtly dear to the *Romans*, was a Name of Reproach.

What could argue higher Corruption than ſuch raging Licentiouſneſs, and ſuch deſperate Acts of Sedition, as well as ſuch a blind Propenſity to follow and obey the moſt debauched and lawleſs Leaders, to defy all Law and Reſtraint, and to aſſault the Government itſelf? When the giddy Populace, or, which is the ſame thing, when ſuch as lead them, (for the Populace will ever be led) can controul all Things, the Government is, in effect, diſſolved, or near its Diſſolution, and muſt either be utterly loſt in Anarchy, a Caſe which *hardly* can happen; or, which is *more* likely, be ſeized by a foreign Invader; or, which is *moſt* likely, by a domeſtic Uſurper. This was the Condition and the Fate of *Rome*; a Fate which often threatened her, a Fate which ſhe ſeveral times felt, and a Fate which at laſt thoroughly maſtered her, and maſtered her for ever.

Her warlike Spirit and Atchievements, the Dignity and Freedom of her Government, her Laws and Magiſtrates, all of her own creating, with the boaſted Rights of *Roman* Citizens, and their many Immunities; her numerous Conqueſts, her univerſal Sway and Command, Laurels about her Head, the Globe under her Feet; I ſay, *Rome*, thus exhibited and arrayed, made a ſplendid Appearance, full of Majeſty, full of Strength; and, in this Light, one is apt to wonder, as well as to grieve, that ever ſhe ſhould periſh, or even ſhrink and fade. But upon a nearer View of her Frame, of the Materials that compoſed it, and the Machines that conducted it, we may ceaſe to wonder at her Decay and Overthrow; when we ſee a numerous and ſwarming People forming a Legiſlature, not by Repreſentatives choſen from amongſt them, but every Man, in a vaſt Nation, a *Legiſlator*, and poſſeſſing a deliberative Voice; and the Whole of them ſwayed and controuled by a few bold or crafty Men, perhaps by one, who could well harangue them, or deceive them, or feaſt them, or buy them; here, a popular Sycophant winning them with Flattery; there, an artful Speaker, charming them by Eloquence; a bold Lyar, impoſing upon their Credulity; an Incendiary, terrifying them with groundleſs Jealouſies; a Merchant, bribing them into Slavery by

Doles of Corn; a Bully, with the ſame View, reſcuing them from their Creditors, and both likely to ſucceed: When, in ſhort, we ſee them paſſionate for Schemes calculated to undo them, for Laws deſtructive of the State, and for Men who were their worſt Enemies, for *Catiline* and *Clodius*!

The latter was their Darling a great while, though one of the worſt Men that ever infeſted Society; implacable, unjuſt, mercenary, impious, and lawleſs; a Pathic, Inceſtuous; a Fire-brand in the Army, a Fury in the State, a Tyrant in Office; plundering the Public and Particulars; ſelling Places and Provinces, and the Friendſhip of the *Roman* People; forging Wills, ſuborning Witneſſes, and oppreſſing Right by Violence. But his Laws, however wicked, and even pernicious, were popular and pleaſing, as particularly that for diſtributing Corn *gratis* to the Populace; by which Law a Fifth of the Public Revenue was cut off, and conſequently ſo much of the public Strength and Security. For this and the like Extravagances, fatal to the Republic, and deſtructive to its beſt Members, this Madman was adored and followed as a public Benefactor, and went guarded by the Rabble, and a Band of Profligates, who never failed to inſult and abuſe every Man not in his Favour; that is to ſay, every worthy *Roman*. They particularly fell upon ſo great a Man as *Hortenſius*, and had well nigh murdered that great Orator, becauſe he appeared for *Cicero*. Such as remained of the deſperate Followers of *Catiline*, were now very naturally Followers of *Clodius*.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

When the People are thoroughly corrupt, all true Senſe of Liberty is loſt. Outrage and Debauchery then paſs for Liberty, Defiance of Law for public Spirit, and Incendiaries for Patriots.

COULD there be more glaring Mockery, than the Sound of Liberty from the Mouth of *Clodius?* Yet he declared for Liberty, and the Croud believed him; though they heard him, with the ſame Breath, threaten, what he continually practiſed, all Acts of Violence, and the Deciſion of the Sword. Nay, when this wild Tyrant had pulled down *Cicero*'s Houſe, he erected a Fabric in its room, and conſecrated it to *Liberty:* As if that excellent *Roman*, who had defeated the bloody Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, which ſtruck at the very Foundation of Liberty and of *Rome*, had been an Enemy to Liberty; and he, *Clodius*, acting like another *Catiline*, its *Reſtorer!* Whilſt, at the ſame time, he was marching like a foreign Enemy in a City juſt taken by Storm, at the Head of his outrageous Cabal, with Fire-brands in their Hands, and in open Day ſetting Fire to the Houſes of all ſuch as had furniſhed him with Cauſe of Offence; namely, all ſuch as oppoſed or diſapproved his wild Doings. When theſe his bloody Followers had fallen upon a Tribune in the Intereſt of *Cicero*, and having wounded him in more than Twenty Places, left him for dead; as this Action might diſpleaſe the People, who accounted their Tribunes ſacred, theſe Blood-hounds reſolved to murder a Tribune of their own Faction, that the Guilt might ſeem equal; as it would then appear done in a ſudden Encounter between both Sides. Nay, theſe Ruffians had a Commiſſion from him to plunder, burn, and kill, at Diſcretion. Thus was *Rome*, the Miſtreſs of the World, inſulted, and her Laws ſet aſide, or defied, by one deteſtable Tribune, ſupported by the Multitude, who always ſupported the Worſt and moſt Miſchievous; inſomuch that, for almoſt half a Year together, ſhe was deprived of the

Exerciſe of Juſtice, and, as it were, of Government, by the Fury of a popular Incendiary.

In ſhort, all his Doings tended directly to overturn the State, and to introduce Tyranny; but paſſed with the Commonalty for Meaſures to increaſe and confirm Civil Liberty. There was good Policy in the Inſtitution of obſerving the Heavens by the Augurs, or other Magiſtrates, during the Aſſemblies of the People, in order to prevent any wild Reſult from ſuch Aſſemblies; ſince the Appearance of any ill Omen, declared by ſuch Augur, or Magiſtrate, effectually diſſolved them. This good Uſage, ſo neceſſary at *Rome*, *Clodius* aboliſhed by the Authority, and with the Applauſe, of the People. Of the ſame Tendency was his abridging the Power of the Cenſors, who could brand any Senator, or *Roman* Knight; and, indeed, degrade either: Nay, One of them could do all this; till, by a Law of the execrable *Clodius*, they were reſtrained from branding or degrading any, unleſs firſt accuſed before their own Order, and puniſhed by their Concurrence. What was this but an Invitation to open Diſſolution of Manners, and bidding Crimes and Debauchery proſper?

Could Madneſs and Corruption riſe poſſibly higher in Magiſtrate, or People? And was ſuch a State likely to ſubſiſt, ſuch a People to continue free? Their Fondneſs generally followed the moſt vicious Men, ſuch as meant to enſlave them; and, in order to it, corrupted their Hearts, and humoured their Follies. They were therefore ſcarce ever under the Direction of wiſe and worthy Men, Men who would not cheat nor flatter them, nor encourage their Idleneſs, and diſſolute Manners. Blinded and bewitched with *Cæſar*'s Bounty and Complaiſance, from his *Almſmen* they became, naturally enough, his *Bondmen*. He fed, and charmed, and enſlaved them. Were they wiſer after the Death of *Cæſar*, and after the Uſe which they had ſeen him make of their Corruption and Folly? No: They muſt ſtill have ſome lewd Favourite to abuſe and maſter them, and therefore truſt him with their Liberties. Still corrupt and craving, and ſtruck with *Cæſar*'s Legacy, they went eagerly into the Meaſures of *Antony*, who acquainted them with it, and who, under Pretence of avenging the Death of *Cæſar*, aimed at ſucceeding him. They therefore deſert, nay, turn their Fury againſt, their true Friends the Tyrannicides, and ſtrengthen the Hands of *Antony*, though his Succeſs was to be attended with their Bondage, and muſt neceſſarily produce it.

Antony, thus ſet up and eſpouſed by the deluded and ill-judging People, failed not to improve his Fortune with notable Activity and Boldneſs. The Tyrannicides, through Love of Peace, and Fear of the Army, had agreed with *Cæſar*'s Friends, that all his Acts and Regulations ſhould remain in full Force (*a*): So that he had really more Power now he was dead, than when he was alive. Such was the Overſight of the Tyrannicides, in not improving the firſt Heat and Spirit, whilſt the People were yet with them, as at firſt they were; and whilſt the Creatures and Supports of the late Tyranny were yet terrified and lurking. They might, at leaſt, have confined *Antony*, and ſome other Chiefs, and Officers, either at *Rome*, or conveyed them away inſtantly to ſome diſtant Confinement. But, as they left him (I think weakly, I am ſure very unhappily) at Liberty, and in *Rome*, he ſoon gained the poor fickle People, and then made the moſt of the late Stipulations. Amongſt *Cæſar*'s Minutes and Regulations, he inſerted and forged whatever he had a Mind to carry, and called it the Appointment of *Cæſar*. Even without ſuch Pains and Ceremony, he often ſaid, that this, or that, was *Cæſar*'s Deſign, and confidently put it in Execution. Thus there often paſſed, in his Name, ſuch monſtrous and daring Things, as, had he been alive, he would not have paſſed, nor ſuffered. By *Antony*'s enormous Demands and Donations from the Treaſury, under colour of *Cæſar*'s Orders, moſt Part of the mighty Treaſure, amaſſed by *Cæſar* for the War againſt *Parthia*, was exhauſted.

So that *Antony* was firſt enabled by the People, and then enabled himſelf, to be a greater Tyrant, in *Cæſar*'s Name, than *Cæſar* himſelf was. By the Money, which he ſaid was thus granted by *Cæſar*, he influenced the mercenary Spirit of *Cæſar*'s Army, and gained juſt as many as he was able to bribe; but, not having enough to bribe all, the reſt devoted themſelves to *Octavius*, upon

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(*a*) *Ut omnia facta ſcripta, dicta, promiſſa, cogitata* Cæſaris, *plus valerent, quam ſi ipſe viveret.*

the like ſordid Conſideration. For, the *Roman* Armies were become as corrupt as the *Roman* People. After ſo many Forgeries in the Name of *Cæſar*, it was the leſs Wonder, that *Antony* impudently forged Decrees in the Name of the Senate. This bold Villainy had been often practiſed by *Cæſar*.

Perhaps it may not be improper to take notice here, as a further Inſtance of the Fickleneſs and Folly of the Multitude at this very time, that, amongſt the public Plays exhibited to the *Romans*, in the Name of *Brutus*, as Prætor, after the Death of *Cæſar*, was the Tragedy of *Tereus*, which, for the many ſevere Strokes in it againſt Tyranny, was extremely applauded by the People. *Cicero* juſtly laments, that they thus employed their Hands, not in defending their Liberties, but only in clapping at the Theatre. What I would obſerve from it, is, that they are naturally fond of Liberty, but generally judge ill about the Means of keeping it; that their Meaning is good, even when their Judgment is wrong; yet they oftener err in following the Sentiments of others, than in following their own.

SECT. VIII.

The ſwift Progreſs of Corruption in the Roman *Republic. Its final Triumph in the Diſſolution of the State.*

CAN it ſeem at all ſtrange, that, when the *Roman* People were become ſo debauched, ſo idle, credulous, venal, and corrupt, their popular Meetings ſhould prove, as they did, rather Tumults than regular Aſſemblies? They met, not to make equal and juſt Laws, or to prefer able and worthy Men; but to ſell themſelves, to form Factions, often to exalt the moſt wicked and dangerous of all Men, often to depreſs, or to diſappoint, the moſt virtuous Patriots. Their Aſſemblies were no longer formed with Deliberation, according to the Laws, but in a Heat and Hurry; inſomuch that popular Decrees, which had never paſſed, came to be forged: Several ſuch were made, when only a few of the People, the Simpleſt, and the Worſt, were preſent; ſome only by the loweſt and vileſt Rabble, where not a Man of Senſe, or Honour, or Weight, was preſent. Nay, popular Decrees, of the higheſt Moment, then paſſed, ſuch as conferred Legions, public Treaſure, nay, the Government of Provinces, and the Command of Armies; *vacuo non ſolum a bonis, ſed etiam a liberis, atque inani foro, ignaro populo Rom. quid ageretur.* The Candidates for public Employments came at laſt, in ſpight of all the penal Laws, to bribe openly, and were choſen ſometimes by Arms, as well as Money.

In the Senate, things were not always carried much better, ſometimes Decrees of great Conſequence were made, when very few Senators were there, and ſometimes ſuch Decrees were forged; as I have lately obſerved. Sometimes the Leaders of the People, and thoſe of the Senate, agreed, (when it ſuited their particular Intereſts) the former, to publiſh fictitious Ordinances of the People; the latter, to frame falſe Decrees of Senate.

Could there be more crying Corruption than this, blacker Impoſture, or a more terrible Proſpect? When Laws were made, not by the Legiſlature, but by private Knaves, in a Corner, for dirty Self-ends, yet binding all Men, and changing, or perverting, the Courſe of the Government? Who now can wonder at the Fall of *Rome?* Enfeebled by continual Faction and Corruption, (Two potent Engines to deſtroy a State!) and thence ripe for an abſolute Maſter, ſhe fell into the Hands of many Maſters, *Marius, Sylla, Saturninus, Cinna, Clodius*, and many others, all occaſional Tyrants; that is, ſovereign Controllers of the Multitude, and the Laws; till, at laſt, *Cæſar* ſeized her; and, after he was ſlain, when ſhe might have re-aſſumed her Liberty, at leaſt, for ſome time, (*And ſurely*, as *Cato* expreſſes it in the Tragedy,

A Day, an Hour, of virtuous Liberty
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage)

ſhe refuſed the invaluable Bleſſing, joined with *his* Friends, that is, *her* Enemies; and thus transferred herſelf to a Series of Tyrants for ever.

The Balance was never properly nor equally fixed between the Patricians and People; and it was the conſtant Purſuit of each to deſtroy all Balance; not to govern in Conjunction, but of one to govern the other. The Senate, which had the moſt Power at firſt, exerciſed it too rigorouſly; and, upon all Occaſions, manifeſted great Contempt, and often great Bitterneſs, towards the People; and forced them to ſeek a Remedy in the Inſtitution of popular Tribunes, who, under the Mask of protecting the People, ſought and acquired enormous Power to themſelves. For the People will be ever the Tools and Dupes of their falſe Friends, and pretended Patrons. Theſe Tribunes fed them with continual Jealouſies, dreſſed up the Senate as a Bugbear of Tyranny, and ſtill wanted new Authority to themſelves, all for the Benefit of the People againſt the Patricians. The Patricians too, ſtudying their own Defence, ſometimes uſed unrighteous Means to defeat unrighteous Deſigns. The Struggle, going ſtill on, produced ſome temporary Tyrannies; whilſt ſingle Men, uſurping and abuſing the Authority of Magiſtrates, enſlaved both Parties, to be avenged of one. At laſt, in a few Years, the Tyranny became laſting and ſettled. Then the two Factions had Leiſure to look back upon their own blind Phrenſy; when, by ſtruggling who ſhould be Maſters, they were both become Slaves: Nor did they ſeem to have reflected upon the Tendency of their pernicious Corruption, of their mad and fatal Feuds, till ſuch Reflection could only ſerve to reproach and diſtract them.

It were well, that all Parties, all People, would grow wiſe by the Example of thoſe at *Rome*, nor ſuffer a Paſſion for Party, or for Money, to drive them on to ſuch Miſtakes, and haſty Meaſures, as Reaſon cannot afterwards retract or cure. Party is Corruption, as well as it is Folly. The Revenge which they ſeek, often falls as heavy, ſometimes heavieſt, upon themſelves; and what they call Redreſs proves Deſtruction. But Rage conſiders nothing but preſent Gratification. The Plebeians, piqued at the Patricians, who had uſed them ill, ſet up, for their Head, the ſavage *Marius*; at firſt, againſt Rules; afterwards, in Defiance of Law. The Patricians, to ſtem the Fury of the bloody *Marius*, exalt *Sylla*, or enable him to exalt himſelf, as their Patron and Champion, a Man no leſs bloody. Both *Marius* and *Sylla* play the Tyrant in their Turn, and both Parties are, by one or the other, enſlaved and ſlaughtered by turns.

DISCOURSE VII.

Of the Corruption in the Roman *Seats of Juſtice, and the Oppreſſion in the Provinces.*

SECT. I.

Of the extreme Difficulty in procuring Juſtice at Rome, *againſt any conſiderable Criminal.*

IN a State where Corruption ſo exceedingly prevailed, both by Faction and Bribery, (for Party corrupts as powerfully as Money) it is no Wonder, to find the Parts reſembling the Whole, all tainted by the general Contagion; the People ſordid, as well as ſeditious; the Senators rapacious, as well as profuſe; Juſtice ſold, becauſe the Seats of Juſtice were bought; the Provinces, having coſt their Governors great Sums to purchaſe them, plundered and ſcraped to the Bone, that the Purchaſers might repay themſelves Tenfold; Oppreſſors ſafe; ſince, having payed a Price for oppreſſing, they claimed a Right to oppreſs; and the greateſt Criminal never found ſo, till he was found, firſt, poor.

Did a diſtreſſed Prince or State, even ſuch as were under the Protection of the *Roman* Commonwealth, apply to the *Roman* Senate for Relief? It availed little, if the Offender could but prove his Innocence by large Bribes. At beſt, an Admonition is ſent to him to forbear; that is, in Effect, an Order to ſend freſh Fees to his Judges; and not to forget their Deputies, that theſe may make a favourable Report. Perhaps, after repeated Complaints and Repreſentations of his barbarous Outrages, and Acts of Tyranny, he is ſummoned to appear in Perſon, and to anſwer the Charge: Still he may deny all, and be believed, (for, why ſhould a Man be condemned upon the Accuſation of his Enemies?) if he do but confirm his Denial by more Treaſure. Though his Deeds be black as Hell, his Guilt as apparent as the Day, the Suit may depend, and he be ſafe, for many Years, provided he has large Preſents to urge in his Defence.

Whoſe Crimes were or could be more black, manifeſt, unprovoked, and crying, than thoſe of *Jugurtha?* Yet he wanted not many Advocates in the Senate, who, for ready Money, or the Hopes of it, boldly denied them to have been done; or defended them, as done in his own Defence. Such, whom he had traiterouſly murdered, or whoſe Murder he was openly purſuing, were ſaid to have laid Plots to murder Him; and, whilſt at the Head of a great Army, in the Face of the Sun, he was uſurping and ravaging the Dominions of a poor weak Prince, who only fled before him; nay, when he had already uſurped thoſe Dominions, ſtill the poor ſuffering Prince was the Aggreſſor, and the bloody *Jugurtha* was vindicated, as forced to Arms, for his own Security againſt the terrible Attempts of his perſecuted, deſolate, and forlorn Enemy; whom, having ſtripped him of all but Life, he ſoon bereft of That, with all the Circumſtances of ſavage Cruelty.

All this will be fully and finely illuſtrated in *Salluſt*'s Account of the *Jugurthine* War.

SECT. II.

The wonderful Guilt and Enormities of Verres *in* Sicily, *confidently committed, from Aſſurance of Impunity.* Cicero's *Character of the Judges: Their bold and conſtant Venality.*

WE may be ſure, where the Root was ſo corrupt, the Branches were not ſound. If the People were mercenary, if the Senate was venal, and the Government of the Republic vicious and depraved at home, that of the Provinces muſt be, at leaſt, as bad, or rather much worſe. Let us take a View of the Adminiſtration of *Verres* in *Sicily*.

From the Moment he entered that Iſland, whither he was ſent by the Republic as Governor, to protect the People in their Lives, Properties, and Laws, he applied himſelf, with all his Might and Malice, with all poſſible Arts and Violence, to ſeize their Property, in ſpite of their Laws; and to deſtroy both their Laws and Lives, in order to come at their Property. His Government was, literally, a mercileſs Courſe of Hoſtility and Plunder: He beggared the Rich; ſtarved the common People; murdered ſuch as threatened to complain; and, to ſhew himſelf an impartial Oppreſſor, ſpared neither the Public nor Individuals; but plundered even the Temples of all their Treaſure, Statues, and magnificent Furniture; ſtripped Men of Fortune to the Skin, nay, hanged and whipped them, though Men of the firſt Dignity, for not conſenting to all his Felonies and Plunder.

His Way of ſpoiling the religious Edifices was not quite ſo open: He ſent Bands of Villains, by Night, to break into them, and carry off their Gold, their Images, and all their curious Ornaments. I forget whether the Statue of *Hercules* eſcaped; a Statue ſo adored in his Temple at *Agrigentum*, that his Mouth and Beard were worn away with the devout Kiſſes of his Worſhippers: Probably it did not; ſince it was charged againſt him, (nor do I remember the Charge to have been denied) that, in all *Sicily*, an Iſland ſo rich, ſo large, ſo populous, ſo abounding in all Curioſities, wonderful Works of Art, and in all ſorts of Luxury, he left not one Vaſe of Silver, or *Corinthian* Metal; not a Pearl, or Precious-ſtone; not a ſingle Piece curiouſly wrought, either in Gold or Ivory; not a Statue of Braſs or Marble; not a fine Picture, either painted, or in Tapeſtry; not a Piece of nice or antique Armour.

When a Pirate-Ship was ſeized upon the Coaſts, *Verres*, inſtead of executing the Crew, as by Law and Juſtice he ought, clandeſtinely ſold and diſpoſed of all that were well-favoured, and all that were Artiſts among them; then executed, in their room, ſo many innocent Men, no Matter whom, as if They had been the Pirates.

By ſuch hideous Oppreſſion, this Governor *Verres* deſolated and waſted *Sicily*, more than any foreign and hoſtile Army ever had done; more than ever *Aſdrubal* had done, with all his fierce *Africans* and Mercenaries; more than ever *Athenion* had done, with all his cruel Hoſt of Vagabonds and Banditti; and the Oppreſſion of *Verres* proved more conſuming than foreign Arms; drove away and deſtroyed more of the People; nay, utterly diſcouraged ſuch as remained, from cultivating the Ground; ſince not they themſelves, but a barbarous Magiſtrate, and his Blood-ſuckers, were to reap the Harveſt. Nay, when the Government of *Verres*, or, more properly, his Period of plundering, was over, and he gone, it was a hard Task, to engage the poor broken-hearted *Sicilians* to manure their Fields any more: Indeed, many of them were fled, and could hardly be brought back again: Several, made deſperate by his Violence, and the Rapine of his Harpies, to eſcape Him and Them, laid violent Hands upon themſelves; and preferred the Rope, and the Dagger, to the Mercy and Juſtice of their Governor.

If any Man, under this inſupportable Tyranny, dared to appeal to the Law, *Verres*, who ſtill had the matchleſs Aſſurance to talk of Law and Juſtice, was provided with a Set of proper Judges; all his own Domeſtics and Freedmen; ſuch as his Phyſician, his Augur, his Painter, and his Crier. He had the Impudence to declare to ſome, who ſeemed determined to ſtand a Trial, that, if they were condemned, (as he was ſure and reſolved they ſhould be, by his faithful Knaves the Judges) they ſhould be ſcourged till they periſhed under the Laſh.

There is no ſuch thing, as a Governor acting the Oppreſſor and Plunderer, without the Aſſiſtance of truſty Knaves and Confidents; ſuch as thoſe of *Verres*; his *Apronius*, his *Arthemedorus*, and many others. *Apronius*, particularly, a uſeful Implement, and in proportionable Favour, had always ſome of the Pillage for himſelf, for procuring all the reſt to his Maſter. This is a Condition always underſtood, though not always ſtipulated, between the Great Thief and his Subaltern Thieves; who ſometimes cheat him, if not *always*; and get as much, perhaps more than He. Nor is there, I believe, an Inſtance of any ravening Magiſtrate who was not the Dupe, if not the Property and Slave, of ſome Creature and Slave of his own: Nor doth it avail, that he is; but it is melancholy and unnatural, to ſee a great Magiſtrate, extremely honeſt and well-meaning, ſurrounded with dirty Fellows, and governed by them; ſometimes very ſilly Fellows. This often happens, though he knows it not, when all others do; and ſeldom fails to be the Miſfortune of all who poſſeſs great Power, together with great Credulity, and great Indolence; ſince it is a Miſfortune, which, I doubt not, will, in ſome degree, attend the moſt active and moſt vigilant great Man. "I could name a great and able Miniſter, famous for ſound Judgment, and clean Hands; yet ingroſſed, at his Leiſure-hours, by Harpy Gameſters, and Jockies of the ſame Spirit, and miſerable Morals; but for the high Honour I have for his Memory.

Verres, amongſt his other bad Inſtruments, entertained Two Artiſts and Connoiſſeurs, and employed them to find out Prey for him. They were two Brothers, *Tlepolimus* and *Hiero*, Rogues who had fled from their Country for public Robbery; and proved ſuch active Agents for *Verres*, that no other Way was found of ſaving any thing valuable from them, but that of bribeing them to diſpraiſe it to their Maſter.

Verres was not ſuch a Changeling, not to know what he did.---- He was well appriſed, that it was all againſt Law and Truſt; and played the Tyrant with his Eyes open. What he depended upon was, either to eſcape Accuſation, (for All guilty Magiſtrates were not tried, though Some were) or to eſcape Puniſhment by corrupting his Judges. The Truth is, the Tribunals of Juſtice were then become infamous: For, by the Power of *Sylla*, they had been taken from the *Roman* Knights, who had adminiſtered them for Fifty Years without Reproach; and committed to Senators, who were altogether venal. This gave Hopes to *Verres*; who, being Three Years Prætor or chief Governor of *Sicily*, propoſed to keep the Firſt Year's Rapine to Himſelf; to employ that of the Second amongſt his Patrons and Defenders; and that of the Third to bribe his Judges.

Was it not glorious Merit, to implead and purſue ſuch a dareing Parricide, and to patronize ſuch as he had oppreſſed; eſpecially as he was furniſhed with powerful Advocates, and appeared to have mighty Intereſt? Yes, ſuch a ſhocking Parricide, ſo glareing a Criminal as *Verres*, one of the blackeſt that ever lived, had

Protectors, many, and able, and potent Protectors: Nor was it any longer a Wonder, when that bloody Uſurper *Jugurtha*, one of the guiltieſt Men that ever the World ſaw, had, by the Force of Gold, engaged ſo many Grandées; and thence eluded Chaſtiſement for ſo many Years. Even the famous Orator *Hortenſius*, otherwiſe a worthy *Roman*, was not aſhamed to plead for *Verres*; though, according to *Cicero*, neither *Craſſus* nor *Antonius*, nor any of the antient Orators, would have appeared in Behalf of ſuch a notorious Profligate. So corrupt were the *Romans* then grown, particularly the Senators, that it was difficult, indeed ſcarce poſſible, to procure common Juſtice againſt a Plunderer of their Order, or of any Order, if he had Money enough. Upon this *Verres* relied; but the Attack of *Cicero* was ſo ſtrong, the Charge ſo heinous, ſo horrible, and ſo well proved, that the People took Fire, and his Judges durſt not ſave him.

Juſtly, therefore, might that great Orator, and invaluable Citizen, ſay, in his firſt Diſcourſe againſt *Verres*; ‘ How can I, at ‘ this Conjuncture, become more uſeful to the State? What can ‘ be more acceptable to the People of *Rome*; what more to the ‘ Wiſhes of our Allies, and even of ſtrange Nations? What more ‘ ſuitable to human Society, and the Felicity of all Men? The ‘ Provinces are ravaged, diſtreſſed, nay, totally ruined: The con‘ federate, the tributary Countries are ſqueezed, harraſſed, and ‘ reduced to Miſery, without Hopes of Deliverance; and only ‘ hope for ſome Eaſe in this their Deſolation.’

He deals honeſtly and frankly with the Judges; and tells them, ‘ There is no longer any Integrity, no longer any Conſcience, in ‘ our Judgments. We (Senators) are conſidered as nothing: The ‘ *Roman* People ſcorn and contemn us; and we have been long ‘ decried.’ And, as the blackeſt Parricides were daily acquitted, he exhorts them, ‘ To redeem their Order from that Infamy, that ‘ public Indignation and Shame, which they had thus drawn upon ‘ themſelves.’ He adds, that, ‘ When *Pompey*, upon being de‘ ſigned Conſul, began, in his Speech to the People, to declare, ‘ that he would reſtore the Tribunals of Juſtice to their primitive ‘ Credit, he was heard with a pleaſing Murmur of Applauſe: But, ‘ when he proceeded to complain, that the Provinces were ravaged and undone, the Deciſions of the Judges unjuſt and ſcandalous; and that, by his Conſular Authority, he would remedy theſe Evils; it was no longer in a low Murmur, but with loud Acclamations, that all the People of *Rome* expreſſed their Sentiments and Joy.

'In this Accuſation, and the Reſult of it, You (ſays *Cicero* to them) will judge *Verres*; but the *Roman* People will judge You: And *Verres* will ſerve for an Example, whether a Man who is extremely guilty, but extremely rich, can be condemned, when Senators are his Judges. So that, if he be acquitted, no Reaſons will be found for it, but ſuch as are moſt infamous and reproachful.' He adds, that 'They had now an Opportunity of obliterating that Blemiſh and Odium, with which, for ſeveral Years, the Order of Senators had been branded.'

The Friends of *Verres* ſeem to have judged him in no Danger, notwithſtanding all his infinite Guilt and Exceſſes. *Timarchides*, directing his Brother Freedman *Apronius* how to act, namely, ſo as to ſave their common Maſter *Verres*, adviſed him to offer to All whatever was found expedient; and declares his Opinion, that, to ſucceed, he need only be liberal.

It appears from hence, how prevalent ſuch Practices then were; and that a corrupt Man thinks no Man incorruptible; though, ſurely, there are always ſome ſuch. Worthy was the Anſwer of *Epaminondas* to *Diomedon* of *Cyzicus*; who had undertaken, to *Artaxerxes*, to gain over that extraordinary *Theban* Magiſtrate and Commander by the Force of Money; and, for that Purpoſe, came to *Thebes* with a mighty Sum: 'There is no need of Money (ſaid *Epaminondas*): If the King of *Perſia* aim at ſuch Meaſures as are for the Intereſt of the *Thebans*, I am ready to comply with them, without any Reward: If he aim at contrary Meaſures, All his Wealth ſuffices not: Nor will I, for the Riches of the Univerſe, forego my Affection to my Country. At thy Offer I wonder not: Thou haſt tried me, becauſe thou didſt not know me, and thoughteſt me like Thyſelf. Haſten, however, from hence, leſt thou corrupt Others, though thou didſt fail in thy Attempt upon Me.'

It might have been eaſily foreſeen, with what Equity *Verres* was like to govern *Sicily*, from his Conduct at *Rome*, during his Prætorſhip there. In it he ſold All things, as well as Juſtice and Decrees; every Place, every Charge; even Rank, and Order, and Speech; for he exacted great Sums for Liberty of Pleading. He robbed whatever he could reach, not only Silver and Gold, but Ivory and Stone, Pictures, Statues, Cabinets, Furniture, Stuffs, Cloths, Corn, *&c.* Even *Hyrondilla*, his Miſtreſs, (a Bondwoman) was then abſolute at *Rome*. To her, Men of the greateſt Worth and Quality were forced to make Application, and Preſents: Inſomuch that, at her Houſe, a great Court was kept, for the Buying of Buſineſs, and the Purchaſe of Pardons and Injuſtice. Here, ſays *Cicero*, new Decrees were daily ſolicited, with new Laws, and new Judgments. ‘I come, ſays one, to have Poſſeſſion granted me. I beg, ſays another, that Poſſeſſion may not be taken from me. I, adds a Third, pray, that Proceſs be not iſſued out againſt me. And my Suit, ſays the next, is, that my Effects may be adjudged to me.’ Thus they ſeverally addreſſed and petitioned. Some payed ready Money; others ſigned Notes; and her Houſe was crouded with ſuch a Number of Suitors, that it appeared rather like an Exchange, than the Lodgings of a Courtezan.

SECT. III.

The Virtue of the old Romans, *in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice, and Government of Provinces. Their Poſterity, and Succeſſors, how unlike them. The wiſe and righteous Adminiſtration of* Cicero, *with that of the Provincial Governors in* China.

GREAT Wealth had introduced into *Rome*, what it every-where introduces, a blind Paſſion for Wealth, and endleſs Corruption. It is a Pleaſure to look back to better Times and Men, in that mighty Republic; to review the Characters and Conduct of *Scipio Africanus*, of *Lucius Scipio*, of *Marcus Marcellus*, *Titus Flaminius*, *Paulus Æmilius*, and *Lucius Mummius*, Conquerors of great Kingdoms, their clear Hands at Home and Abroad, and their Benevolence to all Men. When we read their Story, how muſt we deteſt *Verres*, and all Oppreſſors! When we read the Story of *Verres*, how we muſt love the above amiable Names, and all who reſemble them!

Lucius Mummius having, when Conſul, vanquiſhed and taken *Corinth*, of all the immenſe Wealth in that famous City, reſerved nothing to himſelf; and died ſo poor, as to leave his Daughter, and only Child, without a Fortune. *Lucius Scipio* was ſo ſcrupulous, that, when he had broken his Ring, he ordered the Gold for another to be weighed out publickly to the Goldſmith, that there might be no room to cheat the Treaſury which furniſhed it. *Quintus Mutius* governed *Aſia* with ſuch Integrity and Beneficence, that the *Greeks* there, upon his Departure, inſtituted an annual Feſtival to his Honour, called the *Feaſt of* Mutius.

There were found, to the laſt, ſome good Governors of the *Roman* Provinces; but generally they were very bad. The *Julian* Law, which obliged the Provincial Towns to ſupply ſuch as travelled through them, under a public Character, with Hay, Salt, and Wood, was terribly ſtretched and abuſed. Theſe Commodities were not only demanded from the Towns in which they lay, but from every Town through which they paſſed; and for theſe Advantages, which they wanted not, they took an Equivalent in Money, called perhaps a *Perquiſite*, and, by the Force of a diſhoneſt Word, reckoned lawful, though againſt Law, at leaſt, the reaſonable Meaning of Law.

Theſe Governors found infinite Gain, in another Source of notorious Corruption, by levying great Sums from the ſeveral Cities and Diſtricts, for excuſing them from furniſhing Winter Quarters to the Soldiers. *Cyprus* alone paid to the Governor of *Cilicia*, to which that Iſland was annexed, Two Hundred *Attic* Talents, computed at near Forty Thouſand Pounds Sterling. Doubtleſs, nothing but the Dread of terrible Vengeance, for refuſing ſo barbarous a Demand, could have brought the *Cypriots* to ſubmit to it. Nor was the Governor the only Oppreſſor; his Lieutenants, and all his Officers and Followers, were Oppreſſors too. Nay, Stripes, with cruel Inſults and Contumelies, exerciſed upon the Perſons of the Plundered, never failed to accompany the Plunder. *Scaptius*, an Officer and Creature of the Governor of *Cilicia*, beſet the Senate of *Salamine*, in the ſame Iſland, with a Body of Horſe, and confined them ſo long together, that Five of them died of Hunger; I ſuppoſe, in order to force them into ſome luſty Boon, as well as into the Payment of a Debt due at *Rome*, which was the avowed Pretence.

It was not enough, that the Public provided Shipping, and Money, and whatever elſe was neceſſary, for the Journey of the Governors of Provinces, to prevent all Pretence of any Demand upon the poor People, ſufficiently burdened with public Impoſitions. The Luſt of Gain, and unbridled Rule, proved too hard for Law, and every other Conſideration. Nay, what is moſt remarkable of all, the wretched *Aſiatics*, ſo much oppreſſed by that very Governor of *Cilicia*, were prevailed with to ſend a ſolemn Deputation to *Rome*, at a vaſt Expence, to thank him publicly there. This extraordinary Practice was, however, not ſingular: The People of *Meſſina*, a great City in *Sicily*, diſpatched the like Deputation to *Rome*, there publicly to praiſe that Monſter *Verres* for his good Adminiſtration. We may gueſs how ſuch Deputations were procured.

Cicero was the ſucceeding Governor in *Cilicia*; a bleſſed Change for the People! a public Saviour for a public Plunderer! He found them utterly unable to pay their Taxes: All their Revenues were mortgaged; nothing but Poverty, Groans, and Wailings, with all the Traces of a Government, not exerciſed by a human Creature over thoſe of his own Kind, but by a wild Beaſt of Prey, ravaging human Society! No Wonder that they were charmed with the mild and virtuous Adminiſtration of *Cicero*. Yet, his Predeceſſor, far from being puniſhed for his furious Miſrule, was choſen into the moſt awful Office of the State, and created *Cenſor*. He was a Man, indeed, of high Quality, and high Spirit, and, which may ſeem wonderful, filled that ſublime Station with great Integrity, as well as Vigour; indeed more ſtrictly than was expedient for that critical Conjuncture, as I have already elſewhere obſerved.

From this his very oppoſite Adminiſtration of different Offices, I am inclinable to think, that, when Cenſor, he acted in his own Perſon; when Governor, left his Authority in the Hands of his Officers and Followers; as it often happens, that the beſt Men make the worſt Governors, ſince they exert not their beſt Qualities, and, bearing only the Name, blindly truſt others with the Diſcharge of their Duty. For, though the Spirit and Behaviour of Men be ſtrangely various, yet it is not uſually wont to change ſo ſuddenly and intirely, from a conſtant Courſe of Violence and Injuſtice, to a conſtant Courſe of invincible Probity and Juſtice.

Cicero, in his Journey to his Government, travelled wholly at his own Expence, and proved burdenſome to none. He would not accept even the Benefit of the *Julian* Law. All his Retinue obſerved the ſame Moderation. He conſidered himſelf as employed to procure the Good of Mankind, with the Bleſſings and Praiſes of all ſuch as he protected, and even of all whom he oppreſſed not, nor ſuffered to be oppreſſed. Such Virtue was then too rare, but thence the more glorious to him. Like other great and worthy Minds, he ſcorned to take every baſe Advantage from his Place. As he behaved himſelf, ſo did thoſe about him; obſerving his Conduct, conſulting his Honour, and following his Example. About a corrupt Man, every thing will be corrupt.

Cicero was too quick, and attentive, to ſuffer his Adminiſtration to be ſtained by the Venality, or Oppreſſion, of his Creatures, whilſt his own Hands and Heart, and whole Conduct, were ſo clear, and ſo virtuouſly exerciſed, to procure the Eaſe and Felicity of the Province. It was therefore a juſt and honourable Teſtimony given of him by the famous *Cato*, 'That the Excellency of his 'Government deſerved high Praiſe; and, if public Honours were 'beſtowed upon Virtue, as well as upon Victory, *Cicero* could 'never have too many.'

Cicero believed that it was the Duty of all Generals, and Governors of Provinces, to be content with the Glory of a righteous Adminiſtration, without any other Advantage. *Nihil enim prætor laudem bonis atque innocentibus, neque ex hoſtibus, neque a ſociis repetendum.* The Conqueſts of *Marcus Marcellus*, in *Sicily*, were not more glorious to himſelf and the Commonwealth, than his Faith, and Diſintereſtedneſs, and Humanity, towards the Conquered. Such an Adminiſtration, brought not only high Glory to *Rome*, and her Magiſtrates, but equal Security and Strength. But ſuch good Rule was far from being conſtant or univerſal. It grew common for the *Roman* Rulers, ſent to reſcue the Provinces from a foreign Enemy, to oppreſs and plunder them afterwards, with equal Violence, and continue it longer, and turn a ſmall and temporary Deliverance into a ſevere and laſting Tyranny. A dreadful Circumſtance to the Provinces, when they durſt neither ſubmit to Invaders, nor apply for Succours againſt them, nor forbear to apply. Thus the *Roman* Armies became more terrible than an Enemy's Army. The Countries ſuffered leſs from a merciful Conqueror, than from their Governors afterwards, when they were intitled to Law and Protection. The natural Conſequence was, that, when *Rome* loſt her Liberty, the Provinces, long oppreſſed by her Citizens, readily complied with the Change, and ſubmitted to the Government of the *Cæſars*.

Rare then were ſuch good Governors from *Rome* as *Cicero* proved, and rare the Puniſhment of bad there. Almoſt all the great Men were corrupt, and, as in a common Cauſe, ſtood by one another. They who were to judge the Criminal, had been either Criminals, or expected to be; and therefore were little diſpoſed to puniſh him for what they had practiſed, or were determined to practiſe, themſelves. The lawful Gain of ſuch Governments ſeemed ſmall, without oppreſſing for more; and thus moſt of them undertook them purpoſely to oppreſs; for they were generally indigent, or rapacious, or both; and, as they were always Men of great Quality, who are not always the moſt virtuous, they ever depended upon powerful Protection at home.

Caius Macer, Governor of *Aſia*, when accuſed for his lawleſs Adminiſtration there, before *Cicero*, then Prætor, though notoriouſly guilty, yet truſted ſo ſtrongly to the Credit and Interceſſion of the renowned *Marcus Craſſus*, his Kinſman, as boldly to put off his mourning Habit, which Men under Arraignment always wore; nor would he have been condemned by his Judges, notwithſtanding all his Guilt, had it not been by the Power and Management of *Cicero*.

The famous *Catiline* was roundly acquitted of the like Charge, brought againſt him by the People of *Africa*, where he had been Governor; though his Guilt was as glaring as the Sun at Noonday: Nay, he impudently ſtood Candidate for the ſupreme Office of the Commonwealth, that of Conſul, whilſt he was yet under Arraignment.

When the Judges, appointed to try the wild and abandoned *Clodius*, deſired a Guard for their Security; *Catulus*, who knew that they had been corrupted, aſked them, If it was through Fear that the Money, with which they had been bribed, ſhould be taken from them?

Lentulus, he who afterwards conſpired with *Catiline*, having bribed his Judges, and being acquitted by a Majority of Two, declared publicly, that he regretted the Money given to one of them.

Had not, therefore, *Caius Gracchus* good Grounds to preſs the People of *Rome*, to transfer the Tribunals from the Senators to the Equeſtrian Order, when he urged, with ſo much Truth, that the Plebeians muſt never expect Juſtice, in any Diſpute with the Nobility, when the Criminals themſelves, or their Friends and Relations, ſat as Judges? He alleged two recent Examples, of *Cornelius Cotta*, and *Marcus Acilius*, two principal Senators, guilty of ſcandalous Extortion undeniably proved, but ſuffered to eſcape Puniſhment, through the Corruption and Partiality of their Judges.

Du Vignau relates a remarkable Inſtance of Avarice, Corruption, and Oppreſſion, in the prime Vizier *Cara Muſtapha*; that as he took the Tribute of *Moldavia* in Cattle, chiefly in Goats, ſuch numerous Flocks were driven from thence to *Conſtantinople*, that, to make the moſt of them, he forced that great City to eat no other Meat but Goats Fleſh for ſeveral Days together, till the Whole was conſumed. *Nuuman Baſhaw*, of the famous Family of *Kuproli*, Grand Vizier to the late depoſed Sultan *Achmet*, had a more merciful Spirit. When that Prince, who was extremely covetous, and void of all Tenderneſs for his Subjects, had determined to break the Truce with the Czar of *Muſcovy*, as the War could not be carried on without laying new and heavier Taxes upon the People, he ordered ſuch to be forthwith raiſed. The Vizier firſt repreſented, that it was impoſſible; for that nothing ought to be levied upon the Subjects but what the Law and their Prophet preſcribed: Then, perceiving ſuch merciful Counſel to be diſpleaſing to *Achmet*, he added, boldly, that, if he liked it not, he muſt chuſe another Vizier better skilled in the Arts of Oppreſſion, like ſome that he had had not long before.

However great the Power be of the Provincial Mandarins in *China*, it is not ſufficient to ſupport them in the Exerciſe of their Charge, unleſs they act with ſuch Benevolence, and public Spirit, as to be reputed the Fathers, as well as Governors, of the People. They therefore ſtrive to enrich their Provinces, and employ the People profitably: They even extend their Cares to all Quarters and Perſons. One of the Occupations of theſe great Mandarins is likewiſe to inſtruct the People, which they do with great Aſſiduity and Gravity twice a Month, upon important moral Subjects, upon all public and private Duties, in a plain Style, by Arguments obvious to their Underſtandings; without any Terms of Ambiguity and Strife, or diſtracting the Heads of the poor People with Chimeras, Subtleties, and egregious Nonſenſe.

The Mandarins are ſuppoſed, by ſuch frequent Inſtructions, ſo to form the Minds and Morals of the People, as to prevent the Commiſſion of all notable Crimes; and, when ſuch Crimes happen, the Mandarin is anſwerable for them, or obliged, at leaſt, to find out and puniſh the Criminals: Nay, he is ſometimes turned out of the Government, where ſuch Crimes prevail, merely becauſe they prevail; for that they are ſuppoſed to proceed from his little Care in inſtructing the People.

It is from ſuch Inſtitutions as theſe, that the *Chineſe* Provinces ſurpaſs all the Nations of the Earth in Numbers, as that Government, in general, does in good Policy, and conſequently in Felicity; inſomuch that, in Compariſon with the Antiquity and Stability of the Government of *China*, all the Governments of the Earth beſides are but of Yeſterday.

DISCOURSE VIII.

Of CIVIL WARS.

SECT. I.

Who the firſt Authors of Civil War: What inflames it moſt, and why it is ſo hard to be checked.

SALLUST, in recounting the many Cauſes operating at *Rome* towards Civil War, mentions the Spirit of Diſaffection, like a Contagion, ſeizing the Minds of Men; ſome out of Place, eager to be in; others, ill uſing their Power; many, deſperate in their Affairs, and hoping to mend them by the Calamities of the State: The Poverty of the Vulgar, who had Hopes to Win, without Danger of Loſing; all Criminals, all vicious, prodigal, and deſperate Men, flocking from all Quarters to *Rome*; Numbers admiring the Times and Uſurpation of *Sylla*, whence common Soldiers were raiſed to the Dignity of Senators, and to the Riches of Kings; all the Deſcendents of ſuch whoſe Eſtates were then forfeited; all Parties who were angry at the Senate, and would rather ſee the State in Confuſion, than themſelves deprived of Sway.

How well the Effects agree with ſuch powerful and diſcouraging Cauſes, I hope the following Diſcourſe will ſhew.

As Faction proves often the Beginning and Cauſe of Civil War, Civil War, which is the laſt and higheſt Effort of Faction, has but one certain Way of curing Faction; that is, by the Extinction of Law and Liberty; of that very Liberty, which, being wantonly ſtretched and abuſed, ends in deſtroying itſelf. Thus they, who having too much Liberty, and yet ſtill contended for more, as if they that could bear none had not enough, became Slaves in their

Purſuit of Freedom. Neither is there a more certain Sign, or more effectual Cauſe, of Slavery, than Liberty puſhed to Licentiouſneſs, which, by making all Men Maſters, muſt ſoon reduce all Maſters to one. So that Anarchy, which is Power aſſumed by All; and Tyranny, which is all Power exerciſed by One; though very diſtant in Sound, are nearer to each other in Effect, than many things that have greater Conformity of Names.

And as they, who under the Pretence of vindicating or ſupporting Liberty when it is not hurt, nor leſſened, nor attacked, incenſe the People againſt their lawful Rulers, or diſable their lawful Rulers from well governing the People, are the Authors of Faction, and Promoters of a Civil War; ſo they who are poſſeſſed of lawful Power, and abuſe it by uſing it unlawfully, or aſſume more than they have, and from Magiſtrates turn Oppreſſors, are accountable for all the Miſchief that follows ſuch public Provocation and Inſolence; eſpecially, when they perſevere in their arbitrary Doings, after all Remonſtrances, and in ſpight of all Warnings; and, by ſo doing, manifeſt a ſettled Intention and Rancour againſt the People, and their Liberties. For the People, for their own Sakes, ought to try all Expedients with Patience, before they try the Sword, which may ſerve to cut them off, as well as to ſave them; and therefore never to truſt to it, (for Civil War is a terrible Lottery) till they have full Proof, that they have nothing elſe to truſt to; and then, Woe be to the Aggreſſors! Let the Merit and Reſult of all Civil Wars, as alſo the Pretenſions of all Princes, and all People, who have engaged in them, be tried by this Rule.

Power unreſtrained, and Liberty uncontrouled, are both apt to make Men wanton and inſolent; Magiſtrates to deſpiſe and oppreſs their People; the People to defy and inſult their Magiſtrates; and therefore both have a direct Tendency to produce Civil Wars. The Magiſtrate will ſtrive to maintain, and conſequently to extend, his Power; as will the People, to ſecure and increaſe their Liberty and Independence. He pleads his Authority, they their Rights; both deny each others Claims: He prepares to uſe Force, they to reſiſt it. Thenceforward he treats them as Rebels; they him as an Uſurper: That is, they commence on both Sides open Enemies, and bring the Conteſt to the Deciſion of the Sword; which, when it is once drawn, meaſures Right and Reaſon only by Succeſs; maintains Juſtice and Protection by killing and deſtroying; ſettles Property by ſeizing it; and, whoever has the ſharpeſt Weapon, has the beſt Cauſe.

Whoever would kindle a Civil War, for whatever Ends, good or bad, needs only ſet it on Foot; that is, bring the oppoſite Sides to ſhed one another's Blood; and then it will go on of itſelf but too naturally and freely. Mutual Hatred, which may ſubſiſt, at leaſt awhile, without Violence, becomes then mutual Vengeance, ravening after Sacrifices, and human Slaughters; and both Parties, having the ſame Provocation, and the ſame furious Purſuit, muſt needs act implacably, and delight in afflicting, diſtreſſing, and butchering one another (*a*).

In Wars between Nation and Nation, the Individuals of each, not knowing one another, can have no reciprocal Averſion, or Bitterneſs, from perſonal Cauſes and Diſtaſte; ſo that the Rage of the Commonalty is chiefly Perſonal to the oppoſite Chief; as the *Engliſh* hated *Lewis* XIV. and the *French* hated King *William* III. At leaſt ſuch perſonal Hate extended no further than a few remarkable Officers in both Armies, ſuch as had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their Bravery and Succeſs, or, perhaps, by their Cruelty. The Bulk of both Armies were animated towards each other, only by a general Enmity, which has nothing of the Rancour ariſing from particular Enmities of one Man towards another.

Thus Civil War comes to be more fierce and outrageous than other Wars. In other Wars, the Particulars fight for Pay, or Plunder; but here, Family Animoſities are ſuperadded, with the Emulation of Neighbours; and the Diſpute is not only between Men and Men, for Rule and Command, which can fall into the Hands of but One, or a Few; but it is a Conflict between Individuals, between Subject and Subject, *Thomas* and *Peter*, upon private Antipathy, and for perſonal Injuries. And whereas Quar-

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(*a*) *Hoc inter cætera vel peſſimum habet crudelitas, quod perſeverandum eſt, nec patet ad meliora regreſſus. Scelera enim ſceleribus tuenda ſunt. Quod jam eo infelicius eſt, cui jam eſſe malo neceſſe eſt.* Senec.

rels between Nation and Nation, as they ariſe upon certain Points, eaſily known, and not many in Number, may be adjuſted by ſettling, or giving up, theſe Points; and it is generally in the Power and Option of one Man, or a few of each Nation, ſo to adjuſt them; ſince each Nation leaves it to their Civil Governors, as to begin ſuch Wars, ſo to end them; it is quite otherwiſe in Civil Wars: For then the Civil Government is not known, at leaſt not owned, by both the contending Parties; and the Points of Contention are as infinite, as the Caprices, Animoſities, Purſuits and Sufferings of particular Men.

SECT. II.

The chief Power in a Civil War, veſted in the Generals, yet little reverenced by the Soldiers. Both Soldiers and People grow hardened and ungovernable.

IT is not in the Power of any General (for they own no other than that of their General) to ſatisfy, nor conſequently to controul, the Demands of the Subalterns and Soldiers, who, in Civil Wars, have often more Authority than their Commander. For, though his Power, in its Nature, be abſolute; yet, as he can exerciſe none without their Leave and Aſſiſtance, they ſeldom leave him more than ſquares with their own good Liking. *Sylla*, as cruel and ambitious as he was, endeavoured to end the Civil War by an Offer of fair Terms: But no Peace could pleaſe ſuch as had engaged in it, upon Views altogether immoderate and pernicious.

'The Generals of the Party, (ſays *Tacitus*, ſpeaking of that of '*Veſpaſian*) Men ſo vigorous and puiſſant in kindling the Civil 'War, were found inſufficient to controul the Spirit of Victory.' When they had conquered all their Enemies, they could not controul their own Men. The Reaſon which he aſſigns, is very juſt: 'In exciting public Tumults, even the worſt Men have the greateſt 'Sway: But to uphold Peace, righteous Meaſures, and virtuous

‘Management, are required.’ He had been juſt recounting the miſerable State of *Rome*, immediately after that Victory; that ‘The Streets were filled with Carnage, and mangled Coarſes; the Temples, and Places of public Reſort, were dyed and ſtreaming with Blood; and all were butchered, who preſented themſelves to the deſtroying Sword. Anon, private Houſes were ſearched, and ſuch as lay hid there were dragged out; and every-where the Tall and Youthful were murdered without Mercy or Exception. This Cruelty, when glutted with Blood and Killing, was ſtrait changed to Rapaciouſneſs; all Places were broken and plundered, and Murder always attended Oppoſition. The indigent Populace were as buſy as cruel, and as rapacious as the Soldiers. Slaves betrayed their Lords; as did one Friend another: —— On all Sides Wailing, and the Voice of Anguiſh, with the miſerable Spectacle of a City ſtormed and ſacked; yet they who cauſed the Calamity, could bring no Relief.’

The Prince, or the General of an Army, may, perhaps, have Authority enough to order any egregious Miſchief to be done; ſuch as burning or plundering a City, or putting worthy Men, and innocent People, to the Sword; but have no Power to prevent any, eſpecially the worſt Miſchiefs from being done; as was the Caſe of *Otho*; and the ſame may be obſerved of almoſt all Generals, in all Civil Wars.

It was ſo even with *Cæſar*, the moſt able and moſt ſucceſsful Commander in *Rome*; it was ſo with *Auguſtus*, a Prince, fortunate beyond moſt that ever reigned; both forced to wink at Sallies of Rage and Exceſſes in their Officers, which, ſometimes at leaſt, they would gladly have prevented: It was the Caſe of *Cromwell*, whoſe *Agitators*, a Faction raiſed in the Army by himſelf, and encouraged by him for Purpoſes of his own, to repreſent and aſſert the Intereſt of the Soldiery, became at laſt ſo formidable to him, that he was forced to venture a bold Stroke, and even his Life, to quell them.

It was alſo the Caſe of the Duke of *Mayenne* with the Junto of Sixteen at *Paris*, Men ſelected from the ſeveral Quarters of that City, as the ableſt and moſt determined Demagogues, to oppoſe the Parliament, to inflame the People, and keep up the furious Spirit of the *Ligue*; and, at firſt, they did him notable Service, as the *Agitators* did *Cromwell*; but as ſoon as they found their own Strength and Influence, they began to aſſume ſovereign Power, to act for Themſelves, and not for Him; committing the moſt barbarous Injuſtice and Cruelties upon all Sorts of Men, and dooming Magiſtrates of the moſt venerable Character and Rank to the Gallows, and the like ignominious Puniſhment; amongſt others the Preſident *Briſſon*, the great Light of the Law, and of public Juſtice: Inſomuch that the Duke *de Mayenne* was obliged to have recourſe to Violence on His Side too; and executed ſeveral of theſe his own Inſtruments, and ſubordinate Leaders.

Theſe Demagogues had even a Chance for continuing their Authority without him, and in ſpite of him; as, probably, they would, at leaſt for a time, if they and the Army had but agreed to have ſupported each other; as ſometimes, in Civil Diſſentions, the People and the Soldiers, that is, the Incendiaries who influence both, agree in Meaſures of Anarchy and Fury, though ſeldom in thoſe of equal Righteouſneſs, and common Good. Thus, at *Conſtantinople*, the Populace and the Janizaries frequently go Hand in Hand to pull down and butcher their Rulers, both ſupreme and ſubordinate, and to ſet up others; but never once propoſe, much leſs concert, any Scheme to ſecure themſelves, and all Men, againſt the Exceſſes of their future Rulers; Exceſſes ariſing naturally and neceſſarily from the Frame of their Government, of which they are very fond, and ſee no Fault in it; nay, deſpiſe all other Governments, ſuch, eſpecially, as provide beſt for public Security, by limiting the Power of the Governors. The *Turks* daily feel and rue the dreadful Rigour of their own brutal Sovereignty; but ſee no further than the Men who adminiſter it; and, therefore, aim only at Them, like a Dog that bites the Stone which is thrown at him. They murder and dethrone, without mending their Condition; and ſatiate their Vengeance, without finding Amends or Reſtitution.

In former Ages, too, during the Reign of the *Greek* Emperors; in all the frequent Inſurrections, and dethroning of Princes, the common People were as forward as the Soldiers; and no Imperial

City was ever more fertile in Revolutions even then: For the Emperors, though the State abounded in Laws, and they profeſſed to rule by Law, yet generally ruled without and againſt Law; and, ſupporting unjuſt Power by Violence, expoſed themſelves to be uſed violently; and thence furniſhed an eternal Source of Revolts, Maſſacres, and Civil Wars.

Hence, too, from the Frequency of the Evil (and Civil War, which infers all Evils, is, conſequently the greateſt of all) People grow hardened, loſe all Horror of public Calamities and Confuſion, and become diſpoſed, if not to encourage, at leaſt not to oppoſe, what they would otherwiſe have conſidered with Dread and Abhorrence, and ventured their Lives to prevent.

In the laſt Struggle between the Armies of *Vitellius* and *Veſpaſian*, even in the Streets of *Rome*, the People, inſtead of being doleful and affrighted Witneſſes, inſtead of bewailing the public Lot, and the Curſe of Civil Arms, and of feeling Anguiſh for their native City, the Pride and Miſtreſs of the Earth, now wallowing and defiled with the Blood of *Romans*, as well as of Barbarians; inſtead of Concern for her Property, and the Lives of her Citizens, for her Beauty and Buildings, and even for her Being, all at the Mercy of the Sword and Flames, were ſo little affected with ſuch Sympathy, and tender Concern, that, ‘They were gathered as curious Spectators about the Combatants; and, as if they had been only attending the Repreſentation of a Sight exhibited for public Amuſement and Sport, they favoured and eſpouſed now Theſe, anon Thoſe, with theatrical Shouts and Clappings: Nay, as often as either Side recoiled, and Particulars had fled into Houſes, or lay hid in Shops, they inſiſted upon their being dragged out and ſlain; and thus came Themſelves to enjoy the largeſt Part of the Prey: For, whilſt the Soldiers were only purſuing Blood and Slaughter, the Spoil fell to the Poſſeſſion of the Commonalty. Tragical and ghaſtly was the Face of the whole City: In one Place deadly Conflicts, and bleeding Wounds; in another luxurious Bathings, and Feats of Riot; everywhere Blood in Streams, and Carcaſes in Piles; yet juſt at Hand wanton Harlots, or ſuch as reſembled Harlots; Acts of Debauchery and Voluptuouſneſs, as extravagant as ever were practiſed during

‘ a Seaſon of Luxury and Repoſe, with all the Barbarities attend-
‘ ing the moſt mercileſs Captivity: Inſomuch that you would have
‘ thought the ſame City, at once, tranſported with brutal Out-
‘ rage, and abandoned to ſenſual Revellings. *Rome* had before
‘ ſeen contending Armies in her Streets; where *Sylla* twice re-
‘ mained Conqueror, and once *Cinna*; nor was there then leſs
‘ Cruelty exerciſed: But now, amongſt Men, there prevailed an
‘ Unconcern and Security perfectly inhuman; nor, for a ſingle
‘ Moment, were their Purſuits of Pleaſure poſtponed: Nay, as if
‘ this Confuſion and Carnage had ſeaſonably intervened to heighten
‘ the Gaiety of their feſtival Days, they exulted, they pampered
‘ and indulged, to both Parties utterly indifferent, and triumphing
‘ in public Miſeries.’ This Account we have from *Tacitus*.

SECT. III.

The ſhocking Corruption, and diſſolute Manners, produced by Civil War; *with the dreadful Barbarities and Devaſtations attending it.*

AS Civil War hardens the Heart, it likewiſe debauches all Degrees of Men. It furniſhes Men of Ambition with a Proſpect of raiſing themſelves to Power; and animates the Avaricious and Indigent with Hopes of Plunder: It enures People to Sights and Acts of Cruelty; and thence baniſhes or leſſens their natural Tenderneſs and Humanity, and teaches them to deſpiſe the Laws, and, conſequently, Right and Wrong, by perceiving all theſe daily trampled under Foot: Inſomuch that, at the End of one Civil War, there are always Numbers who wiſh for another; and always forward to begin it, as a ready way to grow conſiderable, if they be low; to grow rich, without much Labour, if they be poor and rapacious; to be revenged on their Enemies, if they be vindictive; to live without Reſtraint, if they be debauched and licentious; and without Fear, if they be obnoxious to Puniſhment and Reſtraint, for Debt, and Diſorder, and Crimes (*a*).

All Revolutions are Seaſons of wonderful Latitude and Licence, as well as of ſtrange Viciſſitudes, and ſudden Turns, where the Wicked are often rewarded, at leaſt ſaved, and the Harmleſs puniſhed. *Cornelius Aquinus* and *Fabius Valens*, having ſollicited *Fonteius Capito* to rebel againſt *Galba*, and *Capito* (though otherwiſe a Man far from virtuous) having rejected their Sollicitations, they charged him with the very Treaſon which he refuſed to commit, and ſlew him as a Traitor. The Murderers of *Galba* boaſted of being ſo, and even craved a Reward; many at once aſſuming that horrible Merit.

The Evils which any Civil War, however ſhort, produces, are ſo many and ſhocking, as to deter every honeſt and humane Mind from every Step that tends to raiſe one; as in it neither Life nor Property is ſecure, but even expoſed to continual Peril and Violence: When Innocence is a Snare, and the Laws no longer protect; when Men follow only the Bent of their worſt Paſſions; when the Ties of Morality are diſſolved, with thoſe of Society; and even thoſe of Conſanguinity and Nature are diſregarded; when blind Force dictates, and the Weak and Unoffending muſt bleed or obey; when the Loweſt and Worſt Men are daily proſpering and riſing, merely, perhaps, for being the worſt; and the Greateſt and Worthieſt are deſtroyed or depreſſed, probably for that Reaſon only; when the vileſt Inſtruments are encouraged and ſupported, and Wealth and Virtue ſubject to their Malice and Rapine, without Protection or Appeal; when the Magiſtrate's Authority is defied by the Officer, that of the Officer by his Men; when the common Soldiers are Maſters, and the licentious Rabble fear no Reſtraint; when the Works and Monuments of Ages, with the nobleſt Efforts of human Genius, are deſtroyed in an Hour; and Cities, which gloried in Opulence and Antiquity, reduced at once to Aſhes by a few Incendiaries, perhaps in a Whim, or from Miſtake, or in a drunken Fit; all their numerous and wealthy Inhabitants either burnt, or begging, or ſold to Slavery, or murdered,

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(a) *Rapere, conſumere, ſua parvi pendere.* Salluſt.

for Want of Money to redeem them; the old Men dragged about in Deriſion, then butchered, as uſeleſs; the young Men committed to Bonds; the young and virtuous Women forced to bear the Embraces of Brutes yet reeking with the Blood of their Mothers and Fathers and Brothers, ſhed in their Sight, for endeavouring to ſave theſe their dear Children, or Siſters, or Wives, from Brutality and Diſhonour; a Lot worſe than Death.

It was the Deſign of the Soldiery, after they had murdered *Galba*, (for which Murder they had no Pretence, but their own vile Avarice, and his ill-timed Frugality) to have their Hands let looſe ro general Pillage and Maſſacre, and to bring to Deſtruction every able and every worthy Man in the *Roman* State. Thus they vehemently preſſed the Death of *Marius Celſus* for his Abilities and Virtues; which they dreaded and abhorred as dangerous Crimes.

Guilty Men are always diſpoſed to revolt, like the Soldiers of *Nymphidius*, Captain of the Prætorian Guards to *Nero*; like the Soldiers of *Vindex* in *Gaul*, and the Armies in *Germany*. They had all been engaged in treaſonable Deſigns; and, being conſcious of ſuch Engagements, continued prone to every Act of Treaſon. The Soldiery then, having been long accuſtomed to the baſe Reign of *Nero*, came to admire the Vileneſs and Vices of their Princes, as much as the Armies of old had adored their Virtues; as *Tacitus* obſerves. It was, therefore, no Wonder, what otherwiſe would ſeem very wonderful, that *Two* common Soldiers ſhould undertake to transfer the great *Roman* Empire from one Prince to another; and actually ſo transferred it, as the Minds of all the reſt were before ſoured and prepared.

In a Civil War, as both Parties are generally implacable, and determined to carry their Point, general Cruelty and Devaſtation, and even general Deſtruction, muſt enſue, till it is ended by a general Victory; which can hardly happen, till after infinite Havock and Miſery. *Cicero* ſays, 'The Civil Diſſentions between popular and powerful Men (he means the Heads of Parties) never uſed to have any other Iſſue than univerſal Deſolation, with the Domination of the Conqueror, and ſettled Tyranny. *Sylla*, when Conſul, in his Deſcent very noble, in his Perſon very brave, had a Conteſt with the celebrated *Marius*; each of theſe ‘was vanquiſhed and fell; yet ſo that each again became Conqueror, and exerciſed ſovereign Sway. Between the Conſul *Octavius*, and his Collegue *Cinna*, Diſcord aroſe; to both theſe Fortune, proving propitious, preſented abſolute Rule; and upon both theſe Fortune, turning croſs, brought their mortal Doom.’

Even during the Peace enſuing theſe Civil Wars, the Sword continued drawn (*a*), and was employed againſt ſuch as had quietly ſurrendered. *Sylla*, for Example, not ſatisfied with the Slaughter of above Seventy thouſand Men at his Entrance into *Rome*, commanded ſeveral Thouſand *Roman* Citizens, ſubmitting to his Power, and unarmed, to be openly maſſacred in the midſt of *Rome*; beſides the Carnage committed every-where by his Men, at their Pleaſure; till *Furſidius* adviſed them, for their own Sake, to let ſome live, elſe they would have none to rule, or rather to domineer over. Then followed the bloody Proſcription, the moſt daring and dreadful Butchery of all, that of Two thouſand diſtinguiſhed *Romans*, ſelected from the Senate and Equeſtrian Order. Nay, ſhedding their Blood was not enough: Some illuſtrious Men were torn leiſurely Limb from Limb, their Eyes pulled out, their Legs and Arms rent from their Trunks, ſtill breathing, and thus expoſed as a Shew. The Deſtruction of Communities ſucceeded that of Men, and the moſt illuſtrious free Cities in *Italy* were confiſcated, and even ſold by Auction, ſuch as *Florence*, *Præneſte*, *Spoletum*, &c.

When Fortune had declared for *Vitellius*, *Italy* ſuffered Calamities more oppreſſive and barbarous than ſhe had during the War. The Soldiers, quartered in the great Towns, let themſelves looſe to Spoil and Ravage, to Cruelty and Pollution; following Rapine, or compounding at a Price to forbear; ſparing neither things Sacred nor Profane. Some aſſumed the Garb of Soldiers, thus ſafely to kill their particular Enemies. The Soldiers themſelves, marking out for Plunder all the rich Farms, where they met Reſiſtance, devoted both theſe, and the Owners, to Fire and Sword.——Nor dared their Generals to reſtrain them, being themſelves guilty, and quite awed by their Men. For,

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(a) *Bellum magis deſierat, quam pax cœperat.*

To engage them thoroughly in the Civil War, general Licentiouſneſs was one of the great Baits offered and allowed them by the contending Chiefs: Inſomuch that not only the Butchering of all their own Centurions, remarkable for Diſcipline, was connived at; but they were allowed to chuſe others in their Places, and then they always choſe the leaſt qualified, and the moſt ſeditious. So that it was no Wonder to ſee the Soldiers no longer under the Controul of their Leaders, nor the Leaders forced headlong by the Fury of the Soldiers (*a*).

It is to be obſerved too, that the leſs regular and brave Soldiers are, the more licentious, and diſobedient, and mercileſs they are. ***Tacitus*** ſays, that, ‘As, amongſt the Soldiers of old, to ſurpaſs ‘each other in Modeſty, and Feats of Valour, was their only Con‘tention, they at this time (that is, during the Civil War) vied ‘in Impudence and Mutinies.’ Hence they were continually deſtroying, or demanding the Deſtruction of, their Commanders. When they themſelves had been guilty of any remarkable Violence, or Cowardice, they were ſure to puniſh their Officers, eſpecially the Brave and Innocent: And, if ſometimes they became aſhamed of their Madneſs, their wild Fears, and Miſtakes, and for a little while relented, their former Fury and Folly ſoon returned. As theſe Outrages were common to whole Legions, one Legion encouraged another in them; and as ſome Legions thought, that, by the Sedition of others, their own was obliterated, they all rejoiced in repeating their Guilt. Sometimes they were animated to theſe Acts of Sedition and Blood by one Commander, in order to get rid of others, that the whole Sway and Praiſe might remain with himſelf. But whatever was the Cauſe of ſuch repeated Guilt, they were almoſt eternally guilty. When they were not doing Miſchief in a Body, they crept ſingly into private Houſes, in diſguiſed Habits, as Spies, watching for Matter of Accuſation and Ruin, againſt Men of Wealth and Eminence: So that as no Man was ſafe at Home, every Man lived in Fear there.

(*a*) *Periculoſa ſeveritas, flagitioſa largitio: ſeu nihil militi; ſeu omnia concederentur, in ancipiti republica.*

Neither was it againſt the Inſufficiency, or Infidelity, of their Leaders, that they were apt thus to rage. They were often, on the contrary, ready to prompt and encourage ſuch Infidelity. Who was a more able, who a more unblameable, and even admired Commander than *Germanicus?* Yet, with what Outrage did they uſe him; drag him from his Bed, and threaten his Life, ſcorning his Authority, and proceeding to general Mutiny, and Acts of Blood, before his Face; after they had tempted him, in vain, to uſurp the Empire himſelf? Where was there a more loathſome and contemptible Character than that of *Vitellius*, a Glutton, more reſembling a Swine than a Man; yet, in ſuch high Eſtimation with the Soldiers, that hardly had any Man ever gained ſuch an Intereſt in their Hearts by worthy Methods, as he had by mere Impotence, Gluttony, and Sloth! We have this Account of him, and them, upon the Authority of *Tacitus*. All the military Virtues and grand Capacity of that mighty Captain, the great Marſhal *de Turenne*, could not ſecure to him the Attachment of his Army, when he had declared for the Party of the *Slingers*, in the Minority of *Lewis* XIV. againſt the baſe Adminiſtration of *Mazarine*. The Cardinal's Money bribed them all from him in the Space of a Night.

Otho too was the Favourite of the Soldiers, in a very high Degree, by the Force of much Flattery, and profuſe Bounty; yet neither *Otho* nor *Vitellius* could prevent their Fury and Exceſſes. In Sight of *Vitellius*, and in Spight of him, they firſt beſieged, and then burnt, the Capitol, the Glory, and Strength, and Boaſt of *Rome*. In ſpight of *Otho*, upon a fooliſh Suſpicion and Miſtake, ſome of them drunk, all of them mad for Plunder, they murdered their Officers, and entered *Rome* like a hoſtile Army, breathing Deſtruction to all Men; but eſpecially to the Senate, whom, in expreſs Terms, they profeſſed to butcher. They even burſt open the Palace-Doors, to his own great Dread, as well as of all about him; neither could he effectually quell their Fury, even by unmanly Sobs, and Tears, and ſervile Supplications, till to theſe he added, what was of more Force, indeed the only Means of Safety and Peace, a *Donative*. During this dreadful Uproar, Perſons of the firſt Rank in *Rome* fled by Night for their Lives;

Magiſtrates without their Enſigns and Train; tender Ladies, and antient Noblemen, roaming hither and thither in the Dark, ſew returning to their own Homes; moſt ſeeking lurking Holes amongſt the Loweſt of their Dependents.

SECT. IV.

The Soldiery, in a Civil War, only conſider themſelves: What low Inſtruments and Cauſes ſerve to begin and continue it.

THE Soldiery, in all Civil Wars, generally conſider neither the Cauſe, nor the Commander; but only Themſelves, and Licentiouſneſs, and Rapine. When News were brought to the Army in *Gaul*, that *Galba* was murdered, and the Sovereignty devolved upon *Otho*, ſuch News moved not the Spirit of the Soldiery, either with Grief, or Joy; for their Spirit was only intent upon War, without regarding for whom, or for what. Sometimes they committed the moſt horrid Miſchiefs and Cruelties, even without View to Plunder, or any Provocation, or any Paſſion for Spoil, but from ſudden Rage and Madneſs, and Cauſes unknown, and thence the harder to be remedied. At *Dividurum*, a City of *Gaul*, the Soldiers under *Fabius Valens*, General to *Vitellius*, though they were received into it with every Degree of Frankneſs and Complaiſance, were ſeized with a cauſeleſs Frenſy, and inſtantly graſped their Swords to maſſacre the unoffending Citizens; and, before they could be appeaſed, ſlaughtered Four Thouſand.

It is always too eaſy to inflame a Croud; for, whether armed or unarmed, they are alike liable to be deceived, and conſequently to commit Acts of Rage; as they are alike apt to liſten more to Paſſion and Lyes, both ſoon raiſed, than to Truth and Reaſon, which, to be ſucceſsful, require Time, and Temper, and Attention. Any miſerable Knave, that can Speak loud, and Lye luſtily, or even Whiſper craftily, is capable of raiſing ſuch Mutinies and Inſurrections, (eſpecially in Civil Wars) as the beſt Capacity, and higheſt Authority, cannot quell; whether he affrighten them with Apprehenſions of ſeverer Diſcipline, or the Want or Reduction of their Pay, or of harder Quarters, or of Stripes or Diſmiſſion, or that they are never to be diſmiſſed, or that ſome of their Brethren, for being juſt to the Body, have been privately diſpatched by the General, or with any other Grievance, however falſe and improbable, (for, to the Multitude, the moſt monſtrous Abſurdities, ſtrongly aſſerted, appear true, as do the greateſt Follies important) they will credit his Forgeries, becauſe they think him their Friend, though he be indeed their worſt Enemy, ſooner than Truth from an honeſt Man, whom they are taught to eſteem their Enemy, though in reality their Friend.

Any counterfeit Knave, who boldly perſonates any Prince, or Leader, ſlain or dead, finds preſently Followers; theſe Followers daily increaſe; and, more zealous for Deceit than for true Information, will conſequently be more eager to reſtore him, than to forſake him: And thus, for a miſerable Lye, Civil Wars have begun, and been carried on with infinite Obſtinacy and Blood. This Country, and many others, afford Inſtances of this Sort.

There can hardly be a greater Example, how eaſily, and from what ſmall Cauſes, Civil Wars riſe, even to the greateſt Height, than the great Revolution which produced the dethroning of *Edward* IV. and the Reſtoration of *Henry* VI. It began from a little Story, in a remote Part of the Kingdom, about defrauding an Hoſpital of ſome Corn. The Populace, hearing this Story told, (perhaps maliciouſly, though truly) fell tumultuouſly upon the Officers employed to collect it; and their Reſentment was ſo well improved, that what was at firſt a Riot, from private Paſſion, whether of Charity or Avarice, became an Inſurrection againſt the State, and overturned it. The great Revolution in *China*, which brought that mighty State, in 1644. under the Dominion of the *Tartars*, where it has ever ſince remained, was ſo ſuddenly accompliſhed, that the capital City was taken, and even the outward Court of the Palace, before the Emperor knew a Word of his own Danger. Matters, indeed, and the Minds of Men, were well prepared by his oppreſſive Reign, which naturally produced ſore Diſcontents, as theſe did ſtrong Factions, and Factions did Revolts. An Incident, not great in itſelf, being altogether of a private Nature, contributed greatly to the firſt Triumvirate, ſo fatal to the *Roman* State. *Cæſar* intrigued with *Mutia*, *Pompey's* Wife, whom therefore *Pompey* divorced. This ſo affronted her Brother *Metellus Celer*, the Conſul, that he oppoſed all *Pompey's* Views, eſpecially of ratifying his Conduct in the War againſt *Mithridates*, and of obtaining Lands for his Soldiers. Under this Difficulty he fell into the ruinous League with *Cæſar* and *Craſſus*.

Old *Villeroy* ſays, in his Memoirs, that one of the great Cauſes of the Miſchiefs which befel *Henry* III. and *France* under him, his tragical End, the fierce *Ligue*, and the bloody Civil War, was his changing the Form of expediting Royal Grants and Donations, ſubject, before that, to be controuled by proper Officers, who could not paſs them when not agreeable to old Forms and Regulations, which were an excellent Guard to the Crown, and a Security againſt the King's being ſurpriſed into extravagant Conceſſions, to their own great Hurt and Impoveriſhing, as well as that of their Subjects, and againſt the Influence and ſudden Riſe of worthleſs Favourites and Flatterers. Yet theſe Favourites and Flatterers had too much Succeſs with a young King, naturally generous, and fond of Rule without Reſtraint, when they told him, ‘ It was beneath a Monarch, to have his Will and Commands controuled by his Subjects.’ The Conſequence was, his Profuſeneſs made him poor; his Poverty made him oppreſs his People: They grew uneaſy and diſcontented. This encouraged ambitious Men, and Demagogues, to incite, and even begin, a Civil War.

Whatever alarms the Populace, and cauſes Inſurrections, be it ever ſo abſurd, or even impoſſible, ſuch Alarms and Inſurrections will rarely want buſy Heads to foment, and able Hands to ſtrengthen them. Wretches, too, who pretend to Intelligence from the Stars, or beyond the Stars, Dealers in the Nonſenſe of Aſtrology, and falſe Prophecy, are always of notable Influence, and prove ſucceſsful Incendiaries, upon ſuch Occaſions; belying Heaven, and abuſing and inflaming Men. As if the Divinity communicated himſelf only to Miſchief-makers, and only for the

Sake of Miſchief. Yet, ſuch as belye God, have often the greateſt Credit with Men.

Mankind are always prone to Deluſion, but moſt ſo upon great public Shocks, general Diſtreſs, and Changes, when their Hopes and Fears are greatly agitated, and thence continually diſpoſed to gratify theſe Paſſions with falſe Objects; as they always are at the Beginning, and during the Progreſs, of a Civil War. This therefore is a rare Seaſon for Monks, Aſtrologers, and all Spiritual Mountebanks and Fanatics, to thrive and multiply in, and to promote, and even perpetuate, Civil Rage. When they have once perſuaded their Dupes, that ſuch an Event will happen, it is eaſy to put them upon Expedients to bring it to paſs; and in doing it, ſuch as believe it to be God's Decree, will thence be notably animated to fulfil it; nay, be proud of being his Inſtruments. *Otho*, when he was aſſured, that he ſhould reign, found no Objection againſt murdering the reigning Prince. When the Almighty is thought to direct and to ſanctify the End, the Means will always be ſanctified too, by ſuch as employ them.

SECT. V.

How hard to put an End to a Civil War. The Tendency of One, to produce More. How it ſharpens the Spirits of Men, ſhocks the Civil Conſtitution, and produces Tyranny.

WHILST Civil War ſubſiſts, it muſt be conducted by Soldiers; and then, not the Laws, but the Soldiers govern, often againſt the Authority of their General, and the Laws of War, almoſt always againſt the Laws of the Land: And, when the Civil War ends, it muſt be ended too by the Soldiers, by their Power and Conſent; and they, continuing the principal Power, as they muſt be, if they are not diſmiſſed, will govern even in Peace, or ſuffer their Leader to govern, who muſt govern to their good Liking, or not at all: And then it is at their Option, whether Peace, or at leaſt the Effects of Peace, ſhall continue or no. ‘Such, ſays *Cicero*, has been the conſtant Iſſue of our Civil Wars, that not only the Pleaſure of the Conqueror was always complied with, but many Conceſſions were likewiſe made to thoſe by whoſe Aid he conquered.’

If the Soldiery, or any great Number of them, be diſcharged, a Rebellion is to be feared, and thence a Renewal of the War. New Pretences, and new Leaders, will never be wanting. Thus the Prætorian Cohorts, diſmiſſed by *Vitellius*, betook themſelves again to Arms, joined themſelves to *Veſpaſian*, and proved the Bulwark of his Party. Nay, not ſatisfied with being ſtill employed, upon the bare Apprehenſions of being neglected, or even ſuffering themſelves to be tempted by a vile Price, the *Roman* Army warring under that brave Captain *Vocula*, againſt public Enemies, Foreigners, and Rebels, bargained to renounce their Allegiance to *Rome*, to ſwear Fealty to the *Gauls*, a Nation ſo often beaten and conquered by them; nay, to give earneſt of an Iniquity ſo huge and flagrant, by ſhedding the Blood of their General Officers, or by delivering them up under Chains.

But ſuppoſe a Civil War totally concluded, the Army disbanded without Mutiny, or retained without Acts of Violence, (which are large Suppoſitions) with all the Appearances of general Peace; ſtill it is a Miracle but the Conſtitution has ſuffered a violent Shock, ſuch as a long Tract of Time is neceſſary to cure, if it be ever cured. A People, for ſome time inured to a Life of Licenciouſneſs, to revenge their own Quarrels, to rob and kill one another, will not cordially ſubmit to live in Peace, and under equal Law. Thoſe who have gained Wealth by the War, will be afraid of having it reſumed by the firſt Owners; as the latter will be ſollicitous to have it reſtored. So that between the Plunderers and the Plundered, there muſt be conſtant Rancour, and a Bone of Contention. A Man, once of great Fortune, finds himſelf a Beggar, made ſo by one who was a Beggar before; but is now enriched, and ſwaggering in his Spoils. The firſt is enraged becauſe he is ruined, and abhors the upſtart Author of his Ruin: The other hates the Man whom he has ruined, whoſe Reſentment he fears, and whoſe Scorn provokes him.

Men newly raiſed, will ſtrive to have the Government modelled to their own Security and good Liking; and, being uppermoſt, will probably ſucceed, or try all Expedients, even the moſt deſperate, to do ſo; and then inſult and oppreſs, in proportion to their Power, or Indignation, or Wantonneſs. They will ſtill ſee, or pretend to ſee, the ſame old Spirit of Malevolence, or Contumacy, or Reſiſtance, (or whatever elſe they chuſe to call it) in the ſubdued Party; and ſtill want new Powers to curb and reſtrain them, perhaps to impriſon, enſlave, or even to cut them off; and thus prove Tyrants themſelves, and oppreſs all others, for public Good and Tranquillity. Beſides their own Strength and Security, and the Gratification of Revenge, they will be apt to reliſh the Sweets of Fines, Compoſitions, and Confiſcations; and therefore carefully promote them. It will be eaſy to find Accuſations.

If it be in a Commonwealth, they will be ſaid to affect Monarchy. *John Barnevelt* was accuſed of a Deſign to reſtore the *Spaniſh* Government; that is, the beſt Proteſtant, and beſt Commonwealth's-Man upon Earth, was meditating how to introduce, and live under, *Spaniſh* Revenge and Tyranny, and the horrible Cruelties of the Inquiſition. Thus the *Oliverians* charged all whom they diſliked, with a Paſſion for the Government of the *Stuarts*; that is, as they meant it, Government without Law, and againſt Law, though that of their Maſter *Oliver* was as abſolute as his own Will and Paſſions could make it. Thus again, after the Reſtoration, all who diſpleaſed the hot-headed Cavaliers, were *Oliverians*; though theſe Cavaliers wanted to compliment the King with the ſame boundleſs Power, which *Oliver*, with much more Capacity and Attention, had poſſeſſed.

Thus the new prevailing Party will rule, or attempt to rule, after a Civil War, by new Laws, or rather by Violence forbidden by the old Laws; and whatever Power they like, will be found neceſſary. The Party vanquiſhed, groaning under new Burdens, and bereft of Protection, will look back with Regret to the old Laws, (which perhaps they too had violated in their turn) would be glad to ſee them reſtored, and even ready, perhaps, to lend Aſſiſtance towards reſtoring them. This is Treaſon, in the Eye of their lofty Rulers, who, conſtruing their own Oppreſſion to be juſt, as all Oppreſſors do, judge the Oppreſſed to be Rebels, becauſe they complain, as all the Oppreſſed will; and therefore, by the Name of Law, doom them to Whips, and Chains, and Forfeiture, againſt Law. All this being freſh Oppreſſion, will naturally beget Schemes and Efforts to deſtroy it, ſuch as, if they are diſcovered, (for ſometimes they preſently ſucceed) will be encountered with other furious Efforts to defeat them; and then, if neither Party be at once diſabled and ruined, the Civil War is rekindled.

As Faction implies Contention and Hate, Civil War infers Deſtruction and Revenge. Both Sides will do their beſt to prevail, and the prevailing Side to be fully avenged; and as Men in Proſperity are more apt to be wanton than cautious, and to provoke many of their own Party, and thence divide and weaken it, as well as to oppreſs the undermoſt, and thence unite and ſtrengthen it, (for common Diſtreſs is an admirable Cement and Reconciler) the Weaker will be gaining from the Stronger; even their Sufferings will procure them Pity and Friends; Diſſention amongſt their Adverſaries will increaſe their Numbers; Leaders, and Orators, and Motives, will ſoon be found to rouſe them to attempt a Deliverance; which, if it ſucceed, will probably tempt them, in their turn, to the ſame Inſolence, Oppreſſion, Follies, Deſertion, and Weakneſs, which gave them their preſent Superiority.

In theſe Struggles and Changes, both Parties proceed without Mercy or Senſe, till one or both find, that, for one to get the intire Maſtery of the other, it is abſolutely neceſſary to raiſe up ſome one Leader to abſolute Power, and thus become Slaves themſelves to make their Opponents Slaves; as was exemplified in the *Roman* People, and their Darling *Cæſar*, to whom we may join *Pompey* and *Craſſus*, two other Favourites of the Multitude. The *Roman* People meant not to exalt either of them into Tyrants, but, in the Heat of Faction and Oppoſition to the Senate, did it effectually; ſince from this popular Heat and Madneſs the firſt Triumvirate aroſe; a wicked and terrible Combination of Three Men to engroſs the *Roman* Power, and enſlave the *Roman* World.

The *Roman* People, like other People, firſt blinded with Party-Animoſities, then opening their Eyes, when their Sight ſerved but to torment them, perceived into what infamous Bondage they had plunged themſelves, and abhorred it. At the public Shews, *Pompey* was inſulted, *Cæſar* affronted, and *Curio*, who then oppoſed both, received with a Thunder-clap of Applauſe. All *Rome* reſounded with Murmuring, with loud Complaints, and even with bitter Reproaches upon the Adminiſtration. *Cæſar* was hated, his great Opponent *Bibulus* was adored: Nothing was ever ſo unpopular as theſe Three once popular Men. Yet all their Meaſures, however peſtilent and deteſted, prevailed; nor could *Cicero* foreſee how they could be oppoſed without riſquing a general Maſſacre. For the Three grand Conſpirators had introduced into the City, particularly *Cæſar*, from his Government of *Narbon Gaul*, great Numbers of Soldiers, thence to prevent, or conquer, all Oppoſition: Inſomuch that *Cæſar*, I know not whether with more Impudence or Violence, ordered the great and virtuous *Cato*, though inveſted with the ſacred Office of Tribune of the People, to be carried to Priſon, for diſcharging the Duty of his Place, and that of a worthy Patriot, by oppoſing the Law of *Vatinius*, for continuing that terrible Man in his great Government now inlarged, at the Head of a great Army in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*, for Five Years longer.

The wretched People might now ſee Themſelves, their Liberties, and their beſt Citizens, thus ſcorned, and deſpitefully uſed, and grieve, as they did, for it. They themſelves had enabled him to do all this; and, having raiſed him ſo high, could not pull him down, even whilſt he ſpurned them, and trod upon their Necks.

Thus *Cromwell* came by his Power; and, having by it got his Maſters, who gave it, under his Feet, he kept them there. Their ſtruggling in Chains ſerved only to make their Chains ſharper and heavier.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

The Evils, and ſudden Changes, brought by Civil War upon particular Families, and upon a Country in general; with the fierce Diſcontents, and Animoſities, and ill Morals, which it entails.

AS Violence generally precedes, and begets, and accompanies, a Civil War, ſo a Civil War generally ends in Violence, in furious Meaſures, Confiſcations, and Executions; that is to ſay, in ſuch Meaſures as tend directly to produce a Succeſſion of Civil Wars. Men fight naturally to defend their Lives, and Eſtates, and Families, where they are attacked, and manifeſtly threatened; and to recover their Eſtates, when taken away. If ſome are fond of Civil War, from a Paſſion for Prey and Forfeitures; others are ſo from a Paſſion as ſtrong, even to retrieve their Loſſes and Inheritance: And if mean Men be apt to promote public Confuſion for the Sake of Titles, and Fortunes, and Dignities; great Men, reduced to Meanneſs by ſuch a Viciſſitude, will be as eager to riſque freſh Confuſion, in order to diveſt their Supplanters, and reinſtate themſelves. He who is a Lord To-day, and abounds in Wealth, will not, if he can help it, bear to be a Slave, or to beg, To-morrow; no more than any turbulent Slave will ſtand at any Means to ſoar above Slavery, and to mend his Character and Condition.

What more abetted the many Civil Wars in *England* formerly, (I ſtill except Oppreſſion, and lawleſs Rule) than the Bait and Temptation of Forfeitures, whence great Acquiſitions were probably to be had, and great Fortunes to be ſuddenly made or mended, and a continual Propenſity in ſuch as were ſtripped and undone, to be revenged and reſtored? One got half a County by crowning an *Edward*; another hoped to recover it with Additions, by re-eſtabliſhing a *Henry*. Here was a perpetual Source of Civil Broils and Bloodſhed, even where there was no other.

The Truth is, ſays *Cicero*, ‘ The Seeds and Source of Civil ‘ Wars will never be loſt or extinguiſhed, ſo long as deſperate and abandoned Men are always remembring, and hoping to ſee revived, the former barbarous Scenes of Confiſcations, ſuch as were diſplayed under *Sylla* the Dictator, by his Kinſman *Publius*; nay, Six-and-thirty Years after, by the ſame Inſtrument, then much exalted in his Station, at firſt a common Notary, afterwards City-Prætor, or Grand Juſticiary of *Rome*, yet purſuing the ſame horrid Trade of Confiſcations, in a Manner ſtill more extenſive and mercileſs. Nor is it poſſible, that Civil Wars ſhould ever ceaſe, when ſuch mighty Forfeitures and Rewards are always in View to rouſe them.’ *Cicero de Offic. L. II.* He likewiſe ſays, in one of his *Philippics*, that, ‘The Forfeitures made under *Cæſar* had furniſhed many wicked Men with Hopes and Confidence; for that they ſaw Numbers, lately abject and poor, on a ſudden wallowing in Wealth: So that all, who with a malignant Eye behold our Eſtates, (he is ſpeaking to the Senate) are ever longing for ſuch Days of Forfeitures.’

Civil Wars do in the Civil and Moral World, what Earthquakes do in the Natural, confound all things; ſink and exalt; change high and low, and unite Extremes; raze down old Piles, which ſeemed to defy Time, and prop the Sky; and ſcatter ſuch as poſſeſſed them, as effectually, as if neither had ever been; or juſt leave Ruins enow to indicate their former Grandeur, and the Opulence of the Owners, with the Wretchedneſs of their Poſterity, if any remain; lift new Fabrics, and new Men, both out of the Duſt; extinguiſh Titles; aboliſh and debaſe Dignities, perhaps for ever, or transfer them to Grooms and Lacqueys, or to ſold Slaves, born to Nakedneſs and Chains; expoſe venerable Senators to want and to beg, whilſt common Soldiers aſſume the Rank of Senators; prefer condemned Felons to conduct Armies and poſſeſs Countries, while thoſe who doomed them to die, ſuffer Death by their Command; ſet Bond men to rule over their late Rulers; and, being now Lords of Life and Death, to award Freemen and Grandees to Priſon, and Execution, at Pleaſure, or, which is perhaps more ſhocking, to treat them with Pity; ſhew a Minion, ſuch as *Chryſogonus*, once a baſe Slave, exerciſed in the loweſt and vileſt Offices of Life, then the Favourite of an Uſurper, living and rioting in the Profuſion and Magnificence of an Eaſtern King, ſupported in it by the Eſtates of many illuſtrious *Romans*, accumulated upon him by Grants, or feigned Purchaſes, and the noble Owners butchered, or baniſhed, Vagabonds, and ſtarving; Men who had no Guilt, beſides their Eſtates, executed for their Eſtates, or puniſhed with Life void of Support.

It ſometimes happens, that Men, thus ſuddenly and wickedly enriched, become, through Waſte, and Vanity, and Riot, ſoon poor again, and then want recourſe to the ſame Means to renew their Fortune. They who loſt their Fortunes to the former, have the ſame Aim and Purſuit: To ſuch, add all that are vicious, and criminal, and indigent, in dread of Gaols and Gibbets, of Creditors, and Want; all that are voluptuous without Property, daring without Honeſty, oppreſſed without Redreſs, vindictive, but diſappointed of Vengeance; all who have Much to hope, and Nothing to loſe; all who have great Ambition, and no public Spirit, with whoever thinks a Civil War either neceſſary or unavoidable, and reſolves to follow Fortune, and make the beſt of it; Officers out of Poſt, Soldiers out of Pay; every aſpiring Man, who has not Preferment, or not enough; every Man void of Humanity, who feels not the public Calamities, nor the Sufferings of others; every Man who is indifferent about public Liberty, intereſted in general Confuſion, and fears no Conſequences; together with the needy Rabble, always unſteady and thoughtleſs, for the moſt part venal and debauched, generally paſſionate for Innovations, from whatever Hand or Quarter they come.

When the Civil War is over, its Effects, and even its Spirit, remain, ſometimes for Generations; it entails ill Morals upon a Country, as well as Diſtreſs and Calamities upon particular Families, and leaves the Laws under Weakneſs and Scorn.

As a Concluſion of this Diſcourſe, I ſhall ſubjoin a ſummary Account of the Civil Feuds and Outrages that happened at *Corſcira*, now *Corfu*, during the War of *Peloponneſus*, as the ſame are related at large by *Thucydides*.

SECT. VII.

A View of the affecting Horrors, and Calamities, produced by Civil War; taken from the Hiſtory of Greece.

THE People, who could not live without Submiſſion to Superiors, yet cared not to ſubmit, or were eaſily perſuaded that they ought not, after long and violent Diſtruſt, attack the Senate, and murder moſt of the Senators, as Enemies to popular Government. The Senate, in Revenge, fall upon the People, as Enemies to all Government, and Rebels to their own: They prevail, and rout the Multitude. The People rally, aided even by the Women, and by the Slaves, now purpoſely declared Free, and thus put into a Condition to maſter their late Maſters, who, in their Fury, rather riſque Tyranny from their Bond-men, than bear Subjection to their legal and natural Rulers. They now vanquiſh the Senators. The Senators make freſh Efforts: So do the Populace: The Conflict goes on, and dreadful Havock follows it, inceſſant Cruelty and Devaſtation, Houſes fired, Citizens murdered, public and private Wealth deſtroyed, and the whole City threatened with Conflagration.

A Reconciliation is patched up, but does not cure mutual Enmity, as it cannot cancel the Memory of mutual Injuries and Provocations. Piques and Suſpicions ſtill ſubſiſt, and produce freſh Inſults: Theſe are returned and multiplied, portending and haſtening another Maſſacre. The People think themſelves, and their Liberty, ſtill in Danger, whilſt any Senators are left; and therefore butcher all that are to be found. Nor can their own Leaders and Partizans eſcape their Rage. Whoever is a Friend to Peace, they judge to be a Foe to Them. Their Rage continues and increaſes, and, beſides all that they murder, they frighten Numbers to murder themſelves. Their conſtant Charge againſt all theſe Victims was, that they were Enemies to Liberty, to the Intereſt of the People, and to popular Government, which, by ſuch a Torrent of Phrenſy, of Rage, and Barbarity, they thus reſcue, and thus recommend.

It may be eaſily gueſſed, how faſt Slander and Lyes prevailed at this horrid Conjuncture, and how buſy and faſhionable were all public Incendiaries, and perſonal Revilers. All Sorts of Immorality proſpered; Acts of Treachery and Fraud went Hand in Hand with Acts of Violence. Some committed Murder out of private Revenge: Some diſcharged their Debts by murdering their Creditors: But it was ſtill Zeal for the People that prompted Murderers, and juſtified Murder; and whilſt Death was ſeen in all Shapes, and inflicted upon all mean Occaſions and Provocations, the ſame infamous Plea ſerved for all. Many, who thought themſelves ſecure in the Protection of Sanctuaries, were dragged from them, and butchered near them: Many were immured, and periſhed in them.

Such was the Blindneſs, as well as Fury, of this Civil Rage, that Good and Evil loſt their Names and Application. Good was Evil, Evil was Good; juſt as Men, in ſeeing or doing either, were inſpired by their Paſſions: Whatever gratified the worſt Paſſions, was beſt: The Author of the moſt Miſchief was the greateſt Hero. Party-Spirit was the great and uncontroulable Adviſer and Defender of all things: Its groſſeſt Miſrepreſentations were readily believed; its moſt furious Dictates moſt chearfully obeyed. Party-Merit outweighed all Regard to Kindred, cancelled all Friendſhip, extinguiſhed all Gratitude, covered all Crimes, ſanctified all Enormities. Law and Obligations, whether Divine or Human, where-ever they interfered with Party, were ſpurned and trod upon by Party: For, Party was the Public; and all things muſt give Way to the Public. It was Mean to Forgive: It was Cowardice not to ſeek Revenge. Oaths were taken, not to be kept, but to deceive and enſnare: The more Treachery, the more Art and Policy: The higher Cruelty, the higher Heroiſm. To excel in Fraud, was the higheſt Excellency. Honeſty was Weakneſs: Deceit and Knavery were Proofs of Ability. A Paſſion to bear Rule, to gratify Ambition by Avarice, and Avarice by Ambition, was the great and laudable Paſſion. A ſelfiſh Spirit was public Spirit, which it contradicted and deſtroyed.

All ſpecious Pretences were offered, every plauſible Name was aſſumed, by both Sides. Here the natural Equality and Power of the People were urged and maintained, as the only Source of Juſtice, and public Liberty, againſt the Authority of Some over All. There, a ſteady Government of Chiefs and Repreſentatives, was contended for over the giddy Multitude. Both Parties alleged the Public Good; both Parties obſtructed and baniſhed it. Both committed horrible Outrages upon each other; both deſtroyed Men of moderate Spirits, and reconciling Principles. Fools, by obſerving no Rule, had the Advantage of Men of Senſe, who obſerved the Rule of Wiſdom. Villains were an Overmatch for ſuch as adhered to the Meaſures of Juſtice.

I muſt inform my unlearned Readers, that as the Reign of the Multitude could not be long, popular Fury was at laſt ſubdued: The Nobles who eſcaped, about Six hundred in Number, uniting and returning, ſoon brought Diſtreſs and Miſery upon the Populace, burnt their Shipping, robbed the Iſland, and thus cauſed a Famine; then raiſed a Fort above the City, and ſoon became Maſters of the Iſland itſelf.

DISCOURSE IX.

To His Grace

ARCHIBALD, Duke of *Argyll*.

Of the Mutability *of* Government.

SECT. I.

Why Free Governments are more changeable in their Frame, than ſuch as are Single and Arbitrary.

NOTHING which depends upon the changeable Humours and Paſſions of Men, can be permanent. No Species of Government can, therefore, be ſo. Time and Accidents, as they alter the human Face and Frame, ſo do they that of human Society.

Nothing is perfect at once: Government never is ſo, nor can be; and has been ſometimes deſtroyed by Attempts to make it ſo. Human Society, like human Life, is liable to Decay; and the latter, as well as the former, is ſupported by Expedients. Occaſional Laws are found as neceſſary as occaſional Medicines; and both Medicines and Laws, though they ſometimes help and ſave, do likewiſe ſometimes hurt and deſtroy: Nor can the ableſt Phyſicians and Legiſlators be certain, that their beſt Rules will always ſucceed, and their beſt Directions be ſalubrious, or even ſafe; ſince the beſt may be perverted, and then become the worſt. The beſt Remedies, applied unſeaſonably, or in too great Quantities, may deſtroy Life: The moſt wholſome Laws may be perverted into

Poiſon to a State. Laws and Phyſic, thus abuſed, are worſe than none; becauſe they do Miſchief by Authority; and warrant, as well as haſten, the Diſſolution of human Life, and civil Society.

In every State and Community, there will, I doubt, be found more Vicious than Virtuous, more Weak than Wiſe. The Cunning will be for ever deceiving the Simple; the Ambitious will be for ever finding Fools, and for ever leading them. No State or Nation was ever without ſuch Inſtruments, no more than without proper Materials for ſuch Inſtruments to work on; the Fooliſh and the Credulous always blindly following the Ambitious and the Cunning. Wherever there are Multitudes, there will be Seducers; and whilſt the Many are always ready to be led, they will never want Leaders. Very mean Implements often ſerve the Purpoſe: For there are none ſo low, but they will ſee, or think they ſee, many ſtill lower; and from this Superiority, real or fanſied, will try to govern the reſt. Indeed, many, of all Ranks, are governed by ſuch as ſurpaſs them, not in Capacity, but only in Aſſurance and Deceit. I doubt not but Beggars, as much upon a Level as they ſeem, have ſuch Degrees and Subordination amongſt them; the Imperious, and the Meek; the Directors, and the Directed; the Credulous, and the Impoſing. It is the Characteriſtic of Society, it is the Nature of Man, to guide, and to follow; to dictate, and to obey; to deceive, and to be deceived.

What State is likely to be quiet, where there are ſuch conſtant Cauſes of Diſquiet? or to be laſting, where there are ſo many Materials, ſo many Authors and Cauſes of Change! No Government is without ſuch; and the freeſt Governments, which are conſequently the beſt, abound with them more than the worſt. Liberty, like many other valuable Things, carries with it the Seeds of Self-deſtruction: It is ever liable to be turned into Licentiouſneſs; and thence ever in Peril. Many will abuſe it, becauſe they may: Some will encourage that Abuſe, on purpoſe to deſtroy it. It protects even thoſe who attack and undermine it; and often ſecures them from Puniſhment for the worſt of all Crimes. As it ſubſiſts by certain fixt Laws, whoever can evade thoſe Laws, may overthrow it: And where Liberty abounds moſt, Laws are moſt eaſily evaded.

In a free State, a Man may be a notorious Criminal againſt Law, yet not puniſhable by Law; which requires there ſuch Evidence for Guilt, as cannot well affect the Innocent; and, therefore, the Guilty, if they be wary, often eſcape all Puniſhment. Here is Encouragement given by a free Government againſt itſelf, and often taken! It is like a Diſtemper ariſing from too much Health: No Wonder that a Diſeaſe, ſo continually and plentifully fed, proves mortal in time; often in a ſhort Time.

In arbitrary Countries, a Man may be innocent, yet puniſhed legally; becauſe the ſame abſolute Will which creates the Guilt, finds the Evidence. Here is an Opportunity and Temptation preſented to an abſolute Ruler, and too generally accepted by him, to deſtroy his beſt Subjects! It is ſmall Surprize, that, under ſuch a Government, one ſo threatening to Virtue, there are found but few great Men; or that ſuch Men are unproſperous and ſhort-lived.

In arbitrary Countries, it is a Maxim, 'That it is better to 'deſtroy many innocent Perſons, than that One guilty ſhould 'eſcape:' A Maxim which, when generally purſued, threatens ſwift Deſtruction to All: And it ſometimes happens, that Numbers are ſacrificed to the furious Suſpicion of unbounded Power, where there was no real Guilt to provoke it. Whoever a Tyrant fears, is always guilty. A King of *Siam*, having loſt his Daughter, and fanſying that ſhe was poiſoned, put moſt of his Court, great and ſmall, to Death, chiefly by the moſt exquiſite Torture; becauſe it appeared probable to him, that ſome of them had given her Poiſon. Thus that ſavage Prince maſſacred above Two thouſand Perſons, moſtly of principal Rank; the great Mandarins, their Wives and Children, all firſt ſcorched with Fire, and mangled with Knives, before they were admitted to his laſt Favour of being thrown to the Elephants, to be by them torn or cruſhed to Pieces, or buried, ſtill alive, with their Heads above-ground.

By ſuch ſavage Policy, Expedients are ſought for the preſent Safety and Gratification of ſuch a Prince; who, having, for his chief Drift in reigning, the Eaſe and Security of his Perſon, makes it his Study and Pleaſure, to cut off and deſtroy whoever has, or he apprehends may, hurt him, or even thwart or ruffle him. When he thinks, that, by Blood, he can eſtabliſh his Throne, he will not ſpare to ſhed it; nor will he make any Difference between Suſpicion and Proof; much leſs prolong his Fears and Danger by Forms and Examination. An Attempt upon his Perſon is puniſhed not only by the Execution of the Conſpirators, but often by the Maſſacre of their whole Family and Kindred, and the Extinction of their Race. The Vizir *Kuprolis*, to puniſh the turbulent Janizaries, is thought to have deſtroyed above Forty thouſand of that important Militia, by different Slaughters, and at different times; and thus weakened the Monarchy, for the Safety of the Monarch. The ſtrange bloody Juſtice of an *Indian* Prince, mentioned by Monſieur *D'eſtoille*, as what he ſaw, is amazing! ‘ That, for Two or Three Robberies, he had cauſed an Hundred ‘ thouſand Men to be gibbetted upon Trees.’ So that this Traveller, for many Days together, paſſed through Regions peopled with the Dead. So readily and wantonly can a Prince, thus arbitrary, execute whoever is obnoxious to him, or ſuſpected by him, without Form or Delay.

Againſt a Power thus violent, and armed with ſuch Force and Expedients to ſecure itſelf, no Number of Perſons will eaſily venture into a Conſpiracy, or no ſuch Conſpiracy is likely to remain long undiſcovered. Though One particular Hand, ſufficiently deſperate, may deſtroy the Tyrant, yet it cannot with him deſtroy the Tyranny. He is ſeldom without a Succeſſor at Hand; one who, perhaps, employed the Aſſaſſin, and reaps the Benefit of the Aſſaſſination; though he ſeem not to like it, and often cuts off the Author of it. Perhaps no further Change is thought of; no Change of the Government, but only of the Governor: Few Countries will bear any other Change; nor is the Trial like to be made. What Number of able and unarmed Men are to be found, under a deſpotic Prince, willing to truſt one another; and to meet, in order to concert a new Frame of Government, and to aboliſh the preſent? They are almoſt ſure of being firſt deſtroyed themſelves: Or, were ſuch a Scheme concerted ever ſo wiſely, it is hardly poſſible to be executed. Such Countries are hardly to be ſuppoſed to be without mercenary Armies, chiefly Strangers; and the Changes made by ſuch Armies are always perſonal, from one Prince to another. It is not their Turn or Intereſt to ſettle a free State, where the Laws muſt dictate to the Sword. When they find, that they can make and unmake Princes, (a Leſſon which they quickly learn) they will as ſoon learn another Leſſon, even to make and unmake Laws.

Beſides, no free State can be eſtabliſhed without proper Materials; I mean a People diſpoſed to receive and ſubmit to it. The Wiſdom of Man could not convert the *Turkiſh* Monarchy into a free State: A Parliament there would appear a Monſter: Even the People, if they could have it, would not ſuffer it. The ſame People, who can bear any Act of Power done by the *Sultan*, or in his Name, and have no Notion of oppoſing any ſuch Act, be it ever ſo outrageous, would not quietly bear any Act of Power, however juſt and neceſſary, from any Number of themſelves; nor ſee, with Patience, ſome of their Neighbours, no better than themſelves, and lately no higher, making Laws, and controuling all Things. Indeed no public Change whatſoever can be expected in that Empire, or any other like it, but by the Army; and what, other than a military Government, is to be hoped there from military Men? It is true, they have often deſtroyed Tyrants; but I do not remember, that they have ever deſtroyed Tyranny. They have frequently ſacrificed Princes, for not being Tyrants, and for not devoting the State, and all in it, to the Will and Luſt of the Army. They depoſed *Nero*; but they likewiſe murdered *Galba*.

It ſeems, to me, impoſſible, for a great Monarchy, extending over many Nations, and ruling a great Empire by great Armies, to fall into a Commonwealth: But I conceive it very poſſible, for it to break piecemeal into ſeveral Governments; ſome of them, perhaps, Commonwealths. The Weakneſs of the Head, or a great Revolution, may occaſion a Separation of the Members; and each, ſetting up for itſelf, may produce ſeveral ſeparate Principalities, as well as ſome Commonwealths. The large inland Provinces will probably preſerve the ſame Form of Government, ſingle and military. The great maritime and trading Cities will naturally aim at governing themſelves, upon the Principles of Liberty and Commerce; and be, perhaps, encouraged and ſupported in their free Government by the neighbouring Princes; who, if they cannot maſter it themſelves, will defend it againſt one another.

To this Principle ſome free States, even in *Europe*, owe their Preſervation and Independency; *Geneva*, the *Hans* Towns in *Germany*, and even the High and Mighty States of *Holland*. I ſay this of the States, without any Deſign to derogate from their own genuine and eternal Merit and Firmneſs, in maintaining their Liberties againſt that mercileſs and perjured Tyrant, *Philip* II. of *Spain*.

SECT. II.

The Danger to Free Government from popular Maxims, and popular Men; with the Advantages it furniſhes againſt itſelf.

IN free Countries it is a Maxim, That it is better to let ſeveral guilty Perſons eſcape, than to puniſh one who is innocent: A benevolent Maxim, but full of Encouragement to Factioniſts, Traitors, and other Criminals; ſince all the Laws, and Proceedings of the State, are to be framed and ſoftened agreeably to that Maxim. The Trial of a State Criminal muſt be ſlow and ſolemn; his Character, the Credibility of the Witneſſes, Laws and Precedents, muſt be all coolly and carefully examined. Poſſibly his great Power and Popularity, and the Tenderneſs of the Laws, and of thoſe who adminiſter them, make it dangerous to ſeize him, and difficult to confine him: So that an able Traitor may execute his Treaſon, before it can be proved that he deſigned any; and he may ſtill enjoy *his own* Liberty, whilſt he is contriving the Deſtruction of *public* Liberty. He may even make himſelf popular, whilſt he is purſuing popular Miſchief, and Meaſures deſtructive to the People. For as Liberty, amongſt its many Advantages, furniſheth great Men, ſo, amongſt its other Diſadvantages, it is often weakened, ſometimes extinguiſhed, by Heroes of its own forming: It produces falſe Patriots, as well as true; and the former are frequently too hard for the latter.

It was a ſtrange Declaration to come from a *Roman*, 'That Men were miſtaken, to think that the Senate (the *Roman* Senate) had any Power in the *Roman* Republic.' It was ſtill more ſtrange from the Mouth of a Senator, and a Conſul: Yet the Conſul *Gabinius* was not aſhamed to make that ſtrange Declaration in Public. The Truth is, he was the Creature of *Cæſar*, and the Aſſociate of *Clodius*, who had purchaſed him into a League againſt his Country, by the Bait of a great Government. After this, it can be no Wonder to hear, that the ſame *Gabinius*, ſtill in his Conſulſhip, uſed to celebrate, in his Cups, with *Piſo* his Brother Conſul, (no better than himſelf) the Names, and Memory, and brave Attempts, of *Catiline*, *Cethegus*, and the other Conſpirators, all executed for Treaſon.

In a free State, as well as in one not free, whoever has Power to ſerve it, has Power to hurt it. They who adminiſter it, will often weaken the Power of the State, to keep or increaſe their own; and will ſometimes rather deſtroy it, than loſe their Power in it. The Decemvirate, or College of Ten at *Rome*, eſtabliſhed for a Time limited, with abſolute Power, to ſettle a Body of Laws, attempted to turn that temporary Truſt into perpetual Tyranny. The annual Tribunes often made the ſame Attempts. The Nobles, for a great while, engroſſed all Power, and abuſed it; acted like Maſters, and treated the Plebeians like Slaves: The Plebeians, in their turn, ſeized the Power of the Commonwealth, and exerciſed it licentiouſly. Nor was it likely to be otherwiſe. In popular Governments, ſuch as admit of Appeals to the People, there can be no certain Stability; becauſe the People are always unſtable; always ſubject to be led, and deceived, and inflamed, by Demagogues; ſuch as are never wanting in that ſort of Government.

In *Rome*, for a great while, no Ordinance of the People could paſs, without the Authority and Sanction of the Senate; a moſt reaſonable Reſtraint, to keep popular Paſſion and Folly from gaining the Force and Terror of Law. Afterwards, by the Violence of popular Faction, this wiſe Precaution was loſt; and the People could make Laws, without the Senate; but the Senate none, without the Conſent of the People. Thenceforward, whoever could alarm and miſlead the People, governed or miſgoverned the State.

Laws extending throughout the Empire, and binding to the whole *Roman* People, were ſometimes paſſed by a wild Rabble;

ſuch was that for the Baniſhment of *Cicero*. The Title of the Law was taken from a ragged Profligate, who wanted a Habitation, and a Bed. By the like Rabble, Armies, Treaſure, and Provinces, were allotted to their own Favourites; that is, whomſoever any turbulent Tribune recommended to their Choice. All ſober and ſubſtantial Citizens were, upon ſuch Occaſions, kept off by Violence and Arms.

The Government of *Carthage* was firm and good, till it fell into the Hands of the People: From that Moment it proved violent, fluctuating, and periſhing. The Senate was deſpiſed; and then, what *Anacharſis* obſerved to be the Caſe in all popular Governments, was the Caſe there; ‘ Wiſe Men propoſed, but Fools ‘ diſpoſed.’ The Anſwer of *Lycurgus* was lively and ſound, to a Fellow-Citizen, who propoſed a popular Government for *Sparta*. ‘ Try it, ſays *Lycurgus*, in your own Houſe.’ As that great Man judged very wiſely upon this Subject, how to reform his native State, fallen, through popular Licentiouſneſs, into Impotence and Decay, he had the Policy to procure a Judgment from the Oracle of *Delphos*, allowing the *Spartans* ‘ to vote, but not to debate.’ He knew how unfit the Populace were to make Laws; how unfit to propoſe; how unfit to abrogate. By this wiſe Negative upon the People, the State of *Sparta* continued long firm and glorious: For want of it, that of *Athens* was always tumultuous and unſettled. *Lycurgus* took Warning from the tragical Fate of the King his Father, murdered by his own Subjects in a Riot, for attempting to quell it. The *Spartans* had been long uſed to defy the Government, and been countenanced in it, or, which is the ſame thing, not checked and diſcouraged, by their former Kings. ‘ The People, ſays *Plutarch*, were ſo far from growing more ‘ tractable by ſuch Indulgence, and falſe Courteſy, (as theſe Princes ‘ hoped they would) that the Government fell under popular ‘ Contempt.’ The great Task, and great Merit, of *Lycurgus*, was to recover its loſt Authority; ſince every Government without Authority muſt be loſt.

It is with the People as with Princes; whatever they have gained upon one another, they both ſtill want to gain more. They both ſtrive to acquire more (call it Liberty, or call it Power) than they can manage or keep; and they loſe by ſeeming to get. Monarchy ſometimes produces Tyranny; Tyranny often produces the Deſtruction of the Tyrant. Popular Government is apt to beget Licentiouſneſs; Licentiouſneſs deſtroys popular Government. All Power, breaks when ſtretched too high; and finally ſinks, when let down too low.

In the moſt complete Governments there will be always ſomething to mend, and many to pretend, that many things want mending, even when they do not; or, which is the ſame thing, cannot be mended, at leaſt with Safety, and without riſquing the Whole. Even ſuch State-Phyſicians as mean well, may be unſkilful in the Choice, or in the Application, of the Remedy. Free States particularly are liable to be undone, and have been undone, by Attempts to reform them, at leaſt covered and carried on under that Pretence. Such Attempts too, as they are generally popular, and thence judged to be ſafe to thoſe who make them, will therefore be often made and repeated. Even the Miſcarriage of ſome, does not always diſcourage others, but only ſerves to ſuggeſt different and more wary Meaſures. The *Romans*, who were frequently making Changes in their Conſtitution, proceeded at laſt to one fatal to it, and loſt their Liberty by falſe Meaſures taken to increaſe it; Meaſures chiefly propoſed and promoted by the moſt popular *Romans*.

Such are the Advantages which a free State furniſheth againſt itſelf. In an arbitrary State, every Attempt to mend it is high Treaſon; and it is ſecured by continual Jealouſy, and ſudden Executions; as I have already obſerved.

It is better to bear ſome Inconveniences, and even very palpable Faults, than to introduce worſe, by endeavouring to remove them. Moſt Reformations as certainly imply future Danger, as they infer preſent Defects and Depravity. Whoever has Power to mend a State, hath Power to hurt it, and may do ſo without deſigning it. The Populace, particularly, are very inſufficient, very raſh Reformers; nor can any State be ſteady or tolerable, where the Populace can ſway the State. For, beſides their own rapid and incompetent Judgment, they are eternally liable to be charmed, and rouſed, and ſeduced, by ſome dangerous and ſelfiſh Prompter, who loudly profeſſes their Intereſt, and ſincerely means his own, though it be ever ſo irreconcilable to, ever ſo deſtructive of, theirs.

In truth, conſidering the Frailty, and Folly, and Selfiſhneſs, of Men, the Arts of ſome, and the Stupidity of others, it is a Wonder how any good Government ſhould have any Duration. There can be but one effectual Way to ſecure it; that is, by making it evident to every Man, that it is more the Intereſt of all Men to preſerve it, than to hurt and deſtroy it; a Felicity, I doubt, never to be attained by any Government. No Government can ſo convince, and ſo gratify, all Men; and all Men, diſappointed by the beſt Government, will be apt to ſee many Faults in it.

Whenever any State judges as favourably of all its Subjects, as each of its Subjects does of himſelf, and rewards all ſo, as all think they ought to be rewarded, we may then expect to ſee what has never yet been ſeen, a State without Flaw or Complaints. Every State will want reforming, in the Eyes, at leaſt in the Language, of thoſe who are diſſatisfied with the State. Even ſuch as ſeek to deſtroy it, will pretend to reform it: Such was the horrible Purpoſe, yet ſuch the plauſible Profeſſions, of *Catiline*.

Whoever can beſt deceive the People, is the moſt popular Man, and has moſt Influence over them. The falſe Patriots are often louder, often better heard, than the true. In a Competition for the great popular Offices at *Rome*, the worſt *Romans* frequently carried them from the beſt. In all popular Projects, in all public Commotions, ſome one Perſon will be truſted more than the reſt, and than all; and then he may make his own Intereſt the Meaſure of the Public Weal; a Conſideration of infinite Force (if there were no other) againſt a Civil War, and whatever tends to produce it, as it naturally throws all into the Hands of a ſingle Perſon, *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Cromwell*, *Cæſar*.

I queſtion whether any Civil Government was originally framed upon any well-concerted Scheme, or upon any wiſe Plan, laid down by competent and diſintereſted Judges, but rather formed upon Exigences, mended and improved by Accident, as well as always liable to be altered and undone by Accidents. Even thoſe of *Theſeus* and *Ramulus* were adapted to the Genius of the Ruſtics, their Followers, whoſe Humours were conſulted, and their Habits preſerved; elſe they would not probably have parted with their boundleſs Freedom, and complied with the Council, or ſubmitted to the Inſtitutions of theſe, or of any Law-givers. Neither are theſe Law-givers to be ſuppoſed to have been exempt from Ambition, and Views of their own, but to have found their Gratification in leading, as well as in civilizing, the People. They were Men, and they were Heroes, who are not always the moſt diſintereſted Men, or the moſt tender of their Species.

Men like beſt what they have been accuſtomed to, and care not to part with what they have long reverenced. The *Turks* love abſolute Monarchy, becauſe they were bred under it: They love the *Mahometan* Religion, becauſe they were bred in it. It is thus with moſt Men, at leaſt with all Men brought up in falſe Religions, and with many who profeſs the true. In the Settling of Colonies, in the Tranſmigration of Nations, People carry with them their Cuſtoms and Uſages, both Domeſtic and Public. The new State is generally ſet up upon the Model of that at Home. The *Athenian* Communities in *Aſia* were popular, like the Mother-Community. Thoſe from *Sparta* were ſettled upon the *Spartan* Foot. The *Tyrians*, who founded *Carthage*, ſet up the Government of *Tyre*. And the many Settlements of the *Goths* were all *Gothic*.

Abſolute Monarchy, being always the ſame, and unchanging in its Frame, does, by ſuch Conſtancy, produce a Conſtancy in the People towards it. Free States are more ſubject to vary, and to be altering at leaſt ſomething in their Plan. As there is nothing perfect at once, nor, I doubt, ever can be amongſt Men, new Laws will be frequently wanting: Every new Law is, or will be thought, an Alteration in the State: And the Affections of the People are not likely to be fixed to that which is, at leaſt ſeems to them to be, unfixed. Beſides, they may be taught to believe, that the beſt Laws, and the wiſeſt Changes, are hurtful, and even pernicious, and to clamour for ſome which literally are ſo; and thus come to deſtroy their precious Liberty, by wrong Meaſures taken to improve and ſecure it, or by oppoſing and defeating Meaſures which are neceſſary and wholſome.

SECT. III.

The ſignal Power of Enthuſiaſm, and pious Impoſture, in ſettling, changing, or perpetuating Government.

THE moſt effectual Way to change Men intirely, and conſequently to ſettle a Government abſolutely new, ſeems to be by religious Impoſture. Whoever can mould the Conſcience of a Man, can mould the Man. This was the Courſe taken by *Mahomet*; by this Courſe he ſucceeded, and, from driving Camels, founded an Empire. What can reſiſt armed Enthuſiaſm, when the Enthuſiaſt thinks himſelf intitled to both Worlds, and, by being ſecure of Paradiſe, claims a Right from Heaven to govern the Earth? He who wields the Sword, both of the Lord and of *Gideon*, is much more than a Match for thoſe who carry no ſuch awful Weapons. The *Saracens* were therefore invincible: So were the *Round-Heads*, who attacked the Cavaliers as impetuouſly with the Tune of a Pſalm, as the *Arabs* did the *Greeks* and *Aſiatics* with the Sound of *Allah* and his *Prophet*; and as ſtern a Spirit, though not ſo extenſive, appeared for a *Fifth Monarchy*, as ever there did for the *Monarchy of* Mahomet. What this Impoſtor gained at firſt by the Force of Deluſion, he retained and increaſed by the Force of Arms; and the fineſt and richeſt Parts of the old World, *Aſia*, *India*, *Egypt*, and the Coaſts of *Africa*, to the Pillars of *Hercules*, with the faireſt Provinces in *Europe*, are ſtill darkened and ſubdued by his groſs, but popular and prevailing, Impoſture.

Error is not the leſs forcible for being extremely groſs, but rather the more ſucceſsful for that very Reaſon. Small and moderate Error, as it is not far removed from Reaſon, is in Danger of being cured by Reaſon; but when it is extravagant, and quite monſtrous, it is above and out of the Reach of Reaſon, and thence ſafe and thriving: The more wonderful it is, the more it is reverenced; and firmly believed, becauſe it is incredible. An Impoſtor carries his Followers out of the Regions of Nature, and leads and governs them in the Clouds, by Viſions too glorious for

Eyes which have no more Light than their own, and by Documents too refined for Philoſophy and Senſe. Thus he forms them his true and devoted Bubbles: They find high Tranſports in being ſuch, and ſcorn to change their Happineſs and Blindneſs, for Light and Conviction. Whoever would make them wiſer and free, is their mortal Foe, an Enemy to God and his *Elect*, and They are Enemies to Him.

A Government thus founded, the moſt diſgraceful, as well as the moſt peſtilent of all others, to human Race, is yet the moſt powerful and permanent of all Governments, if the ſame Influence do but continue; eſpecially if Force be joined to Fraud, and Heaven and Earth be ſuppoſed to combine to ſupport the ſame Cauſe. For the Cauſe of Enthuſiaſm, with all its celeſtial Views, and Scorn of worldly Things, has never enough of worldly Succours, nor, indeed, of the World itſelf, all for heavenly Purpoſes. How many Millions of Men have been Slaves in their Perſons, as well as in their Faculties, to an Impoſtor, only for his good Word to the Deity in their Behalf! and yielded up their whole Property to a Cheat, purely for teaching them to deſpiſe it! In truth, whoever can effectually awe Men by the Dread of eternal Torture, or charm them with Aſſurance of eternal Bliſs, will be Omnipotent amongſt Men, and controul and engroſs this World, by being thought Maſter of the World to come. It will then be very eaſy for him to introduce that never-failing Maxim, amongſt all worldly Saints, (that is, Men more holy than other Men, and therefore ſtriving to govern all Men) ‘That Dominion is founded ‘in Grace;’ a Maxim of more Force than any in Politics, and always adopted by every able pious Impoſtor.

It is indeed equally true, that whenever common Senſe takes Place, there is an End of all his fairy Influence, and mock Terrors, though perhaps not of his preſent and temporal Dread. But, alas! common Senſe, which is treated as his common Enemy, and depreſſed by all the Engines of Art and Fury, may be perſecuted, baniſhed, and extinct, for many Ages together. Who has dared, in *Turkey*, to diſpute *Mahomet's* divine Miſſion, or his lewd and voluptuous Paradiſe, during a Thouſand Years paſt? Who has ventured (at leaſt without incurring a terrible Doom) to queſtion the Pope's fanatic Supremacy over Heaven and Earth; or his wealthy Heirſhip to the poor Apoſtles; or the Kindred of a miſerable Frier to the Deity; or his Power of damning and ſaving Souls for Money, or for want of it; or of drawing Holineſs, and Miracles, and Treaſures, out of dead Duſt, and rotten Bones; or his Title to the Keys of St. *Peter*; or his Right to a tributary Purgatory, or to his Toll from Souls releaſed from it by his Command; or to his Leaſe of Provinces from the Emperor *Conſtantine*, who gave him none? Yet all theſe ſhocking Forgeries, all theſe blaſphemous Impieties, were, for many Centuries, Sacred throughout Chriſtendom, and ſtill are ſo in *Italy*, *Spain*, and other Countries, cowed by Superſtition, and blind with Bigotry.

This Sort of Government therefore is as laſting, as it is dreadful and infamous. Enthuſiaſm is perfectly ſatisfied with itſelf, and its Situation; nor will Enthuſiaſts venture their Soul by venturing upon a Change, or upon inquiring whether a Change be expedient. Great is the Charm of being deceived; great the Pleaſure, as well as the Profit, of deceiving! Few good Governments have laſted like that of *Mahomet*, and of Popery; both founded upon the Deluſion, upon the Miſery and Affliction of Men, all with the Conſent of Men, enſlaving and deſtroying them with their own Aſſiſtance.

So that the Means of annoying the beſt Governments are much more ſucceſsful, as well as much more readily found, than thoſe of reſtraining the worſt.

SECT. IV.

The ſurpriſing, deſpotic, but pacific Government, eſtabliſhed by the Jeſuits, *by the Force of Impoſture, in* Paraguay.

THE Settlement made by the *Jeſuits*, upon the River *Paraguay* in *America*, is extremely remarkable. Theſe good Fathers, every-where indefatigable in improving their apoſtolic Talents, and turning Souls into eccleſiaſtical Traffick and Power, began there, by drawing together, into one fixed Habitation,

tion, about Fifty Families of wandering *Indians*; whom they had perſuaded to take their Word implicitly for whatever they told them: For, this is what they call Converſion; and is, indeed, the true Art of making Catholics, who have no other Ground for their Faith, but the Aſſertions of their Prieſts.

From this Beginning, and ſuch Encouragement, the aſſiduous Fathers, ranging the Country, and dazling the ſtupid Savages with their ſhining Beads, charming them with their pious Tales and Grimaces, their tuneful Devotions, and high Profeſſions, made ſuch a Harveſt of Converts, as to form a Commonwealth, or rather an Empire, of Souls. For every Convert is a Subject moſt blindly obedient.

The holy Fathers, not Fifty in Number, are thus Sovereigns of a noble Country, larger than ſome Kingdoms, and better peopled. It is divided into ſeveral large Diſtricts, each of them governed by a ſingle Jeſuit, who is, as it were, a provincial Prince; but more powerful and revered, and better obeyed, than any *European*, or even any Eaſtern Monarch. His Word is not only a Law, but an Oracle; his Nod infers ſupreme Command: He is abſolute Lord of Life, and Death, and Property; may inflict capital Puniſhment for the lighteſt Offence, and is more dreaded, therefore more obeyed, than the Deity. His firſt Miniſters and Officers, Civil and Military, are doomed by him to the meaneſt Puniſhments, and whipped, not only like common Slaves, but like common Felons. Nor is this all their Puniſhment, at leaſt all their Abaſement; which, to a Man of Spirit, is the worſt Puniſhment: Whilſt they are yet marked and mangled with the Laſh, they run, Colonels and Captains run, and kneel before their holy Sovereign; condemn themſelves for having incurred his pious Diſpleaſure; and, humbly kiſſing his reverend Sleeve, thank him for the fatherly Honour he has done them, in correcting them like Dogs.

So much Tameneſs and Vaſſalage is Part, and an important Article, of their Converſion. They are even pleaſed with their Servitude, and care not what they do and ſuffer here, for the mighty Treaſures of Joy and Liberty which are enſured to them hereafter by the good Father, who gives them all that He has to give in the Next World, and, by way of Barter and Amends, takes all that They have in the Preſent.

The poor *Indians* cultivate the Ground; dig and plow, and reap and ſow: They make Stuffs, and other Manufactures; they rear Fowls, they breed Cattle, they carry Burdens, and labour hard above Ground, as well as under it, where, in Sweat and Darkneſs, and in Peril of periſhing, they drudge in the Mines. Yet, with all this Induſtry, they earn nothing; nothing for themſelves: All their Earnings, all the Profit and Advantages, appertain not to them, but ſolely to the good Father, their ſpiritual Sovereign, who rewards them to the full with what coſts him nothing; Bleſſings, and Maſſes, and diſtant Proſpects. Their Grain and Manufactures are all carried into his Warehouſes, their Cattle and Fowls into his Yards, their Gold and Silver into his Treaſury. They dare not wear a Rag of their own Spinning, nor taſte a Grain of their own Sowing, nor a Bit of Meat of their own Feeding, nor touch the Metal of their own producing, nor ſo much as an Egg from the Hens they rear. They themſelves are fed and ſubſiſted, from Day to Day, by a limited Allowance, furniſhed them by the Appointment, and at the Mercy, of their great Lord, a ſmall Prieſt.

Yet, under all theſe Diſcouragements, which are none to them, who ſeem to have ſacrificed their Feeling, as well as their Reaſon, to the Sorcery of Superſtition, they are diligent and laborious to the laſt Degree, and vye with one another for the high Price and Diſtinction beſtowed by the Father upon ſuch as excel moſt in their Work and Induſtry; even the bewitching Honour of kiſſing his Sleeve. The ſecond Commandment, in their Table of Duties, is, To fear the Jeſuit, and obey him; as the two next are much akin to it, and of like Tendency, even, To ſtudy Humility, and to contemn all worldly Goods. The Precept, of fearing God, ſeems to be prefixed for Form, and in Policy only; ſince it is impoſſible there ſhould be any Knowlege of God, where the Exerciſe of Reaſon is not known nor permitted: Nor can God be ſaid to be regarded by thoſe who uſe the Images of God like Beaſts.

All theſe Stores and Warehouſes, ſo much Grain, ſo many Manufactures, ſo much Gold and Silver, ſo many Commodities from ſo fine, ſo large, and ſo plentiful a Country; abounding in Mines, in Rivers and Meadows, full of Horſes, and Sheep, and Black Cattle, of Timber and Fruit-trees, of Flax and Indigo, Hemp and Cotton, Sugar, Drugs and Medicinal Herbs; muſt enable theſe good Fathers, who have renounced all Wealth, and the World itſelf, to carry on an infinite and moſt lucrative Trade, in which, though they have vowed Poverty, they are extremely active; and conſequently muſt make that Jeſuitical Government a moſt Powerful one. It hath Advantages which no other Government ever had, an abſolute Independency upon its People, or their Purſes; the whole Wealth of the Country in its preſent Poſſeſſion; the People abſolutely ſubmiſſive, and reſigned to its good Pleaſure and all its Calls; no Factions, not a Malecontent; an Army of Sixty thouſand Men, all tame and tractable, devoted to blind Obedience, commanded in chief by a Jeſuit, and obſtinately averſe to be commanded by any other General; a vaſt Revenue of many Millions; no Trouble in Taxing, no Time loſt in collecting Taxes.

Such a Government, whilſt it proceeds upon the ſame Principles, is unchangeable. No wonder theſe Jeſuits are extremely jealous and tender, not only in keeping the poor *Indians* Slaves to Ignorance and Bigotry, in order to keep them Slaves to themſelves, but in concealing ſo much Empire and Wealth from all the World; eſpecially from *Spain*, from whence they were ſent, at the Expence of that Crown, to convert the *Indians*, and make them Subjects to the *Spaniſh* Monarchy. The good Fathers are ſo far from meaning any ſuch thing, that they not only carefully avoid teaching them the *Spaniſh* Tongue, but preſs it upon them, as a Point of Conſcience, not to converſe with the *Spaniards*. If any *Spaniard* happen to come amongſt them, a Thing which the Jeſuits are ſo far from encouraging, that they care not to ſee it, he is indeed civilly uſed, but carefully confined within the Walls of their holy Citadel, the Presbytery; or if, by earneſt Intreaty, he obtain leave to walk through the Town, he is cloſely guarded by the Jeſuit at his Side, and ſees not an *Indian* in the Streets. For the *Indians* are ordered to ſhut themſelves up, and faſten their Doors, upon any ſuch Occaſion.

Beſides, theſe vigilant Fathers keep Five or Six thouſand Men, employed in ſeveral Detachments, (Apoſtolic Troops!) to watch and ſcour the Frontiers, in order to cut off all Intercourſe with the neighbouring Countries, not yet ſubjected to the good Fathers. Towards one of their Frontiers particularly, leſt the rich Mines in it might invite a Settlement from Abroad, they have deſtroyed all the Horſes, in order to diſcourage any ſuch Settlement. For theſe ſelf-denying Friers, who are ſworn to Poverty, have an ardent Zeal to ſecure all theſe wealthy Mines to themſelves, for religious Uſes.

Theſe poor, rich, humble, ſovereign Miſſionaries, as they are Maſters of ſuch immenſe Wealth, all conſecrated to their own Uſe, that is, to the Uſe of Religion, make a proper Diſplay of it. The Churches are ſpacious, magnificent in their Structure, and ſet off with all Pomp and Decorations; grand Porticos and Colonnades, rich Altars adorned with Bas-reliefs, Pictures in Frames of maſſy Gold, and Saints of ſolid Silver, the Foot and Sides covered with Cloth of Gold, and the Pedeſtals with Plates of Gold; the Tabernacle made of Gold; the Pyx (or Box for the Sacrament) of Gold, ſet round with Emeralds, and other Jewels; the Veſſels and Candleſticks made of Gold; the Whole, when illuminated, making a Shew almoſt beyond Belief: A proper Bait for the Eyes of deluded *Indians*, who, by ſuch fine Sights, and the pious Mountebankery attending them, are retained in due Awe and Wonder!

The Princely Perſon of the Poor Jeſuit is ſuitably lodged in a ſpacious Palace, containing grand Apartments, furniſhed with many Pictures and Images, with proper Lodgings for his Train of Officers and Domeſtics; the Quadrangles and Gardens all in proportion; the whole Court making a Square of ſome Miles. Obſerve, that all the many opulent Warehouſes, belonging to the Holy Diſintereſted Man, are contained in it!

Such is the Situation, ſuch the State, and inimitable Authority, of every Jeſuit in *Paraguay.* There are but Forty odd of theſe Monks in all that great Tract of Country; and in it they have above a Million of Souls, not only to obey them, but to worſhip them: Nor do theſe their ſightleſs and abject Slaves know any other God: For where the true God is ever ſo little known, no Man will worſhip Friers; who always paint Him as like Themſelves, as They themſelves are, in Reality, unlike Him.

SECT. V.

The inevitable Danger of truſting Eccleſiaſtical Perſons with any Worldly Power, or any Share in Government.

THIS Government of the Jeſuits in *America*, the moſt monſtrous, and the moſt tyrannical, that ever the World ſaw, is yet the moſt quiet. It owes its Security to the ſame Principles, to which it owes its Foundation; Two very ſhort, and very ſimple Principles: Firſt, that the Jeſuits come commiſſioned from God, to declare His Will to the *Indians*; then, that the *Indians* are to ſubmit in All Things, and to give up All Things, to the Jeſuits: And theſe Two Principles are ſufficient, nay, neceſſarily tend, to introduce and perpetuate the moſt complete Tyranny; a Conſideration which ought to be an eternal Warning to all Nations, and all Governments, never to ſuffer any Man, or Body of Men, to make Religion a Stalking-Horſe to Power or Property; ſince, thenceforward, all the Property and Power of the World will be found too little for any Man, or Body of Men, who pretend to preſide and dictate in religious Matters: Witneſs the *Pope*, and *Mahomet*, and the *Jeſuits* in *Paraguay*.

It ſeemed to be a pertinent and prophetic Conjecture in the *Abyſſinians*, concerning the Churches erected amongſt them by the *Romiſh* Miſſionaries, ‘ That they were Forts, raiſed to maſter ‘ and bridle the Country.’ The Miſſionaries in *Japan* had ſuch Confidence in the blind Bigotry of their Converts, who believed the Fathers to be all Vice-gods, and the Will and Wiſdom of the Fathers to be the Will and Wiſdom of God, that they thought themſelves able to form a powerful Army, of theſe their bewitched Tools, againſt their natural Lord the Emperor; to make them

Traitors

Traitors and Rebels, out of Zeal for *Jeſuitiſm*, abuſefully called *Chriſtianity*; and to ſacrifice their Lives, to make theſe Reverend Pedants Maſters of the Empire. For, had they conquered, they muſt have aſſumed the ſovereign Sway, or committed it to ſome nominal Prince to ſway it for them: And then *Japan* muſt have felt the Fate of *America*; namely, a Courſe of Barbarity, Maſſacre, and Deſolation, with whatever was afflicting and dreadful to human Nature; all to ſpread Darkneſs and Deluſion over the human Soul, for the Benefit of inhuman Deceivers. The Jeſuit *Xavier*, who is ſainted, and called, *The Apoſtle of the* Indies, made a Declaration, worthy, indeed, of his Order, but nothing ſavouring of an Apoſtle, that *Miſſionaries without Muſquets were never ſucceſsful in making Converts.* What a *Romiſh* Miſſionary in *Japan* owned to that Emperor, was enough to alarm him. The Emperor asked him, How the King of *Spain* came by ſuch vaſt Territories in *America?* The Father replied, in the Simplicity of his Heart, ‘ That the *Catholic* King ſent over Miſſionaries to ‘ convert the *Americans*, and then Troops to maſter them.’

It cannot be forgot, how precariouſly Princes reigned formerly in Chriſtendom, whilſt the Pope preſumed to guide and command; nay, to curſe and depoſe Princes. Doubtleſs he was then the Monarch of Chriſtendom; and thoſe who were called Chriſtian Monarchs, were, under that mock Name, no other than his Vaſſals and Tributaries. He publiſhed Laws binding to Prince and People, taxed their Subjects, levied Money upon them, armed them againſt their Sovereign, and often dethroned their Sovereign. Were not all theſe Demonſtrations, that he was Sovereign over them All? His magic Monarchy was therefore not only the moſt impious, and moſt complete Tyranny, but the moſt formed for Continuance, as long as Impoſture was ſwallowed and revered for Religion.

Dominion, founded thus in the Soul, is abſolute, and ought to teach all Princes, and States, never to ſuffer thoſe who profeſs to direct in Religion, to poſſeſs Power; ſince, where-ever theſe two are blended together, one of them muſt periſh. It is eaſy to gueſs, becauſe it has been always ſeen, which of the Two will prevail; and then worldly Ambition, covered and recommended by a holy

Name, animated by the worſt Paſſions, acting from the worſt Motives, and purſuing the worſt Ends, will monopolize, or taint and confound, All things, Conſcience and Property, Law and Reaſon, ſell and belye Heaven, engroſs and oppreſs the Earth. The Prieſts of *Egypt*, of old, ſupreme in the State, as well as in Religion, making the moſt of theſe mixt Characters, not only made and unmade Kings, not only depoſed and ſlaughtered them, but ordered the King to ſlaughter himſelf, whenever they told him he was unfit to reign. Indeed, the more qualified he was for reigning, the leſs he anſwered their Purpoſe, and was the more proper Victim to holy Jealouſy. It was therefore from ſound and neceſſary Policy, that the *Saphis*, or Sovereigns of *Perſia*, aſſumed the *Headſhip of the Church*, as well as of the State, and were as abſolute in Religion as in Government. The *Great Turk*, without claiming the ſame Title, aſſumes the ſame Right, and exerciſes the ſame Authority, by making and unmaking the *Mufti*, or CHIEF PONTIF, at Pleaſure.

The *De la Lami* is not only *Chief Pontif* of the Eaſtern *Tartars*, but treated like a Deity, and ſtiled Everlaſting Father. What may not an Impoſtor, ſo important, ſo adored, and thought to be Almighty and Immortal, undertake and accompliſh? It is no Wonder, that the *Tartar* Princes are never crowned till they have his Bleſſing, which may be preſumed to mean his Permiſſion. They even eat his Dung as ſanctified Dainties.

The *Talapois*, in the Kingdom of *Lao*, or *Langia*, in the Eaſt, are ſo formidable, even to the King, that when they commit the moſt outrageous Crimes, Robbery, Treaſon, Rapes, and Murder, he dare not puniſh them, nor ſuffer them to be puniſhed. He fears, that, were he to chaſtiſe or reſtrain them, they would make his People, over whom they are Omnipotent, deſtroy him, or would deſtroy him themſelves. He therefore excuſes, or will not ſee, their moſt ſhocking Enormities. If they counterfeit the Coin, ‘The poor Men, ſays he, were in want, and found this ingenious Contrivance to relieve themſelves: Beſides, it was pious in them, thus to ſupport their Temples and Convents; and their Accuſers are to blame.’ Once, one of theſe Reverend Friers was, upon full and ocular Evidence, convicted, before the King, for having broke, by Night, into the Apartment of two Siſters, Women of Condition, and murdered them for their Jewels. The Fact was plain, the Evidence undeniable, yet the Murderer innocent. ‘ An evil Spirit, ſays his Majeſty, hath done the Murder, under the Form of a *Talapoi*, to bring Diſgrace upon theſe holy Men.’ Thus that King reigns with their Leave, and they tyrannize without his.

This is, indeed, a very ſurpriſing Account; but it is ſtill more ſurpriſing, that it comes from the *European* Miſſionaries, though it be probably very true. Have not *European*, Catholic *Talapois* oppoſed Princes, their natural Princes, rebelled againſt Princes, curſed their Princes, depoſed their Princes, poiſoned and ſtabbed their Princes? And do they not ſtill claim to be independent of their natural Sovereign every-where, and ſubject only to their own Juriſdiction, and to the Sovereignty of the Pope?

SECT. VI.

The Profeſſion of the Miſſionaries Abroad; how notoriouſly inſincere, and contradictory to their Tenets and Practices at Home.

THE above ſtrange Boldneſs and Inconſiſtency in the Miſſionaries lead one into many Reflections. When I think particularly of the mighty Empire of *China*, that, in Numbers of Inhabitants, in good Policy, and conſequently in Felicity, it ſurpaſſes all the other great Empires of the Earth, paſt and preſent; when I conſider, what raiſed it ſo high, what preſerved it ſo long, as alſo, what would ſink and ruin it for ever; I cannot but wonder at the marvelous Aſſurance of theſe Miſſionaries, in trying to propagate and eſtabliſh their ſhocking Syſtem of Abſurdities and Impieties there; a Syſtem, as repugnant to the Simplicity of Chriſtianity, as to that of rational Heathens! When the Moment their Hiſtory, and Conduct, and Maxims, are known, all reaſonable *Chineſes* muſt abhor them;

abhor their Hiſtory, fraught with Acts of Fraud and Sedition; abhor their Conduct, black with Perſecution and Cruelty; abhor their Maxims, levelled againſt all Conſcience and common Senſe, full of Blaſphemy againſt the Deity, full of Contradiction to Reaſon and Figures; all intirely ſelfiſh, framed only to exalt themſelves, by cheating, impoveriſhing, and depreſſing all others.

Can any ſenſible *Chineſe*, without Reſentment and Scorn, hear himſelf perſuaded to renounce his Reaſon, as the firſt Step to Happineſs; to ſtifle that Light which certainly comes from God, and to follow what flatly contradicts that Light; to take extravagant Traditions, and Fairy Tales, and Dreams, for the Will and Word of God; to believe Impoſſibilities as Divine Truths; to practiſe wonderful Fooleries, as Duties commanded by the God of Wiſdom; to eſteem the God of the Univerſe addicted to perſonal Fondneſſes and Favourites; influenced, or rather governed, by a Mother and Kindred; ſubject to Caprice and Paſſions; nay, ſhifting his Paſſions, and even his Purpoſes and Decrees, upon every Requeſt and Whim of his Creatures; unaccountably fond of one Sect, however little and obſcure, generally Slaves and Vagabonds, and often, in ſpight of Him, and all his Menaces, obſtinate Idolaters; yet, for their Sake, hating, or neglecting, all the reſt of the World?

Can a rational *Chineſe* think, that the Almighty and Impartial Being more readily hears a Prayer made by one Man, than the ſame Prayer made by another Man; that he regards Coats, or Colours, or Names, or Diſtinctions, or has given Power to particular Men to prevail with himſelf in Behalf of all the reſt (juſt as a weak Prince does to his Miſtreſs, or his Barber); though theſe particular Men can in no earthly or viſible Thing ſhew, that they have any Power, or any Faculties, ſuperior to thoſe of the moſt ordinary Men; when the Morals of the moſt ordinary Men are, indeed, generally better than theirs, and when ſuch Morals are the only Recommendation of Men in Society? For, God wants no Human Help, no more than he does Grimace and Flattery.

If the *Chineſes* knew further, that theſe holy Strollers, profeſſing at firſt only a Deſire to be heard, only to inſtruct them, to pray for them, and to propoſe to them the meek Principles of the

Goſpel; contending for no Power, but that of Perſuaſion; for no Authority, but that of blaming Vices; for no Revenue, hardly for daily Bread, would yet aſſume a very different Style, when they had once gained ſufficient Numbers of Bigots to follow and ſupport them; that they would then boldly claim a public Eſtabliſhment, and public Rents, amounting to a large Proportion of the Public Wealth; beſides all that they could procure by cheating and frightening private Conſciences; that they would haughtily aſſert an abſolute Power in Spirituals, that is, in whatever they pleaſed to call ſo; even a Power to excommunicate the whole Empire, and the Prince himſelf with it; that is, to dethrone him, if he ſubmitted not blindly to them, eſpecially in ſinking his Sovereignty, or employed it not in ſetting them above himſelf, and in perſecuting, burning, and exterminating his beſt and moſt conſcientious Subjects; namely, ſuch as they could not force to give up all Conſcience, at the Word of Command, nor to believe Lyes, nor to reverence marvelous Folly and Inhumanity; that they would raiſe popular Ferments, Tumults, Bloodſhed, and Civil Wars, about Bowings, and Tables, and Legerdemain; would promote continual Strife, about mere Words, and dry Names, and internal, involuntary Motions of the Mind; nay, kill and deſtroy, for ſuch ſcandalous Conſiderations; or, where they were not ſuffered to go ſo far, at leaſt make theſe the Subjects of everlaſting Strife and Rancour, to the conſtant Diſturbance and Ruin of Society; that they would curſe, and oppreſs, in Defence of the moſt ſhocking Blaſphemy; maintaining, that the One only God, He who made all things, He who fills all Space, and, in Power and Greatneſs, is utterly Incomprehenſible, might be eaten and multiplied; that they could damn, and ſave, human Souls, and open the Gates of Heaven and Hell, though they could not, without human Means, command the ſmalleſt Leaf from a Buſh, or the ſmalleſt Candle to burn, or be extinguiſhed; and that ſuch poor weak Creatures, who had not Power to controul the Motions of a Fly, or award the loweſt Inſect to a common Death, would yet moſt impiouſly preſume to influence, nay, to direct and determine, the God of infinite Wiſdom and Power:

I ſay, if any *Chineſe* knew all theſe frightful Truths, concerning the Miſſionaries, (and Truths they are, too glaring to be denied) would he not wonder at their Boldneſs, pity the unhappy Countries where ſuch peſtilent Inſtruments bore Sway, rejoice that his own had eſcaped them, and ſtudy to preſerve it for ever from them? Indeed, there cannot be a ſurer Sign, that all monkiſh Pretenſions whatſoever, to propagate Divine Worſhip and Opinions, by the Aids of Wealth and Power, by Terrors and Penalties, whether Poſitive or Negative, are utterly repugnant to the benevolent Chriſtian Religion, and to the merciful Will of God, the common Father of all Men, than that they are found certainly baneful to Society, certainly tending to make People ignorant and ſlaviſh, utterly uncharitable, and therefore utterly unſociable, as well as few and poor.

There could not therefore be a ſurer Method of reducing the mighty Numbers of People in *China*, with all their mighty Wealth, Trade, and Happineſs, than by eſtabliſhing a monkiſh Hierarchy there, or any ſuch Hierarchy as conſiders only Itſelf, and All things For itſelf.

SECT. VII.

The Duration of Tyrannical ſingle Governments, and the changeable Nature of ſuch as are Popular and Free, further conſidered and illuſtrated.

WHEN Virtue and good Senſe become more prevalent in the World than Vice and Folly, it will be a Wonder indeed, to ſee the worſt Government more permanent than the beſt. People are generally more conſtant in evil Habits than in good, more perſevering in Groſſneſs and Stupidity than in the Exerciſe of Reaſon, and in uſeful Purſuits. In truth, the more fooliſh their Habits, the more wild their Tenets are, the more they are prized. The abſurd Cuſtoms, and extravagant Notions, almoſt every-where prevailing in the World, ſhew this to be, in general, the Character of the World, and of moſt Men in it. They are rarely diſpoſed to change for the Better; or if they be, they almoſt always miſtake the Means: And though they did not, they will find unſurmountable Difficulties thrown in their Way, by thoſe who have Power to do it, and Intereſt in doing it. Whoever is hurt by the Change, will oppoſe it, however advantageous it may be to the Whole; as they who gain by the worſt Change, will advance the worſt; and, in both Caſes, the People may be ſometimes either ſo awed as not to attempt the beſt Change, or ſo deceived as not to wiſh for it: At other times, they may be ſo managed, ſo ſeduced and inflamed, as to be hurried into a Paſſion for the worſt.

Where ſuch public Agitations prevail, and in the freeſt Governments they will always prevail moſt, the Government itſelf is conſtantly threatened with a Revolution, and, at length, with Diſſolution, as happened to that of *Rome*, and had before to that of *Athens*; which, after all the Laws and Regulations of *Solon*, ſtill continued turbulent and raging, and haſtening to a Downfal. He himſelf owned, that *the Government was bad*; but ſaid, *the People would bear no better*. It is a Wonder, that that of *Rome* held ſo long, under ſuch a continual Courſe of Struggles, between the Leaders of the Senate, and the Leaders of the People. *Salluſt* ſays expreſly, ‘ That they (that is, thoſe Leaders) would rather ſee ‘ the State in Convulſions, than loſe their ſuperior Sway in it. ‘ The Tribunes engaged the People, nay, bribed them, and ‘ incenſed them againſt the Senate; all to gain Influence and ‘ Popularity, and thence Power and Command, to themſelves. ‘ Againſt the Tribunes the Nobility exerted all their Force; in ‘ Appearance, for the Authority of the Senate; in Reality, for ‘ their own Grandeur. One Side was loud for the Rights of the ‘ People; the other, for ſupporting the Dignity of the Senate; ‘ both pleading the Public Good, both ſtruggling for their own ‘ particular Pre-eminence. Nor was there any End, or Bounds, ‘ to this terrible Competition.’

The Faction which prevailed, muſt, in all good Policy, diſable the defeated Faction from recovering: They would rather therefore try a new Conſtitution, that is, a new Government, than hazard the Re-admiſſion of the late Governors; and riſque the utter Change of the State, than loſe the Rule of it.

The *Romans* got rid of the Tyranny of Kings, but fell under the Tyranny of Party. The Hiſtory of the Commonwealth is little elſe but the Hiſtory of Party. Even their Foreign Wars, and Conqueſts, aroſe from the continual Struggle of Parties at Home; a Struggle that early preſaged the Overthrow of the Commonwealth, which fell finally under that great Party-Man, *Cæſar*, who, by the Force and Improvement of Party, put an End to Liberty. *Sylla* and *Marius* had ſhewn the Thing to be feaſible: Many others had attempted it. *Cæſar* accompliſhed it; he oppreſſed Liberty, and oppreſſed it for ever.—— A ſad Conſideration, that when Liberty is once loſt, it is hardly ever to be recovered; it is the more ſad, as Liberty naturally furniſhes Enemies againſt Itſelf. Great Liberty always produces Faction: Faction is always dangerous, often pernicious to Liberty.

Faction, if it be not formed by ſome particular Head, will at leaſt ſoon find a Head; or a Head will ſoon find the Faction. Then, as He will ſtick at nothing to humour Them, They will ſtick at nothing to exalt Him, even ſo as to enable Him to deſtroy the State, and Themſelves with it. If *Catiline* fail, ſo muſt his Followers. They therefore deſperately concur with him, in all his moſt deſperate Meaſures, to deſtroy the Government with Fire and Sword, and, by the ſame dreadful Means, to ſet up another Government. The whole Faction were ſo deviliſhly determined, that not a Man of them, amongſt ſo many Thouſands, all deſperate and poor, would betray any of the reſt, though tempted to it by the Offer of Pardon, and a great Reward; as I have elſewhere obſerved. They even blaſpheme the ſacred Name of Liberty, and uſe it as a Stale to their ſavage Treaſon; proſtitute it, yet complain of the want of it; and pretend to reſtore it, whilſt they are extirpating it.

Indeed, by the Sound of Liberty, every enterpriſing Tribune could ſhake and endanger the State; and his moſt pernicious Projects were ſometimes the moſt popular: *Sicinius Dentatus* propoſed, upon the Conqueſt of the City and Territory of *Veii*, to divide the whole *Roman* People, and to ſend One-half of all

Degrees

Degrees thither: A Propoſal which, had it ſucceeded, would have put a Period to the *Roman* State; yet the People, ever fond of Novelties, and popular Projects, rejoiced in the Propoſal, and were hardly kept from executing it.

It was thus the worſt Men made themſelves popular, by offering popular Laws, and bewailing popular Grievances; Laws which were really wanted, but ſometimes could not be obtained, or were attempted to be obtained in ſuch a Way, upon ſuch Terms, and by ſuch Inſtruments, as made the Execution of them more miſchievous than the Want of them; Grievances that could not be removed, without introducing worſe. What ſeemed more reaſonable, what more wanted, than the Diſtribution of the public Lands amongſt the *Roman* People, who had conquered them? What more reaſonable, what more juſt, than an Agrarian Law; limiting the monſtrous Wealth of ſome particular Subjects, and ſupplying the miſerable Wants of All? But, beſides the great Difficulty in gaining and executing ſuch a Law, thoſe who were loudeſt and moſt active in puſhing it, meant only their own Grandeur, and to enthrall the People with their own Conſent. They knew that any popular Cry would be followed with popular Applauſe, with popular Confidence, and popular Authority.

Even the extravagant and enſlaving Scheme of the Tribune *Rullus* was applauded by the People, becauſe he declared it to be for the Benefit of the People; though nothing was ever more obviouſly deſtructive of their Liberty, and of the very Being of the State. By it, ‘He and Nine Confederates more, were to be ‘invested, during Five Years, with abſolute Power over the Com‘monwealth, over all its Forces and Revenues, over all the Lands ‘and Fortunes of particular Subjects; Power to ſettle Colonies, ‘to diſtribute the public Treaſure to the People at Diſcretion, and ‘to alter and transfer Property at Pleaſure.’ A Scheme, which, at firſt View, declared theſe Ten to be uncontroulable Tyrants over the Republic, and All in it to be abſolute Slaves to theſe Ten Tyrants; yet, ſo pleaſing to the People, that it required all the Credit, all the Addreſs and Eloquence, of *Cicero*, to undeceive them, and prevail with them to reject it.

There never was any human Society, which did not want ſomething: In every Society, there will be many Men wanting many Things. Theſe, as they will be apt to complain, will like ſuch as pity them, and join with them in their Complaints. Such who pretend to relieve them, will be ſtill more dear to them. The ſame Spirit, and the ſame Materials, which produce Mountebanks and falſe Teachers, produce falſe Patriots and Reformers, who, in order to gain popular Influence, muſt practiſe and promote popular Deceit; as I have already largely illuſtrated.

The great Unſteadineſs, and, conſequently, the great Inſecurity, of popular Governments, as well as the ſudden Guſts of Rage and Injuſtice, to which they are ſubject, is ſignally exemplified in the Commonwealth of the *Griſons*. Whenever the Peaſants are heated by any malevolent Report againſt any Man, though it be only whiſpered, perhaps to be traced to no Author, or the Author never to be diſcovered, they flock in Crouds to the Diet, and demand a Chamber of Juſtice, or rather command it. For they are Maſters, and this, nor any thing elſe, muſt be denied to their Fury, be their Fury ever ſo groundleſs. The Perſon accuſed, however innocent, is put upon proving himſelf not guilty. For the Charge is without Proof, and ſupported only by popular Jealouſy, raiſed by any Incendiary, and Artizan of Falſhood. Be the Perſon ever ſo guiltleſs, he muſt be tortured; and the Torture often produces Confeſſion of falſe Guilt, which is followed by real Execution. Such as can ſtand the Rack, are indeed acquitted, but live ever afterwards bereft of their Limbs. So that here is certain Puniſhment, without any certain Crime, or for none: The Innocent may die by falſe Confeſſion: The moſt Guilty may eſcape by making none. No Wonder, that upon ſuch popular Alarms, ſuch as any ſpiteful Slanderer may wantonly raiſe, the Gentry fly: For the Peaſants are both Judges and Accuſers; and there is no Safety, though there be no Crime. Some Sacrifices muſt be made, generally many are made, to aſſwage popular Rage, which, when it is moſt blind, is moſt carnivorous.

Here is a Republic, where, firſt, any Malecontent, any Incendiary, may, by any ſpiteful Device or Forgery, rouſe the People to Inſurrections and Maſſacre; and where, ſecondly, all the principal Men, who are thus leaſt ſafe in it, are under a continual Temptation to aboliſh ſuch popular Licentiouſneſs, and to introduce a quieter Government, for their own Security. Beſides, we have an Inſtance from the ſame Country, how eaſily, and readily, and madly, the People themſelves are drawn to change the moſt popular Government, and to ſubmit to abſolute Tyranny. A Community of the *Griſons*, under the gentleſt Yoke in the World, without any Grievance to complain of, but that their Magiſtrates were now-and-then of a different Religion, and that Proteſtants were tolerated amongſt them, were ſuch ſurpriſing Bigots, as to throw off their juſt and mild Governors, cut the Throats of their unoffending Neighbours, and caſt themſelves into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, the moſt terrible Maſters in the World.

Upon the Whole, Free Governments are indeed difficult to be conquered, but ſubject to change; and it is ſcarce poſſible to frame, or even to conceive, one of them free from the Materials of Change, and internal Diſſolution. They may conquer great Monarchies: The *Roman* Republic conquered many, but, at laſt, conquered itſelf, by the very Means and Inſtruments of its Conqueſts, even its own victorious Armies and Commanders. That State, like others, equally Popular and Free, produced Great Men: Thoſe Great Men often threatened, at laſt effected, the Ruin of the State. They proved equally dangerous at the Head of Factions, as at the Head of Armies, and frequently came to lead Armies, by having led Factions.

Great abſolute Monarchies cannot properly be called Government, becauſe they can never be well and equally adminiſtred, even where the Monarch moſt ſincerely intends it; a Caſe which ſeldom happens, or can be preſumed. He who directs All, cannot be exactly acquainted how All is executed, and cannot anſwer for the Virtue and Sufficiency of all the infinite Inſtruments employed by him, and under him. Abſolute Power is generally abſolute Miſrule, a Train of public Spoilers, preying upon one another, certainly upon all others; and, under the Name of Protecting, in fact, Diſtreſſing and Conſuming Men.——Yet this Sort of Monarchy is generally laſting; it is ſubject indeed to be conquered, but is obnoxious, within itſelf, to no eſſential Change. The

Monarch himſelf is frequently changed, and for ever liable to be ſo; to be dethroned, impriſoned, ſlain: But ſuch Changes, however frequent, are but Perſonal: The Power and Policy is the ſame, and continues. Civil Wars and Revolutions have been frequent in *India*, *Perſia*, and *Turkey*; but, in all of them, the Conſtitution remains unvaried; and the Succeſſor of an Emperor, depoſed for abuſing his Power, is ſtill at Liberty to abuſe it as much.

There never was a freer, or a braver People, under the Sun, than the *Coſſacks*. Oppreſſion at Home from their *Poliſh* Lords, drove them to ſeek Shelter in the *Ukrain*, from their Courage, and into a League of mutual Defence. It is wonderful, what great Defeats ſmall Bands of them have given to great Armies, and what amazing Exploits they have performed againſt the *Turks*, upon the *Black Sea*, where, in ſmall open Boats, without the Help or Poſſibility of Ordnance, they have awed, ſurpriſed, and beaten, the *Turkiſh* Navy, and often taken and deſtroyed their proud Gallies, full of Men and Artillery. But their Government is too free to be ſteady and laſting. Their *Hetman*, or Chief, is elective; and a terrible Station he holds; ſince, upon every public Diſaſter and Miſcarriage, which muſt frequently happen from their frequent and deſperate Excurſions, he is almoſt ſure to be cut to pieces, however able and faultleſs he be. Yet this Honour, which no Wiſe Man would chuſe, the Wiſeſt Man dare not refuſe. If he do, he is as ſurely cut to pieces for Not ſerving, as if he had ſerved ever ſo Ill. So that any factious Member, may, from private Spite or Ambition, propoſe his Enemy, or Rival, to be their Chief, on purpoſe to have him ſlaughtered. Thus daily Commotions, and continual Tragedies, are to be apprehended amongſt them; and the Chief is under conſtant Temptations to ſave his Life, and conſult his own Security, by conſpiring againſt that of the Public, and by betraying the State to ſome powerful Neighbour, able to protect him againſt his own People; and many ſuch Neighbours there are, ready to combine with and encourage him, in *Moſcovy*, *Turkey*, *Tartary*, and *Poland*.

Crotona, an antient *Greek* City in *Italy*, famous for the Birth of *Pythagoras*, was a Commonwealth, adminiſtered by a Council of a Thouſand: That of *Locris* had one as numerous: The *Seres*, a People in *Scythia*, had one of Five thouſand. What Union, what Peace and Secrecy, could be expected in ſuch tumultuous Councils? We may gueſs, and indeed find, by their Hiſtory, to what Factions and Struggles, to what inteſtine Changes and Calamities, theſe popular States were ſubject; what Scope and Encouragement was given to Demagogues; what Danger attended their beſt Magiſtrates, what evil Conſtructions the beſt Meaſures; and, thence, what Temptation to theſe Magiſtrates to make themſelves independent; and thus introduce a Single Tyranny, or that of a Few.

Syracuſe was the proudeſt and moſt opulent of all the *Greek* Cities; till the People, wanton with Plenty and Proſperity, and impatient of any Reſtraint upon their Liberty, (though, without Reſtraint, no Liberty can ſubſiſt) ruined All, Themſelves, their Liberty, and their State, by ſetting up a popular Government; which, whilſt it laſted, was little better than Anarchy, and naturally produced, what, from the Beginning, it naturally tended to produce, Single Tyranny. The Multitude made War and Peace; gave and reſumed Governments, and military Command; made and aboliſhed Treaties; were Maſters of Life and Death; declared and pardoned Criminals; deſpiſed real Merit, and exalted Favourites without Merit.

This popular Liberty, or rather this Madneſs, this wild Power in the Many, could not hold, when every loud Son of the Rabble was firſt heard; and, minding only his own little Intereſt, truſted moſt in thoſe who flattered him beſt. All lived in a continual Intercourſe of deceiving, and being deceived: He who could beſt deceive All, was in a Way to be Maſter of All. *Dionyſius* proved to be the Man; a Man ever ſince renowned and deteſted, by the Name of *the Tyrant*. He cajolled the Multitude, and the Multitude adored him. For Their ſake, and for his Attachment to them, he told Them, (and this was Argument enough to gain their Belief) that he went in hourly Peril of his Life; and begged them to appoint him a Guard: They readily granted him what he wanted, and he readily took what they had thus helped him to; even the Prerogative of putting Chains upon them

All.--He even entailed the Tyranny upon his Son. When they were releaſed from this Second crazy and contemptible Tyrant, by the virtuous *Timoleon*, the People, bewitched with the Notions of unbounded Liberty, (a Thing which can never laſt; and, whilſt it does, is in continual Combination againſt itſelf) ſtruggling for the old popular Government, *Agathocles*, once a Pathic, a Haunter of Brothels, then a common Soldier, now an Officer, adopting the faſhionable Cry for Liberty and the People, charmed them, cheated them, enſlaved them, and then butchered them by Centuries.

Sybaris was a populous and thriving State; the City contained Three hundred thouſand Inhabitants. The Government was popular and unſteady. The People, provoked and deceived by one *Telys*, a deſigning Citizen, baniſhed Five hundred Citizens at once, the moſt wealthy of the Whole; Men whom He diſliked, and whom he taught the Populace to hate. The Exiles were protected and patronized by the *Crotonians*; a War enſued; an Army of Three hundred thouſand *Sybarites* were utterly routed and ſlaughtered, by a Third of the Number of *Crotonians*, commanded by the famous Wreſtler *Milo*. The City itſelf of *Sybaris* was ſacked, and laid deſolate: It was not rebuilt for almoſt Sixty Years; and then again razed by the *Crotonians*. The fugitive *Sybarites*, aſſiſted by a Colony from *Athens*, built another City, with another Name; and, uſing the New-comers inſolently, loſt the chief Sway to them. So much they got and loſt, by their Poſſeſſion of popular Liberty, and by their Faith in *Telys* their popular Leader.

The Populace at *Argos*, in one wild Sedition, deſtroyed moſt of the conſiderable *Argives*, without other Evidence, than the Inſinuations and bold Calumnies of their Orators. All the Rich were accuſed; all the Accuſed were found guilty; all the Guilty were put to Death. Even the inhuman Orators were, at laſt, terrified with ſuch infinite Executions, no leſs than 1600 in a Train; and, growing ſlack in their Purſuit of more, became thence ſuſpected; Suſpicion was Guilt enough; and they were themſelves ſlaughtered; they who were the Authors of ſo much Slaughter!

An Ariſtocracy, or a Government of the Nobles, is more ſecure, as it is more ſteady, than a popular Government; and though generally very ſtrict and ſevere, yet nothing ſo terrible as abſolute

Monarchy. That of *Sparta* laſted many Ages, after it was reſcued, by the Wiſdom and Courage of *Lycurgus*, from the Weakneſs and Violence of Popularity, into which it had lapſed; and was therefore haſtening to Diſſolution, as I have before obſerved. One Part of the *Spartan* Policy ſeems extremely unjuſt and cruel: As the genuine *Spartans* were not very numerous, all bred only to Arms, the Grounds were cultivated, and all ſervile Offices were performed, by the *Helotes*, their Slaves, the Natives of the Country, firſt conquered by the *Heraclides*. Theſe Slaves were very numerous, and preſumed not to be well-affected to their proud Maſters; who therefore uſed, from time to time, to employ the moſt truſty *Spartan* Youth on ſecret and nightly Expeditions, to maſſacre quietly ſuch of theſe Slaves, as were moſt obnoxious for Strength, Capacity, and Spirit; even Two thouſand at a time.

The *Venetians*, with all their Experience and Refinements, their great Council, their Senate, and their College; with all their Checks, Rotations, and Ballotings; their extraordinary Maxims, and Jealouſy; could not boaſt much Security and Permanence, but for the ſupreme and unaccountable Authority of the Council of Ten; the conſtant Terror of all turbulent Subjects, and the great Bulwark of the Commonwealth.

The Government of the *Argives* was, in a great meaſure, the ſame with that of *Sparta*; but through One Defect, I mean the Want of a Senate, like that of the *Ephori* there, was ſubject to terrible Agitations and Inſurrections. Any popular Jealouſy and Rage, always eaſily raiſed by any evil Inſtruments amongſt the Populace, for want of ſuch a Council to intercept it, diſcharged itſelf directly upon the King, and ended not, but in his Murder, or Depoſition. It was therefore juſt Policy in one of the Kings of *Sparta*, to inſtitute the *Ephori*; for, though that Inſtitution checked the Royal Authority, as his Queen weakly upbraided him, it ſecured and prolonged it: And the *Spartan* Government, which laſted ſo long, might have laſted ſtill longer, but for its Attempts to make Conqueſts; which introduced new Maxims, with the Means and Examples of Luxury; let looſe the Ambition of particular *Spartans*, and unſettled all Things. It was admirably framed for Self-preſervation, but not for Inlargement.

The *Roman* Government was itſelf enſlaved by the ſame Spirit and Inſtruments, by which it enſlaved ſo many other Nations; I mean, by popular Heroes and Armies. Thenceforwards the *Roman* Government could not be ſaid to exiſt, even with a *Roman* Emperor at the Head of it. It was loſt in Imperial Frolic and Fury; in the Humour, Whim, or Appetite, of a Fool, or a Madman, *Claudius*, or *Nero*. Neither could the wiſeſt Prince alter it, much leſs reſtore it: This was, indeed, impoſſible; and ſome ſuch were deſtroyed for attempting it; nor could the beſt do more, than ſhew their Pity and Generoſity, by particular Acts of Juſtice and Benevolence, which died with them. The beſt Reigns were only Intervals of Violence, Robbery, and Bloodſhed. Yet this Tyranny, this Inverſion and Suppreſſion of Government, proved laſting. The Tyrants were frequently deſtroyed, but the Tyranny never.

This is the Lot and Curſe of Tyrants, without bringing Relief to the People; unleſs, perhaps, it prove ſome Conſolation to them, to ſee, that their grand Oppreſſor, that the proudeſt Ruler, holds a more precarious Life, and is hourly threatened with a more ignominious Death, than his meaneſt Slave. There are eternal Changes *in* ſuch Government, but never *of* it; and the ſame Hands which preſerve the Monarchy unchangeable, may change the Monarch every Day.

The Prætorian Bands, the *Turkiſh* Janizaries, the *Ruſſian Strelitzes*, as they can make and unmake Sovereigns, are rather the Maſters, than the Servants, of their Sovereigns: And a Prince, thus at the Mercy of his Soldiery, muſt, to ſave Himſelf, give up All to their Mercy; his Subjects, his Revenue, his Prerogative, his Miniſters, and his Favourites. Sometimes, after all theſe Sacrifices, he is ſacrificed Himſelf. A dreadful Situation, both for Princes and Subjects; the more dreadful, as it never, never mends. It is a Sort of Government which deſtroys Government, and all Things; Princes, as well as People; but is Itſelf never deſtroyed, till it hath deſtroyed All. It may change its Name, from *Roman* to *Greek*, from *Greek* to *Saracen*, from *Saracen* to *Turkiſh*, from *Perſian* to *Parthian*; but its Nature doth not change: It is ſtill military; ſtill arbitrary and violent; perpetual, and unchangeable.

A free People may conquer an abſolute Monarchy: The *Romans* conquered many; indeed all that they attacked. But the ſame Way that leads to foreign Conqueſt, leads to domeſtic Slavery; and where Slavery is ſo eſtabliſhed, it is eſtabliſhed for ever; as it was at *Rome: Veſtigia nulla retrorſum.* It is not likely, that the Soldiers will let the Laws govern the King, when They cannot govern the Laws. With them, the Opportunity of making Princes infers the Power of doing it: Power is Right; Right is perpetual and ſacred. The *Roman* Emperors continued to be made by them, or were depoſed and deſtroyed by them, to the laſt. Where the Son ſucceeded the Father, he did it by their *Fiat* and Approbation.

In *Turky*, Superſtition has confined the Janizaries, in the Choice of their Princes, to the Line of *Othman*: But they have dethroned, impriſoned, and butchered their Princes, as freely as if they had been choſen from the Army, or the Rabble. It muſt be owned, too, that Hiſtory furniſhes not ſuch an able and brave Race of Princes, as have been found of that Line. For Three hundred Years they were all Heroes: A Wonder indeed! The greateſt Wretches are commonly the Deſcendents of the greateſt Heroes. Such, literally, were thoſe of *Cæſar*, of *Seſoſtris*, of *Cyrus*, of *Tamerlane*, and *Charlemagne*. Yet, during the Succeſſors of theſe great Princes, the Dread and Infamy of their ſeveral Reigns put no Period to their dreadful Form of Reigning, though it often did to their Lives. Sometimes the immediate Succeſſor is only conſpicuous for being unworthy of his Anceſtors: Witneſs *Edward* II. the weak and unhappy Son of *Edward* I. *Richard* II. the hopeful Heir of *Edward* III. Alſo *Henry* VI. the wretched Son and Succeſſor of *Henry* V.

This Conſideration is alone ſufficient to expoſe the horrid Nature and Claim of deſpotic Sway in any one Man. For, Once that it falls into the Hands of an able Prince, it may fall Ten times into the Hands of Fools; who conſider the Country as their Eſtate, and Men as their Cattle. In this Light the Emperor *Severus* (one of the beſt, too, that the *Romans* knew) ſeems to have conſidered the *Roman* Empire, and the *Romans* themſelves: His laſt Advice to his Two Sons was, *To fill the Treaſury*; (without limiting them to any honeſt Methods of doing it) *To feed and gratify the Soldiery; and to take no further Care or Concern for any thing elſe.* He did not ſo much as name the *Roman* People, or Senate: He even knew, that theſe very Youths were likely to rend and waſte the Empire; for they hated one another mortally, and were already in a State of War; and the Elder had attempted to poiſon, then to aſſaſſinate his Father. Soon after his Father's Death he butchered his Brother, even in the Arms of their common Mother; proved a Tyrant, and a Butcher, to the *Romans*, but a liberal Slave to the Army; agreeably to the Advice of his Father. He died, however, in Blood, as became ſuch a bloody Man. His Succeſſor proved worſe than He, and had the like Fate; which, in a long Succeſſion, ſcarce any eſcaped.

But though the Imperial Tyrants were ſtill falling, the Imperial Tyranny ſtood ſtill firm. The Soldiers would brook no other: How ſhould they? Whenever they murdered one Emperor, they were ſure of being well paid for ſetting up another; and then murdered Him, too, when they had left him no more to give them. It was a fine Government to Them: From it they had the Spoils of the World.

Why did the free *Romans*, why did the free *Greeks*, hate Monarchy, and deſpiſe Monarchs, but becauſe they were lawleſs, abſolute Tyrants; their Subjects abſolute Slaves, and their great Armies for ever defeated, by Handfuls of Men born free, and therefore brave? An *Athenian* valued himſelf more upon being the Son of an *Athenian*, than upon the Blood he derived, by his Mother, from the Kings of *Thrace*: And the Daughter of a *Roman* Citizen refuſed to be the Wife of a King.

SECT. VIII.

An Inquiry, Which is the moſt Equal and Perfect Government: Our own proved to be ſo.

THE moſt equal and perfect Government amongſt the *Romans*, was their Firſt Government; that of King, Senate, and People, and it is the moſt perfect of all Governments.

Abſolute Power, in the People, is Madneſs, naturally and haſtily running into the Hands of One Man, where it is Madneſs ſtill; but more dangerous, as it is then harder to be removed: In the Hands of a Few, it is the Tyranny of a Few. Now, what can controul either a governing Multitude, or a Cabal that governs the Multitude, or one Man who dictates to all?

Power divided between the People and the Nobility, produces Diſtruſt, Faction, and Civil Feuds, threatening to all Government; as in *Rome* during the Commonwealth, which periſhed by them.

Power divided between King and Nobles, beſides the infinite Diſtruſt between Him and Them, as in *Poland*, infers abſolute Slavery in the Populace; nor can there be more miſerable Slaves than the *Poles*, who are worked and ſold like Cattle, and often killed by their Lords, with as much Wantonneſs, and as little Ceremony; almoſt with equal Impunity: A Ducat compenſates for the Life of a Subject: Sometimes, no Inquiry is made, and conſequently no Forfeiture.

Power, divided between a King and the People, produces equal or more Diſtruſts; and as there is no Check nor Mediator, where both are equal, he muſt either enſlave them, or be depoſed by them. The *Athenians* baniſhed *Theſeus*; and *Piſiſtratus* maſtered the *Athenians*. I have above mentioned the defective Policy of the *Argives*, their Struggles againſt their Kings, and their barbarous Uſage of them. As Power, when it is no longer limited, is no longer Government, but only the Sallies and Outrages of Paſſion and Folly; Liberty, when it is no longer confined, no longer exiſts. Both Liberty and Power are known and juſtified by their Bounds.

The Form of Three Eſtates is the moſt perfect Form, as it comprehends every material Intereſt in a Country; and balances all. Four would be too many; ſince a Miſunderſtanding is more likely to happen amongſt Four than amongſt Three. More would but ſtill create more Diſcord, Diſtreſs, and Confuſion.

A little Obſervation, without much Reaſoning, or any Refinement, will ſerve to ſatisfy any unprejudiced Man of the Truth of what I ſay, and of the ſuperior Excellency of *Three Eſtates* to any other Form whatſoever.

In all the *Engliſh* Reigns, from the Conqueſt to the Reformation, the Liberty of *England* was very defective, and therefore the *Engliſh* Government was imperfect. In all the Struggles between the King and the Barons, it was only for abſolute Power to the Crown, or abſolute Independency in the Barons: The People were never further conſidered, than as they joined one Side, or the other; the King, or the Nobles; and the chief Uſe that either made of them, was to draw them into their particular Quarrels, to ſpill their Blood, oppreſs their Perſons, and exhauſt their Property. The Commons had no Share in the Legiſlature, at leaſt no equal and proportionable Share. There were only Two Eſtates, the King and the Nobles; no Third to balance them; and therefore frequent Struggles and Wars between theſe Two. Neither did it proceed from any Virtue in either the Crown or the Lords, but only from the Wealth and Strength of the Commons, that a Third Eſtate, that of the Commons, was eſtabliſhed with proper Weight and Authority.

Theſe Three Eſtates conſtitute the moſt free, the moſt equal, and the moſt happy Government yet known in the World, or that ever can be known. It is the Government which *Tacitus* mentions as the moſt complete, but the rareſt to be found, and the hardeſt to be formed.—*Cunctas nationes & urbes populus, aut primores, aut ſinguli regunt: Delecta ex his & conſtituta Reipub. forma, laudari facilius quam evenire; vel, ſi evenit, haud diuturna eſſe poteſt.* 'All Nations and Communities are 'governed by the People, by the Nobility, or by ſingle Rulers:

‘ A Conſtitution framed of each, and comprehending all Three, ‘ is eaſier admired than accompliſhed; or, if accompliſhed, is not ‘ laſting.’

As this Power, in the Hands of One, makes all Men Slaves; in the Hands of a Few, it makes ſo many Tyrants; in the Hands of All, it confounds All: But in the joint Hands of *One*, of *Several*, and of *Many*, that is, in the Hands of the *Populus*, *Primores*, and *Singuli*; King, Lords, and Commons, all conſtituting one mixt Legiſlature; it is a complete Syſtem, including all Ranks, and ſalutary to All. This is our Conſtitution, ſuch a one as yields more Security, both to the Governors and the Governed, than any that has yet appeared in the World, and more than any other can. In it, all the Three Parts are equally bound and intereſted to preſerve one another, and each is only ſafe, where the other Two are ſo. Without a King, one of the Two Eſtates would ſoon ſwallow up, or aboliſh, the other: A King, without the other Two Eſtates, would be in Danger of aboliſhing himſelf.

The Experiment hath been tried. The Suppreſſion of the Royal Power was followed by that of the Nobility: No King, No Lords. The King had before attempted to aboliſh both Lords and Commons; an Attempt againſt Nature and Duty, impotent and odious, ſubverſive of his own Power, and fatal to his Perſon. They had as good a Right to rule without Him, as He without Them; and ſad Experience taught both Him and Them, that they could not rule without One Another.

No other Scheme can be purſued in *England*, without pernicious Conſequences to the Whole, and even to thoſe who purſue it. No abſolute Monarchy can be ſettled without a Civil War: And many Civil Wars would probably follow one another. If a Civil War ſhould end in abſolute Monarchy, it is not probable, that he who aimed at it, would enjoy it: If it ſhould end in a Commonwealth, it is likely the ſame Inſtrument that ſet it up, would pull it down, and raiſe himſelf upon its Fall.

The only Hope and Aim therefore, amongſt all reaſonable, all ſuffering Subjects, after all the Efforts and Bloodſhed of a Civil War, would be, to recover the former Government: An Event, which, howeve ſalutary to the Whole, would be ruinous to the

Innovators. The haughty aſſuming Prince, who would ſubmit to no Law, would not be again truſted to adminiſter the Laws. Such as would not ſubmit to a limited Monarchy, muſt then ſquare their Allegiance to it, or ſuffer for refuſing.

Can there be ſtronger Motives to a Prince to govern juſtly, or to Subjects to behave dutifully? This is the only ſure Policy in both Governors and Governed; this the only certain Rule to preſerve good Government.

I might inquire next, how far the Judgment of *Tacitus* may be prophetic, when applied to the Stability of this our Conſtitution: But I chuſe not to enter into ſuch an Inquiry, perhaps neither ſatisfactory to myſelf, nor to my Reader. I own there is Danger; I think I ſee the Cauſes of it, but cannot ſee the Cure. I doubt the greateſt Danger is little known, or apprehended.

I ſhall end this Diſcourſe with the ſame excellent Obſervations, with which Sir *Walter Raleigh* ends his Hiſtory of the World; Obſervations worthy of that great and maſterly Genius, perhaps as great as ever *England*, or human Nature, produced.

‘ By this which we have already ſet down, is ſeen the Beginning and End of the Three Firſt Monarchies of the World; whereof the Founders and Erectors thought, that they could never have ended. That of *Rome*, which made the Fourth, was alſo at this Time almoſt at the Higheſt (*a*). We have left it flouriſhing in the Middle of the Field; having rooted up, or cut down, all that kept it from the Eyes and Admiration of the World. But, after ſome Continuance, it ſhall begin to loſe the Beauty it had; the Storms of Ambition ſhall beat her great Boughs and Branches one againſt another; her Leaves ſhall fall off, her Limbs wither, and a Rabble of barbarous Nations enter the Field, and cut her down.’

‘ Now, theſe great Kings, and conquering Nations, have been the Subject of thoſe antient Hiſtories, which have been preſerved, and yet remain among us; and withal, of ſo many tragical Poets, as in the Perſons of powerful Princes, and other

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(*a*) Sir *Walter* ends his Hiſtory with the Victory of *Paulus Æmilius* over *Perſeus* King of *Macedon*; *Anno Urbis* 585.

‘ mighty Men, have complained againſt Infidelity, Time, Deſtiny, and, moſt of all, againſt the variable Succeſs of worldly Things, and Inſtability of Fortune. To theſe Undertakings, theſe great Lords of the World have been ſtirred up, rather by the Deſire of Fame, which ploweth up the Air, and ſoweth in the Wind, than by the Affection of bearing Rule, which draweth after it ſo much Vexation, and ſo many Cares. And that this is true, the good Advice of *Cineas* to *Pyrrhus* proves: And, certainly, as Fame hath often been dangerous to the Living, ſo it is to the Dead of no Uſe at all, becauſe ſeparate from Knowlege; which, were it otherwiſe, and the extreme ill Bargain of buying this laſting Diſcourſe underſtood by them which are diſſolved, they themſelves would, then, rather have wiſhed to have ſtolen out of the World without Noiſe, than to be put in mind, that they have purchaſed the Report of their Actions in the World, by Rapine, Oppreſſion, and Cruelty; by giving in Spoil the innocent and labouring Soul to the idle and inſolent; and by having emptied the Cities of the World of their antient Inhabitants, and filled them again with ſo many and ſo variable Sorts of Sorrows.

……

‘ For the reſt, if we ſeek a Reaſon of the Succeſſion and Continuance of this boundleſs Ambition in mortal Men, we may add to that which hath been already ſaid, that the Kings and Princes of the World have always laid before them the Actions, but not the Ends, of thoſe great Ones which preceded them. They are always tranſported with the Glory of the one, but they never mind the Miſery of the other, till they find the Experience in themſelves: They neglect the Advice of God, whilſt they enjoy Life, or hope it; but they follow the Counſel of Death, upon his firſt Approach. It is He that puts into Man all the Wiſdom of the World, without ſpeaking a Word; which God, with all the Words of his Law, Promiſes or Threats, doth infuſe. Death, which hateth and deſtroyeth Man, is believed; God, which hath made him, and loves him, is always deſerted. *I have conſidered* (ſaith *Solomon*) *all the Works that are under* *the Sun; and, behold, all is Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit*. But who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death, which, opening the Conſcience of *Charles* V. made him injoin his Son *Philip* to reſtore *Navarre*; and King *Francis* I. of *France*, to command, that Juſtice ſhould be done upon the Murderers of the Proteſtants in *Merindol* and *Cabrieres*; which, till then, he neglected. It is, therefore, Death alone that can ſuddenly make Man to know himſelf. He tells the Proud and Inſolent, that they are but Abjects, and humbles them at the Inſtant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepaſt Happineſs: He takes the Account of the Rich, and proves him a Beggar, a naked Beggar, which hath Intereſt in nothing, but the Gravel which fills his Mouth. He holds a Glaſs before the Eyes of the moſt Beautiful, and makes them ſee therein their Deformity and Rottenneſs; and they acknowlege it.

'O eloquent, juſt, and mighty Death! whom None could adviſe, Thou haſt perſuaded: What None have dared, Thou haſt done: And whom all the World hath flattered, Thou only haſt caſt out of the World, and deſpiſed: Thou haſt drawn together all the far-ſtretched Greatneſs, all the Pride, Cruelty, and Ambition, of Man; and covered it all over with theſe Two narrow Words, *Hic jacet*.'

POSTSCRIPT.

I Add what follows, for the Information of ſuch, who entertain Notions of Liberty inconſiſtent with thoſe of Government; and I do it, becauſe I have met with many ſuch, who were otherwiſe reaſonable and well-meaning Men.

In every State there muſt be unbounded Power ſomewhere. The free *Romans* had it as much as the tyrannical *Roman* Emperors had it afterwards; nor can there be any Safety to a State, where the Power of the State is bounded. The *Romans*, whilſt yet free, found it neceſſary, upon ſome Conjunctures, to inveſt the Magiſtrates with unlimited Authority, where the *Roman*

Government did not furniſh a preſent Remedy againſt preſent and unforeſeen Danger: The Magiſtrates, upon ſuch Occaſions, were charged to provide, ‘ that no Evil befel the Republic;’ and the Means of doing it were left to their own Diſcretion.

The *Engliſh* Government is as abſolute as that of *Turky*; that is, it is ſupreme, as every Government muſt be. The Difference is, that, in *Turky*, the ſole Will of the Sultan is Law: In *England*, the Law is the Will of King, Lords, and Commons; and the *Engliſh* Conſtitution claims the ſame Power over the Lives, Liberties, Perſons, and Properties of the *Engliſh* Subjects, as that of *Turky* does over thoſe of the *Turks*.

It is the neceſſary and indiſpenſable Privilege of every independent State, to oblige every Man in it to ſerve it upon its own Terms; and to puniſh, as it pleaſes, ſuch as refuſe to comply. No leſs Power will ſuffice, to ſerve or to ſave a State; otherwiſe the Governed would be too ſtrong for the Governors; and the Governors unable to protect the Governed: A Caſe which infers the Subjection of Sovereignty, and the Sovereignty of Subjects; and, conſequently, the Diſſolution of Government and Society.

They who execute Laws, are, indeed, limited; but the Lawmakers know no Limitation. The Power of the Three States is, therefore, unbounded; and Subjects are only ſo far free, as the Legiſlative permits. Laws are no longer Laws, when Subjects dare refuſe to obey them. They are even worſe than none; as they then only ſerve to declare, that the Power of the Subject is ſtronger than that of the Sovereign: Indeed Liberty doth not only imply Limitation, but can never be ſecure, where it is not limited. Liberty without Limits is Licentiouſneſs, which is Popular Tyranny; as unbounded Power in the Prince is Single Tyranny.

G.R. III
BRITISH MUSEUM

To

TO HIS GRACE

EVELYN,

Duke of *KINGSTON*.

MY LORD,

AS I take the Story of *Catiline* to be full of Inſtruction to all Subjects, eſpecially to all great Subjects, in a free State, I freely inſcribe it to Your Grace. It is what I have long intended, what I think very pertinent, and what I therefore do with great Chearfulneſs, as well for the Honour accruing to myſelf, as for the Pleaſure it muſt give to a Mind like Yours, not only free from all the Guilt and Perturbations rending the Heart of that great Parricide, but replete with all oppoſite Impreſſions, good Wiſhes for public Security and Repoſe, and for whatever tends to procure them, the Love of Juſtice, Truth, and Peace, with an Antipathy to all Violence and Fraud; a Character as amiable to human Society, and pleaſing to him who has it, as the contrary Character is odious to all Men, and a Curſe upon him to whom it belongs.

Bright Talents, depraved by Ambition, are more dangerous to the World than none: Such were *Catiline*'s Talents, ſtrong, but terrible, becauſe terribly perverted. He had great Abilities, great Accompliſhments, I think as great as any Man, but wanted Virtue: An admirable Head was corrupted by a bad Heart. Such is the Difference between great Senſe and ſound Senſe, and conſequently between Parts and Wiſdom; which implies, not only Parts, but the Direction of good Parts to good Purpoſes. As able good Men are the beſt Men; a Character too uncommon, even where it moſt abounds; able bad Men are the worſt Men; a Character too common, even where it is moſt rare: A lively Spirit, innocently employed, is an unblameable Character: When it is benevolently employed, it is an amiable one. Men of Parts, who will rather diſplay them miſchievouſly, than not diſplay them at all, only teach People to fear their Parts, and to hate their Perſons: For, whatever Diſguiſes they wear; however they may deceive for awhile; they will be diſcovered ſooner or later, and then not only miſs their Aim of public Admiration and Worſhip, but meet, what is oppoſite to both, Infamy, and public Indignation.

A Man of Parts, void of Vanity, without knowing, or ſeeming to know, that he has them, cannot long conceal himſelf from Men of Diſcernment, though he may, for ſome time, from ſuch as have none. His Modeſty, at worſt, can only hurt himſelf, by hiding or ſuſpending his Character for a Time, but can never create him Enemies; and is, on the contrary, an amiable and ſure Introduction to general Affection and Eſteem. The higheſt Abilities, accompanied with Oſtentation, are offenſive; at beſt, envied: But when ſuch as have them, will needs ſhine to the Hurt of others, they will be abhorred by others; indeed, by all who are not like themſelves, frequently by ſuch as are. He who doth moſt Good in the World, ought certainly to be moſt eſteemed in it: He who hurts the World moſt, ought to be moſt deteſted by it.

It is, or ought to be, the great Purpoſe of Hiſtory, to illuſtrate and recommend this Leſſon; and thoſe Hiſtorians who do it beſt, are the beſt Hiſtorians and Inſtructors. It is drawing the Characters of Men from their Actions, and inſtructing the World by the good or evil Fate of Men, what the World is to expect from their following good or evil Courſes. I think it is plain, upon the Whole, that guilty Actions have, firſt or laſt, an unhappy Iſſue, ſometimes indeed to the Guiltleſs, but generally to the Guilty. How miſerable is the illuſtrious *Lucius Sergius Catiline*? What an unhappy Wretch is the Royal, the renowned *Jugurtha*? Both *Jugurtha* and *Catiline* the Authors of their own Miſery! It were to be wiſhed that They, and ſuch as They, could make none but Themſelves miſerable.

If any Examples, any Inſtructions, were capable of mending the World, of prevailing with Men to reſiſt their bad Paſſions, and of convincing them, that all wicked Purſuits, however pleaſing at firſt, threaten painful Conſequences at laſt, and naturally tend to produce ſuch; no Hiſtory is fraught with ſtronger or more inſtructive Examples, than thoſe of *Catiline* and *Jugurtha*; *Catiline* continually engaged in flagitious Courſes, continually diſappointed, never mended, ſtill purſuing Evil, ſtill rewarded with Croſſes and Rebukes; and, after a long Series of Wickedneſs, Diſtreſs, and Danger, and general Abhorrence, cut off as a public Traitor; and his Name, which he thought himſelf ſure of exalting with his Fortune, become a Name of Infamy to all Generations ſince and to come.

The Fortune of *Jugurtha* was more varied; ſo was his Character: A very great Man, an able Prince, a mighty Hero, wonderfully qualified both for a Warrior and a Monarch; a good Governor, kind to his Subjects in general, and friendly to their Liberties and Fortunes; his Name greatly celebrated in the World, his Lot in it ſingular and fortunate, chiefly the Effect of his high Abilities and Reputation; a King well eſtabliſhed, nothing threatening to hurt him, nothing able to diſturb him; ſuch was the Awe of his Name, ſuch the Inferiority of the Princes about him: The *Romans*, who alone could have troubled him, in Friendſhip with him, and partial to him.

Such was the Situation and Glory of *Jugurtha*, ſuch his Eaſe and Security! Could Guilt, the moſt flattering Guilt, heighten his Renown and good Fortune? Could black Perfidy, or unnatural Barbarity, extend his Fame? Yet, from a Rage for fanſied Grandeur, he ſacrificed all his real Greatneſs: From a Paſſion for Glory, he made himſelf deteſtable; and, to ſecure himſelf from all Danger and Attacks, expoſed himſelf to an inceſſant Train of Woes, with the conſtant Peril of his Diadem and Life, and, in the End, with the utter Loſs of Both. One wicked Step required another, and that other required more: He murdered in order to uſurp: To maintain one Uſurpation, he added another: And then, to make both ſafe, more Murders muſt be committed, all naturally following the firſt and moſt ſhocking, thoſe of his neareſt Relations, the Sons of his adopting Father, left, by the dying King, to his fraternal Protection, and That

Protection purchaſed by the Gift and Reward of a Kingdom.

In deſtroying thoſe Princes, his Ambition, which inſpired him with Cruelty, blinded him too from reflecting, that he was but making a Precedent, and giving Encouragement to another Uſurper to deſtroy himſelf, and even arming the Hand, as well as hardening the Heart, of that Uſurper to ſtrike boldly; ſince that Stroke, however cruel and unprovoked it might be, could hardly be ſo impious and aggravated as his own had been. There followed many ſubordinate Murders and Acts of Treachery, with all the fearful Calamities attending a War wantonly undertaken by him, cruelly felt by his People.

The Conſequences to himſelf, after all his rapid Succeſs, and all the deceitful Smiles of Fortune, for ſome time, were reſtleſs Nights and Days, Plots againſt his Life, endleſs Fears and Diſtruſts. This great Conqueror and Stateſman, this Man of Head and Stratagem, was at laſt over-reached as well as vanquiſhed, ſurpriſed and ſeized by Craft, like his own, carried to *Rome* in Irons, there committed naked to a Dungeon, where he is ſaid to have been periſhing many Days, before he was releaſed by Famine from the Load of Life and Miſery. How ſecure, how happy, might he have lived, how quietly died, and in what Renown! No Man had a clearer Head, no Man had ſtronger Reaſon: But what a Dwarf is Reaſon in the Hands of headſtrong Paſſion?

The Abilities of great wicked Men are fatal to themſelves, as well as to the World. But what Amends do their Sufferings make to the World, which ſuffers with them, and for them? The Hero ſacrifices Millions of Lives, and has but one Life to loſe. Sometimes Millions periſh to humour a vain Coward aping Heroiſm: A tragical Farce, which *Europe* ſaw, and rued for half a Century.

Memorable too, and inſtructive, was the Conduct of the *Romans* in that War. Every Step taken by the *Roman* Leaders in it were, for a long Time, not only ſcandalous to themſelves, and injurious to *Rome*, but ended naturally in their own Diſgrace and Ruin. They truſted to Support from the Senate, where all the Inſults, and glaring Guilt, of *Jugurtha* were of no Force againſt *Jugurtha*'s Money. The Senate not only ſheltered and protected this Son of Blood, this public Enemy, one of the moſt formidable that the Commonwealth had ever encountered, but openly defended and extolled him: This they did ſo confidently, and ſo long, that they themſelves became as odious as the Cauſe they eſpouſed; and thence raiſed a Storm that cruſhed them. They ſaw themſelves expoſed to the Vengeance of the People, whom they had long treated with Contempt, void of Tenderneſs or Mercy, and were treated by the People, in their turn, with as little. By a Courſe of Defiance and Inſults upon the Plebeians, they had provoked the Plebeians to return Oppreſſion with Oppreſſion: Popular Rage broke out the fiercer for having been long ſmothered, and now proceeded to very barbarous Exceſſes.

Such is the wild Spirit of Party! The Party which prevail, as if they could fix Fate, and their own Fortune, turn it into Arrogance and Riot; and, inſtead of conciliating their Opponents by juſt and engaging Uſage, oppreſs and exaſperate them; and conſequently invite a Retribution of the ſame mercileſs Treatment, whenever Fortune changes. Bad Example is generally more eagerly followed than good: When the Change happens, the Party which complained loudly and juſtly of Oppreſſion, whilſt they were under it, exerciſe it over their late Oppreſſors, with the ſame Aſperity and Blindneſs, till they themſelves come to be again oppreſſed: They then feel, very ſenſibly, what they had unfeelingly earned, the like bitter Uſage, and now utter the like bitter Complaints.

Men rarely feel the Hurt they do to others, but only what others do to them. Whoever uſes *us* ill, deſerves ill Uſage from us, and ought not to complain; but *we* may complain of ill Uſage, becauſe *we* never deſerve any.

Self-love will always reaſon ſelfiſhly, often ridiculouſly. Sound Reaſon, and good Temper, which is compriſed in it, will prove, in the End, to be always the trueſt Self-love, and lead Men to their true Intereſt, with moſt Eaſe, and Certainty, and Fame. If we would avoid Evil and Injuſtice, we muſt not commit them; but rather bear ſome Injury, than provoke more by returning it: If we ſet no ill Example, our own cannot be alleged againſt us. This is Reaſon, this is Prudence and Intereſt. But Parties do not reaſon, but rage: They conſiſt of Numbers in a Paſſion with Numbers, hating and ſtriving to mortify each other: A ſad domeſtic War, at beſt, a ſad Preſage of it! In it, if the Enemy be but hurt, no matter how they are hurt.

As to the Patricians, it is ſurpriſing how Men of high Quality, of great Fortunes, and equal Pride, ſhould act a Part ſo ruinous to their own Dignity, ſo deſtructive to the State, and conſequently to themſelves, ſo glaringly repugnant to all the Laws of Juſtice and Humanity, for a Sum, for any Sum of Money, and be meanly bribed by a foreign Enemy to eſpouſe his infamous Cauſe againſt that of their Country, and their own.

Such ſhocking Venality could be no Secret; ſince nothing but that could have procured him one Voice in a *Roman* Senate, nor indeed in the *Roman* State. The Reaſon of their Partiality and Injuſtice was as manifeſt as the Guilt of *Jugurtha*, which was juſt as notorious as were the Motives of their Efforts to ſave him. What Wonder that the popular Leaders ſnatched the Advantage? What Wonder that the great Men, who had ſo debaſed themſelves, were ſo vehemently decried, ſo ſucceſsfully attacked, ſo unmercifully laſhed, by the popular Orators, eſpecially in the celebrated Harangues of *Memmius* and *Marius*, and ſo expoſed to the Hate and Inſults of the Populace?

The Populace too, equally liable to be corrupted, ever to be eaſily and violently miſled, abuſed their Victory over the Patricians upon this Occaſion, by a Torrent of ſcandalous Outrages. They gave themſelves up to precipitate Acts of Vengeance, and, in order to procure it, followed blindfold the Guidance of thoſe who put them upon ſeeking it; followed their Favourites and Demagogues, more dangerous Maſters than the Grandees of the Senate, becauſe implicitly truſted, and conſequently more powerful. Whoever propoſed to them what pleaſed them, however it hurt them, gained their Confidence, which was always as unbounded as their Hate and Diſtruſt: So that they were ever in more Danger from their Friends than their Enemies; and generally more violent and headlong in miſtaken Meaſures, than in ſuch as were juſt. They were juſtly provoked with moſt of the Directors of the *Jugurthine* War, but extended their Reſentment indiſcriminately to all, to the brave and ſucceſsful *Metellus*, as well as to his venal and baffled Predeceſſors. They were in Wrath with the whole Senate, becauſe many of the Senators deſerved their Wrath. They were of courſe the Dupes and Votaries of every Incendiary, if he were but recommended by the only Merit of inveighing loudly againſt the Patricians. They encouraged every deſigning Man to miſlead them, every hot Orator to inflame them. Thus, in Oppoſition to the Grandees, they enabled the brutal *Marius* to hurt themſelves more, and to bring more Diſorder and Deſolation upon the State, than all the Grandees, the worſt and moſt criminal Grandees, had done before him.

The People were apt to think Men better or worſe than they really were: Their Affection, as well as their Averſion, was without Meaſure: Both their Averſion and Affection were often ill-founded and miſplaced.

They ſometimes hated, where they ought to have loved; and loved, where they ought to have hated. They rage againſt *Metellus*, though he had done all that a brave General, all that an able Magiſtrate, could do: They applaud and exalt *Marius*, merely becauſe he promiſed to do better; and they believed him upon his bare Word. They take all his rough Railings, all his Scurrilities, as Marks of Zeal for public Juſtice, and public Liberty; and his Plebeian Extraction and Manners paſs with them for Proofs of his Attachment to the Plebeians. They think that *Metellus* cannot be a Man of Honour, becauſe he is a Man of Quality; nor *Marius* a Knave, becauſe he is a Ruſtic. They ſwallowed Things and Characters by the Lump: They did not conſider, that, in general, little more can be expected from Men, than that Men ſo far ſeek the public Good, as in it they find their own; that if Men judged truly of their own Happineſs, even this Spirit, however ſelfiſh, would be public Spirit; ſince every Man will, firſt or laſt, find the Intereſt of the Public to be his own Intereſt, find his own Glory inſeparable from the Glory of his Country.

I thought that ſuch Reflections as theſe, which occur naturally from *Salluſt*, would ſtand naturally before his Works, in an Addreſs to Your Grace. No Man can have ſtronger Motives to love his Country, and to ſtudy its Peace and Security, its equal Laws, its free Conſtitution; for the Liberty, Eaſe, and Security of the Subject, not to be matched by any Conſtitution, in any Country, antient or modern. No Subject can have a juſter Call to prevent all dangerous, or to promote all juſt Meaſures; to oppoſe all Violence from Men in Power, as well as all Violence againſt them; to weigh Reaſons of Ambition againſt Reaſons of State; to compare popular Grievances with popular Diſaffection, Patriotiſm with Party, and private Heat with public Zeal. No Man was ever leſs formed for Party, no Man more unqualified, both from Temper and Intereſt, to engage in narrow, hot, and dangerous Purſuits, ſuch as Party blindly delights in.

Your Grace cannot but, upon all Accounts, love Your Country, particularly upon Your Own, as You have ſo great a Stake in it: Your Dignity cannot be higher for a Subject: Few Subjects of equal Dignity have equal Fortune to ſupport it: Fewer perhaps have a Temper ſo even and happy, with ſuch a manly Contempt of all Pride and falſe State; none a more juſt and ready Underſtanding, or a Heart better diſpoſed; the higheſt Endowment of all! In a Word, Your Grace has many Qualifications to make You many Friends; and whoever are worthy to be Your Friends, will never be Your Enemies.

I

I therefore own to the World, that I eſteem You very highly, and if You will pardon a familiar, but honeſt, Expreſſion, very affectionately; that I take a zealous Part in whatever concerns You; that I conſider You as a great Ornament to Your Rank and Country, uncommonly intereſted in its Welfare, well diſpoſed to ſerve it, and furniſhed with Firmneſs and Spirit to ſupport it.

I am, therefore, with the higheſt Regard, and the warmeſt Wiſhes,

MY LORD,

Your moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Servant,

SEPTEMBER 9.
1743.

T. GORDON.

CATILINE's

CONSPIRACY.

IT is incumbent upon all Men, who aim at ſurpaſſing the brute Creation, ſo to exert their Spirit, as not to paſs their Life without Notice or Name, like the Herd in the Fields, by Nature framed with Bodies prone to the Earth, and under blind Subjection to their Appetites.

The Faculties of Man are indeed twofold; thoſe of the Mind and thoſe of the Body: The Prerogative of the Soul is, to command, the Duty of the Body, to obey: The former we ſhare with the Gods; we poſſeſs the latter in common with the Beaſts. Hence, in the Purſuit of Glory, I prefer the Abilities of the Mind to thoſe of the Body; and ſince the Term of our Life is but ſhort, it ought to be our Study to perpetuate our Memory. For the Splendor of Beauty, and of Wealth, is tranſient and frail; Virtue alone is intitled to Eternity and Renown.

It hath, however, been a great and long Debate amongſt Men, whether Vigour of Body, or the Talents of the Mind, contribute moſt to Succeſs in War; for, as Counſel muſt precede and direct Execution, prompt Execution muſt follow Counſel: Whence it comes, that, neither of theſe ſufficing alone, each prevails by the Aid of the other. Thus it was, that, of old, Kings (for this was the Title of Government firſt known in the World) purſued different Improvements; ſome thoſe of the Mind, others thoſe of the Body. Nor as yet was the Conduct of Men influenced by Ambition; but all remained abundantly ſatisfied with their own Lot and Poſſeſſions.

Afterwards, indeed, when *Cyrus* began in *Aſia*, the *Lacedæmonians* and *Athenians* in *Greece*, to ſeize Cities, and ſubdue Nations; when the Luſt of unbounded Sway became the Cauſe of War; when the higheſt Glory was thought to ariſe from the largeſt Dominions; it was then at laſt diſcovered, by a Courſe of Experience, that it is Genius which chiefly ſupports War. Indeed, would Princes and Leaders but exerciſe the ſame Capacity and Addreſs in Peace, as they do in War, the Condition of human Affairs would be found more reaſonable and juſt, as well as more ſteady; nor ſhould we ſee Property and Power toſſed hither and thither, nor ſuch violent Reverſes of States, and univerſal Combuſtion. For Government is eaſily preſerved by the ſame Meaſures upon which it was founded: But when, in place of Induſtry and Vigilance, of Juſtice and Moderation, Inſolence, and Sloth, and Licentiouſneſs prevail, the Fortune of the State changes with the Manners of the State. So that in all Revolutions, Power paſſes from him who hath leaſt Abilities, to him who has moſt.

The Productions of Men, whatever they be, in Agriculture, in Navigation, in Building, indeed in all things, are owing to the manly Efforts of the Soul. Yet many of the human Species there are ſo abandoned to Gluttony, to Sleep and Sloth, ſo void of all Improvement and Politeneſs, as to paſs their Lives like Men on a Journey; and, contrary to the Purpoſe of Nature, knowing no Delights but ſuch as ariſe from the Body, find their Minds only an Incumbrance. Now I hold the Life and the Death of ſuch Individuals to be of equal Moment, ſince they live and die in equal Silence and Obſcurity.

The Man, therefore, who ſeems to me truly to live, and to enjoy his rational Faculties, is he, who, by exerting himſelf in certain Purſuits, ſeeks the Glory ariſing from ſome illuſtrious

Adventure, or ſome honourable Function. Now in a vaſt Variety of Occupations, the different Nature of Men preſents them with different Purſuits.

It is laudable to act worthily for the Commonwealth; and to write well for it, hath its Meaſure of Merit. There is room to gain Renown in Peace as well as in War: Many have acquired Applauſe by performing great Actions; many by deſcribing them. And though I perceive, that ſo large a Portion of Glory attends not him who deſcribes Exploits, as him who atchieves them; yet, ſtill, to me, it appears a Task of the firſt Magnitude, to diſcharge the Duty of an Hiſtorian; eſpecially ſince the Dignity of Deeds muſt be equalled by the Dignity of Style. Moreover, whenever you reprove Faults, many will conclude you animated by Malice and Envy. When you recount Deeds of Magnanimity and Renown, exhibited by the Worthy and the Brave; if they be ſuch as every Reader thinks himſelf capable of producing, he will be complaiſant enough to believe them; but hold them for Fables framed by yourſelf, where they ſurpaſs that Meaſure.

For myſelf; I, like many others, was carried away, in my early Youth, by a Paſſion for a Part in the Adminiſtration; but found many things to croſs my Purſuit: For, in the Place of Modeſty, of Reſtraint, and of Works of Merit, all Licence flouriſhed, with all the Efforts of Corruption and Rapaciouſneſs; Vices which my Soul, not yet enured to evil Habits, did indeed utterly diſreliſh: Yet, during ſuch prevailing Depravations, my tender Years were intangled by Ambition; and altho' I avoided, in general, the corrupt Morals of my Contemporaries, I was ſtill inſtigated, like others, with the ſame Ardour for publick Preferment; and thence expoſed to popular Rancour and Reproach.

As ſoon, therefore, as my Soul became diſengaged from the many Vexations and Perils attending this Purſuit, and I had determined to retreat, during Life, from the Adminiſtration, I conceived a Deſign, not to waſte ſuch valuable Leiſure in Inattention and Indolence, nor to apply my Thoughts and Care to Agriculture or the Chace, and thus paſs my Days in laborious Occupations, which exceed not the Ability of Slaves; but, reſuming my former Aim and Undertaking, from whence the depraved Spirit of Ambition had diverted me, I reſolved to compoſe a Hiſtory of the *Roman* People, by collecting the principal Events, ſuch as appeared to deſerve the Attention of Poſterity: A Task which I the rather choſe, for that my Soul was unbyaſſed by any Hope or Fear, and attached to no Faction in the State.

I ſhall here therefore briefly recount the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, with all poſſible Veracity; as it was an Attempt, which, for the wonderful Singularity of the Treaſon, and for the Danger that it threatened, appears to me extremely memorable. Of this Man's Character it is proper to open ſome Parts, before I enter upon the Story.

LUCIUS CATILINE ſprang from an illuſtrious Race: He was a Man of great Vigour both of Body and Mind; but of a Spirit altogether vicious and depraved. From his Youth he delighted in inteſtine Wars, in Slaughter and Depredation, in civil Diſcord and Tumults: Theſe were indeed the great Occupations of his younger Years. He was capable of enduring Hunger and Cold, and Want of Repoſe, beyond what is conceivable: His Spirit was daring, inſidious, and ſhifting; expert in feigning what he meant not, and in diſſembling what he meant; rapacious of what belonged to others, profuſe of his own: violent and flaming in all his Paſſions: He had a ſufficient Share of Eloquence; of Wiſdom a ſmall Share. A Spirit ſo boundleſs was ever purſuing extravagant Views, too romantic to be feaſible, too high to be attempted.

This was the Character of *Catiline*; who, having obſerved the ſucceſsful Uſurpation of *Sylla*, became tranſported with a

Paſſion to ſeize the Commonwealth; nor, in his Purſuit of Tyranny, was he at all concerned by what Methods he carried it. His Spirit, naturally impetuous, was ſtill more and more inflamed by domeſtic Wants, and by the Horror of his manifold Guilt; Misfortunes which he had greatly heightened by the Courſes that I have mentioned. He was alſo encouraged by the corrupt Character of the *Romans*, now quite debauched by two Vices, oppoſite in their Natures, but equally pernicious; Luxury and Avarice.

Since I had here Occaſion to mention the Manners of the *Romans*, the Subject ſeems to invite me to trace the Ages paſt; and briefly to review the Inſtitutions of our Anceſtors, both in Peace and in War; how they conducted the State; in what Grandeur they left it to their Deſcendants; and how, by a gradual Degeneracy, from the moſt glorious and moſt virtuous, it is become the moſt vicious and moſt depraved.

By what I have learned, The fugitive *Trojans*, who, following *Æneas*, wandered about in *Italy*, without any conſtant Settlement, were the Founders of *Rome*, in Conjunction with the Natives; a ſavage Race of Men, ſubject to no Laws, owning no Authority, but abſolutely free and unaccountable. It is incredible to recount how eaſily theſe two Nations, different in their Original, in their Language and Manners, blended together into one People, as ſoon as they came to inhabit one City. Afterwards, when, by the Augmentation of Citizens and Territory, and by domeſtic Improvements, their State increaſed, and appeared ſufficiently flouriſhing and powerful, they experienced the hard Condition annexed to almoſt all human Things, that their particular Opulence begat general Envy: Inſomuch that the neighbouring Princes and Nations took Arms againſt them; whilſt but very few of their Friends afforded them Succour: For all the reſt were ſtruck with Terror, and kept far from the Danger.

Nevertheleſs, the undaunted *Romans*, alike vigilant in the City and the Field, acted with Vigour, concerted all Meaſures, animated one another, advanced againſt the Enemy, and thus protected their Liberty, their Country, and their Families, by their Bravery in Arms. Then, when by it they had repelled their own Danger, they carried Aid to their Friends and Confederates: And it was more by conferring Benefits, than by receiving them, that they procured Alliances.

Their Government had the Name of Monarchy; but Monarchy limited by Laws: A ſelect Number of ancient Men, who, however weakened by Years, were vigorous in Spirit and Prudence, forming a Council, directed the Adminiſtration; and either from their Age, or a Similitude of Tenderneſs and Care, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when the Monarchy, eſtabliſhed at firſt for ſecuring public Liberty, and for aggrandizing the State, lapſed into Inſolence and Tyranny, they changed the Form of their Government, and created two Rulers with Authority only annual. By this Expedient they concluded, that they had beſt reſtrained the Spirit of Men from being tempted, by long Power, into Acts of Violence.

Upon this Revolution, all Men began with greater Zeal to exert themſelves in their Stations; all Men more readily to diſplay their ſeveral Abilities. For, to the Jealouſy of lawleſs Kings, the Virtuous are much more obnoxious than the Vicious; and in their Eyes virtuous Merit appears always dreadful. But how much the City, now ſhe had acquired Liberty, increaſed in a ſmall time, is incredible to be told; ſo powerfully had a Paſſion for Glory poſſeſſed the Hearts of her Citizens!

The *Roman* Youth, the Moment they could bear Arms, repaired to the Camp; where, under hard Fatigues, they acquired by Practice the Art of War: And greater was their Delight in their military Dreſs and War-horſes, than in lewd

Women and Banqueting. To ſuch Men therefore no Fatigues were ſtrange, no Situation grievous, no armed Hoſt formidable; for their Magnanimity overcame all things: But their higheſt Conteſt for Glory was amongſt themſelves; whilſt every Particular ſtrove to be firſt in wounding the Foe, in ſcaling the Rampart, and in ſignalizing himſelf to all in performing theſe Exploits. This they accounted to be Riches; this to be Reputation and high Rank. They were covetous of Applauſe, but liberal of Money. They ſought only a moderate Degree of Wealth; but Glory without Bounds.

I could here recount upon what Occaſions the *Roman* People have routed mighty Armies with a Handful of Men; as alſo what Cities, ſtrongly fortified even by Nature, they have taken by Aſſault; but that the Detail would lead me too far from my Undertaking.

Yet ſurely it is Fortune which bears ſupreme Sway in all things: It is ſhe that, following Caprice rather than Juſtice, brightens or darkens all the Affairs and Actions of Men. The Archievements of the *Athenians*, I allow, were abundantly grand and noble; yet ſtill inferior to the Repreſentations of Fame: But as they were furniſhed with Writers of fine Genius, the Exploits of the *Athenians* are thence renowned throughout the World, as the moſt noble and exemplary; and the Bravery of ſuch as performed them, is accounted juſt as high as the Addreſs of theſe illuſtrious Wits in deſcribing and extolling them.

But the *Roman* People were never thus ſupplied; ſince all their ableſt Men were likewiſe the moſt active, and therefore moſt employed. None applied their Talents but jointly with bodily Application. Every Man excelling in Worth, preferred Doing to Saying; and choſe rather, that others ſhould applaud his deſerving Actions, than he recount thoſe of others.

Sound Manners, therefore, were promoted both in the City, and the Camp. The moſt cordial Union every-where prevailed, and no ſelfiſh Purſuits. They were determined to Equity and Right, not more by the Force of Laws, than by a natural Propenſity. The only Strife, the only Diſſentions and Diſputes which they exerciſed, they exerciſed againſt the public Enemy. All the Conteſts between Citizen and Citizen were in Deeds of Bravery. They were magnificent in their Oblations to the Deities; in their Families very frugal; in their Friendſhips very faithful. By two principal means, Valour in War, and righteous Conduct during Peace, they ſupported their own Reputation, and that of the Common Weal: and, as the fulleſt Proofs of theſe Virtues, I find that, during War, more frequent were the Puniſhments of ſuch as attacked the Enemy contrary to Orders, or continued in Battle after the Signal for a Retreat, than of thoſe who dared to abandon their Standards, or to relinquiſh their Poſt; whilſt, in time of Peace, they ſuſtained their Power more by the Influence of Favours than of Fear: And, when they were injured, they choſe rather to forgive, than to ſeek Revenge.

But when, by a Courſe of Induſtry and Juſtice, the Commonwealth was grown powerful; when mighty Kings were vanquiſhed in War; when ſeveral Nations, very fierce and wild, were tamed, and many potent People had yielded to her ſuperior Might; when *Carthage*, that Rival to the Empire of *Rome*, was utterly demoliſhed, and now Sea and Land lay every-where open to her Sway; then began Fortune to exerciſe her Tyranny, and to introduce univerſal Confuſion. The ſame People who had, without Regret, undergone Fatigues and Dangers, Diſtreſſes and Hardſhips, were baned by a Life of Eaſe: The *Romans* became depreſſed by Riches, which are the great Idol and Purſuit of other Nations.

Thus the Luſt of Money firſt prevailed; next a Paſſion for Place and Sway. Theſe were the Sources of all the Evils which followed. For, Avarice aboliſhed all good Faith, and all Probity, with every other worthy Principle. Inſtead of theſe, it inſpired Pride and Inhumanity, Contempt of the Gods, and a Spirit of unbounded Venality. Reigning Ambition generally forced Men to be deceitful, to conceal their real Meaning; to profeſs, what they meant not; to eſtimate Friendſhip and Enmity, not according to their own Weight, but by that of Lucre, and rather to bear a fair Countenance than an upright Heart.

Theſe Depravations at firſt gained ground by Degrees, and were ſometimes damped by Correction. At laſt, Corruption ſpreading like a Peſtilence, the City became utterly changed, and the Adminiſtration, from the moſt righteous and fatherly, grew violent and inſupportable.

I own, that at firſt Ambition had a greater Share than Avarice in influencing the Spirits of Men, and is indeed a Vice which bears ſome Reſemblance of Virtue; ſince all Men alike, the Worthy as well as the Worthleſs, covet Glory, Preferments and Power. The Difference is, that the former employ direct means; the others, wanting juſt Abilities, betake themſelves to Craft and Frauds. The Object of Avarice is Money; for which no wiſe Man ever entertained a Paſſion. This Vice, as if impregnated with every deadly Poyſon, unmans Body and Soul: It is ever boundleſs, ever inſatiable; nor is its Rage more abated by Affluence than by Want.

But when *Sylla* had by Strength of Arms recovered the Adminiſtration from the Plebeians, and his fair Beginnings had produced ſuch guilty Events, all his Followers grew eager for Spoil and Rapine: One coveted a Houſe, another was greedy of Land: Each ſeized what he liked: The conquering Soldiery obſerved neither Moderation nor Meaſure, and treated the Citizens with

brutal

brutal Abuſe and Barbarity. What heightened theſe Evils, *Sylla*, to engage the Affections of his Army, which he had commanded in *Aſia*, had, againſt all the Rules of our Anceſtors, indulged them in great Delicacy, and exceſſive Latitude: The warlike Tempers of the Soldiers, now unemployed, became eaſily ſoftened, by their delicious Quarters, by Pleaſure, and Luxury. There the *Roman* Soldiery became firſt habituated to Drunkenneſs and Amours; to admire Statues, Pictures, and Sculpture; to make Spoil of all things, as well by open Violence as by Stealth; to ravage the Shrines and Sanctuaries of the Deities; and, without Diſtinction, to devour and contaminate all things ſacred and profane. A Soldiery therefore thus diſpoſed, and withal Conquerors, were ſure to leave nothing to the vanquiſhed. Even the Hearts of wiſe Men are unmanned by Succeſs: How ſhould Forces ſo debauched temper Victory with Moderation?

When Riches began to paſs for Worth and Honour; when Glory, Command, and great Sway waited upon Riches; then Virtue began to languiſh; Poverty to be held contumelious; Innocence of Life to paſs for Ill-nature. Thus Luxury, Voraciouſneſs, and Pride, all ariſing from the common Root of Riches, captivated the Minds of the *Roman* Youth: They rioted in Rapine and Prodigality; deſpiſed what was their own, coveted what belonged to others; baniſhed Shame, Friendſhip, and Continence; confounded things divine and human, and were regardleſs of all Circumſpection and Reſtraint.

As a Mark of primitive Parſimony, and of ſucceeding Prodigality, we need only ſurvey the Houſes of particular Citizens in *Rome*, and in the Country; all appearing, in Dimenſions and Grandeur, like ſo many Cities; and then behold the moderate Structures erected even to the Gods by our Anceſtors, the devouteſt of all Men! Yet they thought of no

Ornament but Piety, for the Manſions of the Gods; nor for their own Houſes, but that of glorious Deeds: Neither did they ever deprive ſuch as they conquered of any thing, except the Power of doing Hurt. Contrary is the preſent Conduct! Whatever our Forefathers, the braveſt of all Men, left to their vanquiſhed Enemies, theſe, who are the moſt effeminate, plunder from their Confederates, by the moſt crying Violence; as if they believed the Practice of Oppreſſion to be the only Uſe of Power.

I paſs over, as needleſs to be recounted, other things too incredible to be believed, except by thoſe who ſaw them. Mountains frequently levelled by the Power of private Citizens; and even the raging Sea covered with mighty Edifices. Theſe Men ſeem indeed to me to have turned their Riches into Sport and Frolick; ſince, inſtead of enjoying them with Honour, they laviſhed them upon Monuments of Shame.

Nor leſs prevalent was the Purſuit of impure Pleaſures, voluptuous Feaſting, and other extravagant Gratifications: Men proſtituted themſelves like Women: Women ſuffered Proſtitution without Fear or Reſtraint. To gratify Gluttony, Sea and Land were ranſacked for Rarities. Sleep was indulged ere Nature craved Repoſe: Luxury anticipated the Returns of Hunger and Thirſt: Cold and Fatigue were ſo carefully prevented, as never to be felt.

By ſuch Depravations, the *Roman* Youth, when they had exhauſted their Fortunes, were inſtigated to all Enormities. For, their Minds, poiſoned with evil Habits, wanted Force to reſiſt their Appetites; and were therefore the more furiouſly abandoned to all Extravagances, and to all the means of ſupplying them.

In a City ſo immenſe and debauched, *Catiline* kept about him, what *Rome* plentifully furniſhed, Bands of Profligates, and Sons of Violence, like Guards of his Perſon. Since whoever were Slaves to Voluptuouſneſs, Gluttony, and Lewdneſs, and had diſſipated their paternal Fortune, by a Courſe of Gaming, Feaſting, and Lubricity; whoever were preſſed by Debts, contracted to purchaſe Impunity for their Miſdeeds and Enormities; whoever were charged with the Crimes of Parricide and Sacrilege, and convicted for them, or feared Conviction; add, ſuch as had ſold themſelves to Perjury, and to ſhed the Blood of Citizens, and lived by it; laſtly, all who were worried by their own guilty Minds, or by their Indigence and Crimes; became jointly linked to *Catiline*, and his cloſeſt Intimates. Or, if any one, as yet free from Blame, grew familiar with him, he too, from daily Commerce, and by Snares laid to debauch him, was brought to reſemble, and even to equal, the reſt.

But he eſpecially ſought the Intimacy of young Men; for their Minds, then pliant and tender, were, with leſs Difficulty, moulded and engaged. So that for ſome of theſe he provided Harlots; for others, he procured Dogs and Horſes, according to the Rage and Bent of their ſeveral Pleaſures, at that Time of Life. Nor indeed did he ſpare any Expence, nor even his own Honour, ſo he could but make them intirely truſty, and attached to himſelf. Some, I know, there are, who thought, that all the Youth who haunted the Houſe of *Catiline*, debaſed themſelves unnaturally: But this Rumour aroſe more from other Cauſes, than that any ſuch Fact was ever proved.

For *Catiline* himſelf: He had, whilſt yet very young, committed many heinous Acts of Lewdneſs; deflowered a Virgin of noble Rank; debauched a conſecrated *Veſtal*; with other Crimes equally black, in Defiance of all Law, and the moſt awful Reſtraints. Then, as he was ſmitten with a Paſſion for *Aurelia Oreſtilla*, (one in whom no virtuous Man ever found aught to admire, but her Beauty) and as ſhe ſcrupled to marry him, becauſe he had a Son already grown to Maturity;

turity, it is undoubtedly believed, that he butchered his own Child; and made his Houſe deſolate, to facilitate the unhallowed Nuptials. And this very Thing, in my Opinion, proved the principal Cauſe of hurrying him on to the Execution of the Conſpiracy. For, his guilty Soul, exaſperated againſt Gods and Men, was equally incapable of Repoſe from Reſt and Sleep, as from Watching and Motion; ſo ſtrongly did the Guilt of his Conſcience tear and affright his Spirit: Hence his Face was pale, his Eyes baleful, his Pace unequal, now ſlow, then quick: Indeed in his whole Viſage, and in all his Looks, there appeared Diſtraction and Wildneſs.

Now having ſeduced over to his Intereſt theſe young Men, as above I have related, he diſciplined them, by various Methods, in all the Arts of Wickedneſs; prompted them to Forgeries, to bear falſe Witneſs, to falſify their Faith, to laviſh their Fortunes, and to deſpiſe all Dangers and Reſtraints. When he had thus diveſted them of all Reputation, and of all Shame, he incited them to Crimes ſtill higher; and, even where no Provocation was given, it was their Practice to inſnare, and to aſſaſſinate, with equal Wantonneſs, ſuch who had never offended him, and ſuch who had. For, rather than the Hands and Spirit of his Accomplices ſhould loſe Vigour thro' Inaction, he was cauſleſly miſchievous, and inhuman unprovoked.

Catiline, in Confidence of Support from this his Band of Aſſociates and Followers, formed a Deſign to ſeize the Commonwealth: He was further encouraged, by the grievous Debts which preſſed all Men throughout the State; together with the Temper of *Sylla*'s Soldiers; who, having waſted in Riot their late Acquiſitions, and looking back wiſhfully upon their former Conqueſts and Depredations, longed earneſtly for a Civil War. He obſerved *Italy* deſtitute of an Army; *Pompey* engaged in War in the remote Parts of the Earth; and had himſelf high

Hopes of obtaining the Conſulſhip. The Senate, apprehending no public Danger, was void of all public Care; and all things ſeemed ſecure, becauſe all things were calm: A Conjuncture of Circumſtances highly ſeaſonable to the Views of *Catiline*.

Hence, about the Beginning of *June*, during the Conſulſhip of *Lucius Cæſar* and *Caius Figulus*, he began to apply to his Followers, at firſt one by one: Some he perſuaded, others he ſounded. He explained to them, how powerfully he was ſupported, how deſtitute the State was of Forces, and what mighty Recompences would attend the Conſpiracy. When he had ſufficiently ſifted their ſeveral Tempers, he called together all of them who were moſt pinched by their Neceſſities, or known to be moſt deſperately bold.

In this Aſſembly were found *Publius Lentulus Sura*, *Publius Autronius*, *Lucius Caſſius Longinus*, *Caius Cethegus*, *Publius Sylla*, and *Servius Sylla*, (Sons of *Servius Sylla*) *Lucius Vargunteius*, *Quintus Annius*, *Marcus Porcius Læcca*, *Lucius Beſtia*, and *Quintus Curius*; all of the illuſtrious Rank of Senators; beſides thoſe of the Equeſtrian Order, *Marcus Fulvius Nobilior*, *Lucius Statilius*, *Publius Gabinius Capito*, and *Caius Cornelius*. To theſe were joined many from the Colonies, and great free Cities, all of principal Rank in their ſeveral Communities.

There were moreover Patricians of the higheſt Name and Figure engaged in the Combination, but with greater Caution and Diſguiſe; Men inſtigated rather by Hopes of lawleſs Sway, than by Indigence, or any other urgent Motive. Finally, moſt of the Youth, above all, the Youth of Quality, favoured the Deſigns of *Catiline*: Even They, who were furniſhed with ample Means of living in Repoſe, and even with Magnificence, nay, in extreme Luxury, preferred future Contingencies to certain Enjoyments, and War to Peace.

There were alſo then ſome, who believed *Marcus Licinius Craſſus*, to have been not clear of the Conſpiracy; ſince, in Hatred to *Pompey*, whom he ſaw with Regret at the Head of a mighty Army, he would gladly have promoted any Intereſt whatſoever, in Oppoſition to the Authority of that General; from a Confidence too, that if the Conſpiracy prevailed, he ſhould find it eaſy to make himſelf Head of the Conſpirators.

A while before, ſome few had, in Conjunction with *Catiline*, formed the like terrible Conſpiracy; of which I ſhall deduce the Detail with all poſſible Veracity.

In the Conſulſhip of *Lucius Tullus* and *Marcus Lepidus*, *Publius Autronius* and *Publius Sylla* (choſen to ſucceed them) were ſet aſide, nay arraigned and puniſhed, for violating, by corrupt Arts, the Freedom of Elections. Soon after, *Catiline* was likewiſe convicted of Bribery, and diſqualified from ſuing for the Conſulſhip, as the Time for declaring himſelf was elapſed before his Trial was ended. Another public Incendiary at this time, was *Cneius Piſo*, a young Man, nobly born, extremely bold, neceſſitous, turbulent, and urged both by his great Wants, and his licentious Morals, to embroil the State. He, *Catiline*, and *Autronius*, in purſuance of a Deſign formed amongſt them about the fifth of *December*, determined to fall upon the then Conſuls, *Lucius Cotta*, and *Lucius Torquatus*, and to murder them in the Capitol, on the firſt of *January*: Then *Catiline* and *Autronius* were to ſeize to themſelves the Conſular Enſigns and Authority, and to ſend away *Piſo* with an Army to ſecure the Poſſeſſion of both the *Spains*.

This their Deſign coming to be known, they ſhifted the intended Slaughter to the fifth of *February*. Then they formed a Scheme, beſides the Blood of the Conſuls, to ſhed that of a great Part of the Senate: So that, had not *Catiline* been too precipitate in giving the Signal to his Accomplices, at the aſſembling of the Senate, there had that Day been ſeen the moſt direful Tragedy ſince the Foundation of *Rome*. But as any conſiderable Number of them had not yet come together armed, the Attempt was fruſtrated.

Yet *Piſo*, though inveſted only with the Office of Quæſtor, was afterwards ſent Proprætor into the *Nether-Spain*, a Command procured for him by the Weight and Influence of *Craſſus*; for *Craſſus* knew him to be an implacable Enemy to *Pompey*.

Nor, in truth, was the Senate averſe to give him the Province; ſince they liked to have ſo peſtilent a Citizen far removed from *Rome*. Add, that very many *Romans*, well affected to the Commonwealth, conſidered him as a Reſource and Defence to the State, at a Time when the great Power of *Pompey* was become very terrible.

But *Piſo* was ſlain, upon his March to his Province, by the Spaniſh Cavalry in his Army. His Death is by ſome aſcribed to the Severity of his Government; as if it were accompanied with ſuch Haughtineſs, ſuch Injuſtice, and ſuch Cruelty, as the Barbarians could not bear. Others alledge, theſe *Spaniſh* Horſe, old Followers of *Pompey*, and intirely attached to his Intereſt, to have, by Orders from him, fallen upon *Piſo*. For the *Spaniards* had never, upon any Occaſion, made ſuch an Attempt upon the Perſons of their Commanders and Governors, but had long and patiently endured numberleſs Exceſſes of Power without Mercy. For myſelf, I ſhall leave this diſputed Account undecided. I have now abundantly opened the preceding Conſpiracy.

Catiline, when he ſaw thoſe whoſe Names I have above recounted, aſſembled together, though he had often treated largely with them one by one; yet, believing it conducible to his Purpoſe, to addreſs and exhort them in a Body, withdrew with them into the moſt retired Part of the Houſe; and there, far from the Hearing of any but the Conſpirators, ſpoke to them in the following Strain:

‘ Had I not already well proved your Faith and Bravery, ‘ the preſent Opportunity would have offered to no purpoſe; ‘ vain would have been all our mighty Hopes; in vain would ‘ the Power of ſeizing the Commonwealth have dropped into ‘ our Hands: Neither ſhould I, truſting to impotent Aſſiſtants, ‘ or to Men unworthy of Truſt, have riſqued Certainties ‘ for Uncertainties. But ſince, upon very many, and very ‘ extraordinary Emergencies, I have known you undaunted in ‘ your Perſons, and inſeparably attached to mine, my Soul is ‘ daring enough to engage in an Adventure, at once of the ‘ higheſt Conſequence, and of the higheſt Glory.

‘ I have a farther Incitement, when I conſider, that the ſame ‘ Lot which attends me, good or bad, attends you: And, to ‘ have the ſame Wiſhes, and the ſame Diſlikes, is the ſolid Band ‘ of Amity.

‘ What a Scheme I have projected, you have already been ‘ all, ſeverally, informed. I now add, that my Ardour to purſue ‘ it increaſes daily, whilſt I recollect what a ſad Lot of ‘ Life abides us, if we do not rouſe, and redeem our common ‘ Liberty. For, ever ſince the Commonwealth has fallen ‘ under the Rule and Controul of a few Grandees, to theſe ‘ few are Kings and Princes ſubject and tributary; to theſe ‘ few do Nations and People pay Taxes: Whilſt all the reſt ‘ of us *Romans*, however brave, however deſerving, Noble, or ‘ Plebeian, have remained a forlorn Croud, deſtitute of Credit, ‘ ſecluded from Employments, and Slaves to theſe Men; ‘ Men, who, would the Commonwealth reſume her own Frame ‘ and Vigour, would find us a Terror to them!

‘ So that all Credit, all Sway, all Preferments and Riches ‘ are confined to Them, or to thoſe whom they favour. To ‘ us, for our Portion, they have left Perils and Fears, the Infamy

famy of Repulſes from public Dignities, the rigorous Judgments of the Tribunals, and the Pangs of Indigence.

‘ Such are our Grievances! How long will you bear them? You, who are valiant Men, extremely valiant? Is it not more eligible, to meet Death in a brave Attempt, than, holding our Life in Wretchedneſs and Diſhonour, to bear the Scorn of inſulting Men, and, even then, to loſe it ignominiouſly?

‘ Beſides all this, I appeal to Gods and to Men, that Succeſs and Victory are in our own Hands: We are in the Vigour of Life, and ſuitably brave. It is not ſo on the other Side: They are oppreſſed with Years and Opulence, and every way bereft of Force. Nothing further is wanting, than to make the Attempt. The reſt, the natural Courſe of proceeding will execute.

‘ In truth, what Mortal, who has the Spirit of a Man, can bear the unequal Lot, that, whilſt they have Riches in Exceſs, even to laviſh upon Structures in the Deep, nay, in levelling Mountains, our domeſtic Means are too narrow to procure us the Neceſſaries of Life? That, when they are adding Seat to Seat, and multiplying their Manſions, to us there remains not any certain Abode? Though they are purchaſing Pictures, Statues, and curious Works of Sculpture; though they go on in building, then again pull down, and then rebuild; in ſhort, though in every waſteful Way they diſſipate, and reſtleſly confound their Treaſure; yet, with all their wild Profuſion, they are unable to maſter and exhauſt their Wealth.

‘ For us, we have pinching Poverty at home; abroad, Debts, and the Dread of Creditors: Our preſent Situation therefore is abundantly grievous; yet accompanied with Apprehenſions of Evils ſtill more alarming. To conclude, what remains to us but Life and Miſery?

‘ How then? Will you not rouſe to Action? Behold the Objects, after which you have long yearned! Behold Liberty! And with it Riches, public Dignities, and Applauſe, all placed full in your View!! All theſe Recompences Fortune has prepared for the Conquerors. You have indeed Motives to urge you, ſtronger than any Speech of mine; even the preſent Conjuncture and Opportunity, the Danger hanging over us, the Wants that preſs us, with the glorious Spoils of War.

‘For myſelf, uſe me how you liſt; as your Leader, or as a private Soldier: Neither in Council, nor in Execution, will I ever fail you. But I hope firſt to be Conſul, and then concert with you how to conduct this our common Enterprize: Provided, after all, I be not miſtaken about you, and you be not determined to prefer Bondage to Empire.’

After theſe his Followers had heard this Reaſoning and Harangue, though they were Men preſſed with manifold Miſeries, deſtitute of all things, even bereſt of every honeſt Hope, and, being thus deſperate, eſteemed the Pleaſure of overturning the State to be a mighty Recompence; yet very many of them inſiſted, that he would explain ‘the Grounds and Condition of their taking Arms; what were to be the Advantages and Rewards of their Warfare; upon what Reſources they were to depend, and what Proſpect of Succeſs they had?’

Catiline, in Anſwer, promiſed them an authentic Abolition of all their Debts; the Proſcription and Plunder of all that were wealthy; all public Dignities, civil and ſacred; unbounded Spoil; with whatever elſe is produced by War, and the lawleſs Paſſions of Conquerors. He added, that *Piſo*, and *Publius Sitius Nucerinus*, were both engaged in his Meaſures; the former at the Head of an Army in *Spain*, the other commanding one in *Mauritania*: That, as *Caius Antonius* ſued for the Conſulſhip, he hoped to have him for his Collegue, one intirely intimate with him, and deſperately diſtreſſed in his Affairs; and that in Conjunction with him, as ſoon as they entered upon their Conſulſhip, he would fall upon the Execution of the Deſign.

He then poured Invectives upon all Men of Merit, extolled theſe his own Confederates, and, calling to every Individual by his Name, talked, to one, of his Wants; to another, of his Amours; to ſeveral, of their preſent Perils, and Marks of Diſgrace; and to many, of their former Rapine, in conſequence of the Victory and Settlement of *Sylla*. At laſt, ſeeing them all elate and reſolute, he preſſed them to forward zealouſly his Suit for the Conſulſhip, and diſmiſſed the Aſſembly.

There were at that time ſome, who reported, that *Catiline*, when he had concluded his Speech, and proceeded to tender his Accomplices an Oath, preſented them all round with a Bowl of Wine mixed with human Blood; that then, when according to the Uſages in Sacrifices, they had all ſworn and taſted, he opened his whole Scheme; and that this Courſe he took, to bind them more firmly to mutual Faith and Secrecy, as each was privy to the Guilt of another in an Abomination ſo horrible. Some believe, that this, and much more, was forged by *Cicero*'s Friends; who, perceiving what public Hate followed the Execution of ſome of the Conſpirators, thought to allay it by thus aggravating their Crimes. For myſelf, I can find but ſmall Evidence for a Fact ſo hideous and extraordinary.

Now, one in this Conſpiracy was *Quintus Curius*, a Man of no mean Birth, but immerſed in Debauchery and Crimes, and (as a public Mark of Infamy upon him) degraded by the Cenſors from the Dignity of a Senator: As the Levity of this Man's Temper was equal to his Audaciouſneſs, whatever he heard, he was ſure to diſcloſe; nor could he even hide his own Enormities and Shame. In truth, in whatever he ſaid, in whatever he did, he had neither Conſideration nor Reſtraint.

Between him and *Fulvia*, a Woman of Quality, there had been a long Amour; and, as he perceived himſelf become leſs agreeable to her, ſince his Poverty had rendered him leſs liberal, at firſt he tempted her with magnificent Promiſes, boaſting of Seas and Mountains of Wealth; then again he raged, threatening to kill her, unleſs ſhe ſubmitted to his Will. In a Word, he behaved more imperiouſly than ever he was wont.

As ſoon as *Fulvia* had learned the Ground of ſuch haughty Strains, ſhe kept not concealed ſuch threatening Danger to the State, but diſcovered to many whatever ſhe had heard of *Catiline's* Conſpiracy; ſuppreſſing nothing but the Name of her Author.

'Twas this Conſideration, eſpecially, that awakened the Minds of Men, and made them zealous to confer the Conſulſhip upon *Cicero*. For, before, moſt of the Nobility ſtormed, through Envy, againſt that Choice; and thought the Conſulſhip would ſuffer a ſort of Profanation, were it once borne by one ſo newly riſen, though one of celebrated Merit. But now, when general Peril was impending, perſonal Envy and Scorn ſubſided.

Upon holding therefore the Aſſembly for Elections, *Cicero* and *Caius Antonius* were declared Conſuls: An Event which firſt ſhocked and diſconcerted the Aſſociates in the Conſpiracy.

Yet ſuch was the furious Spirit of *Catiline*, as to purſue his Treaſon with unabated Ardour: Nay, every Day he made freſh Efforts, provided Stores of Arms in all the moſt commodious Places of *Italy*; borrowed Money upon his own Credit, or that of his Friends; and tranſmitted it to one *Manlius* at the City of *Fæſulæ*, the ſame who afterwards firſt began the War.

He is moreover ſaid, at this Juncture, to have gained to his Party Numbers of Men of all Conditions, as alſo ſeveral Women, thoſe particularly, who had once made ſuch great Gain of their Lewdneſs, as to ſupport an immenſe Expence; but were afterwards involved in mighty Debts: For when Age had ſhortened the Meaſure of their Gain, they had neglected to ſhorten that of their Luxury. Through their Means *Catiline* hoped to draw over the City Bondmen; and by them to ſet *Rome* on Fire. Theſe Women were likewiſe to engage their Husbands in the Conſpiracy, or to kill them, if they refuſed.

Sempronia was one of the Ladies juſt mentioned; one who had performed various Adventures, that manifeſted a Spirit extremely daring and maſculine. In her Perſon, and her Race, ſhe was abundantly diſtinguiſhed and happy; as alſo in her Huſband and Children; was well inſtructed in the *Greek* and *Roman* Languages; and, in Muſic and Dancing, had more Charms and Addreſs than ſuited a virtuous Woman; with many other Accompliſhments, ſuch as incite to Vice and Voluptuouſneſs. Indeed, of all things upon Earth, ſhe leaſt regarded Modeſty and Honour; and it is hard to determine, whether ſhe was leaſt ſparing of, her Character, or her Money. In her lewd Purſuits ſhe was ſo ardent, that ſhe oftener made Advances to Men, than Men to her. She had been long ſince branded, for having forfeited her plighted Faith, and, by Perjury, evaded Debts and Demands of Truſt; to have been privy to Aſſaſſinations; and, by a Courſe of Voluptuouſneſs followed with Indigence, had plunged herſelf headlong into all the Exceſſes of Iniquity. With all theſe Blots, ſhe had a Wit very pertinent and pleaſing; could compoſe Verſes; enliven Converſation; talk in any Strain, modeſt, or tender, or ſatirical. To conclude, ſhe excelled in Humour and Gaiety, and had an engaging Manner.

Catiline, having taken theſe Meaſures, ſtill perſevered in his Suit for the Conſulſhip, and declared himſelf a Candidate for the enſuing Year: For he hoped, if he were choſen, to govern *Antonius* as he pleaſed. Neither, during this Interval, did he remain unactive; but was contriving endleſs Plots for the Deſtruction of *Cicero*. Nor was *Cicero* wanting in Subtilty and Intrigues for his own Security: For, from the very Beginning of his Conſulſhip, he had effectually employed *Fulvia*, with Offers of ſuch vaſt Rewards to *Quintus Curius*, whom I lately mentioned, ſioned, that he revealed to *Cicero* all the treaſonable Devices of *Catiline*. Then, by the Promiſe of a Province to his Brother Conſul, he had ſecured him againſt all Intention of diſturbing the Republic. Beſides, he had always about him a Number of his Friends and Followers, who were a real Guard, without the Name and Formality.

When the Day of Election came, *Catiline*, finding that neither his Suit for the chief Magiſtracy, nor his Plots to take away the Life of *Cicero* in the Field of Election, had at all ſucceeded, reſolved upon open War, and to try the moſt daring and deſperate Courſes, ſince his ſecret Machinations had all ended in Anguiſh and Infamy.

With this View, he diſpatched *Caius Manlius* to the City of *Fæſulæ*, and the adjacent Parts of *Etruria*; one *Septimius* (a Native of *Camertes*) to the Territory of *Picenum*; *Caius Julius* to *Apulia*; and others elſewhere, juſt as it conduced to his Purpoſe.

All this while he was making at *Rome* many Efforts together; laying new Snares againſt the Life of the Conſul; contriving how to ſet Fire to the City; poſting armed Men to ſecure the moſt commodious Places; he himſelf was always ready armed, always giving Orders to his Followers; urging them to be ever vigilant, ever prepared: Night and Day he hurried; lived without Sleep; and was utterly indefatigable under all Labour and Want of Repoſe.

At laſt, when he found, that, with all his many Attempts, he made no ſort of Progreſs in any, he employed *Porcius Læcca* to call together once more the principal Conſpirators, during the Dead of Night; and after many Complaints of their Want of Vigour, he informed them, ‘That he had ſent forward *Manlius* ‘to command a Number of Men, whom he had before provided, ‘to take Arms; that to other proper Places he had ſent other ‘Officers, to begin the War; and that he himſelf longed exceed-

‘ ingly to proceed to the Army, provided he could firſt deſtroy *Cicero*; for that *Cicero* infinitely obſtructed all their Schemes.’

Now, whilſt all the reſt of the Aſſembly continued mute, through Dread and Irreſolution, *Caius Cornelius*, a *Roman* Knight, offered his Service; and *Lucius Vargunteius*, a Senator, joining with him, they agreed, immediately upon the approaching Morning, to furniſh themſelves with armed Aſſiſtants; and, repairing to *Cicero*, under Shew of paying their Reſpects, to fall upon him by Surprize, and aſſaſſinate him. *Curius*, finding what deadly Peril threatened the Conſul, incontinently acquainted him, by *Fulvia*, with their black Contrivance. When therefore they came, they were denied Entrance, and ſaw themſelves defeated in ſo deſperate an Attempt.

During theſe Tranſactions, *Manlius* was inflaming the Populace in *Etruria*, of themſelves paſſionate for Innovations, both from their preſent Poverty, and their Reſentment of cruel Uſage paſt: For, under the Uſurpation of *Sylla*, they had been ſtripped of their Lands, and all that they had. He likewiſe engaged in his Party all the Thieves and Freebooters of every Kind, ſuch as ſwarm in that Quarter; with ſome too of the Colonies ſettled by *Sylla*; Men who, having formerly gained infinite Spoil, had now, through Riot and Debauchery, ſeen an End of the Whole.

Cicero, when he had an Account of theſe Tranſactions, was ſorely ſtruck with an Evil ſo dangerous and diſtreſſing; ſince he could neither by his own ſingle Management, longer ſecure the City againſt inteſtine Incendiaries, nor was as yet thoroughly appriſed, either of the Strength, or of the Purpoſes of *Manlius*'s Army. He therefore aſſembled the Senate, and to them opened the Conſpiracy, which had been already, for ſome time, much bandied in the Converſation of the Commonalty.

Thus the Senate, agreeably to common Uſage in Conjunctures of great Peril and Alarm, ordained, ‘That the Conſuls 'ſhould take effectual Meaſures, that no Damage accrued to 'the State.' Such is the ſupreme Authority, thus transferred by the Senate to the Magiſtrate, according to the Policy of the *Roman* Government. By it he is impowered to levy Forces, to make War, to exerciſe Juriſdiction without Bounds over the Confederates, and even over the Citizens, with the ſovereign Adminiſtration and Command, both in the City and the Camp: Acts of Power, which are not, otherwiſe, included in the Conſular Authority, unleſs by an Ordinance of the People in their Aſſemblies.

A few Days after this, there was read in the Senate, by *Lucius Senius*, one of that Order, a Letter brought to him, he ſaid, from the Town of *Fæſulæ*; recounting, that, towards the latter End of *October*, *Caius Manlius* had taken up Arms, at the Head of a great Hoſt of People. To this News ſome added (what is uſual under ſuch public Alarms) a Recital of portentous Spectacles, with marvellous and prophetic Prodigies: Others too related, what numerous Cabals were holden; what Quantities of Arms were carried, and whither; and that, at *Capua*, and likewiſe in *Apulia*, there were Bands of Slaves arming apace.

The Senate therefore ordered *Quintus Marcius Rex* to the Town of *Fæſulæ*; as alſo *Quintus Metellus Creticus* to *Apulia*, and the adjacent Country. Theſe two Officers, lately Commanders of Armies, were then waiting without the City for the Honour of Triumph, which was refuſed them by the Management and malicious Repreſentations of certain Citizens, whoſe Rule it was, to make Sale of all things, honourable or infamous. The Prætors too, *Quintus Pompeius*, and *Quintus Metellus Celer*, were ſent, one to *Capua*, the other to the Territory of *Picenum*, with diſcretionary Authority to raiſe Forces in proportion to the public Exigency and Peril.

It was likewiſe decreed, 'That whoever of the Conſpirators 'would make Diſcovery of the Conſpiracy, ſhould, if a Slave, 'have a Reward of one hundred thouſand *Seſterces* *, and his Liberty; if a Freeman, double that Sum, and his Pardon.' The Senate moreover ordained, 'That the Bands of Gladiators ſhould be diſtributed amongſt the municipal Cities, *Capua*, and the reſt, in proportion to the Strength and Power of each; and that, for the Security of *Rome*, Guards ſhould be poſted in every Quarter, under the Command of the ſubordinate Magiſtrates.'

The City was thoroughly affected by all theſe Symptoms of Peril, and aſſumed a new Face. From the higheſt general Feſtivity, and even Riot, ſuch as reſulted from a long Courſe of Tranquillity, in an Inſtant Sadneſs ſeized every Heart. Full of Reſtleſſneſs, full of Affright, they were all equally inſecure, and all diſtruſtful of Places, and of Perſons: They neither enjoyed Peace, nor yet were engaged in War; and each judged the Meaſure of Danger to correſpond with that of his own Fears. The Women alſo were terribly alarmed with the unuſual Apprehenſions of a War, ſuch as the mighty Power of the Commonwealth had hitherto ſecured them againſt: They gave themſelves up to Lamentation and Anguiſh; ſupplicated the Gods with uplifted Hands; bewailed their tender Infants; were importunate for News; frightened at all things; and, quitting their Vanity and fond Delights, became anxious for themſelves and their Country.

Yet ſtill the ſanguinary Spirit of *Catiline* perſevered in the ſame inhuman Purſuit, although he ſaw Armies and Guards raiſed to defeat it; nay, though he himſelf ſtood arraigned by *Lucius Paulus*, upon the Law of *Marcus Plautius* againſt Treaſon and Aſſaſſination. He even appeared in the Senate, the better to diſſemble his Purpoſes; as if, provoked by injurious Invectives, he only came there to vindicate his injured Character. Upon his Entrance, the Conſul *Cicero*, either apprehending his Preſence there to be of ill Effect, or prompted by Indignation, made that awakening Speech, (which he afterwards publiſhed) then ſo ſeaſonable to the Commonwealth. Yet, as ſoon as he ſat down, *Catiline*, who was determined to diſavow every Article, accoſted the Senate; and, with modeſt downcaſt Looks, and an humble ſupplicating Voice, beſought the Fathers, ‘That they would not lightly receive any Charge againſt him: Such was the Race from whence he ſprang, ſuch too had been the Rule and Courſe of his Life from his Youth, that, from the Public, he hoped for every honourable, for every favourable Impreſſion. They could not ſurely conceive, that he, a Patrician born, he, who had himſelf done, he, whoſe Progenitors had done, ſuch numberleſs Services to the People of *Rome*, could find his Intereſt in the Deſtruction of the Commonwealth; whilſt ſuch an Upſtart as *Cicero*, a *Roman* only by Admiſſion, aſſumed the Defence of it.’

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* About Five hundred Pounds, *Engliſh* Money.

To theſe Invectives he was proceeding to add others; when the whole Senate, with Indignation, and a general Outcry, treated him as a Traitor and Parricide! Then abandoning himſelf to utter Rage, ‘Seeing (ſays he) I am on every ſide beſet by deadly Deſigns, and driven by my Enemies to Extremities, I will, by general Deſolation, ſuppreſs the Flames kindled to devour me.’

Having ſo ſaid, he ruſhed out, and went home. There, after having balanced by himſelf a thouſand Schemes and Reflections; that not only his Devices againſt the Life of the Conſul were ſtill unſucceſsful, but the Firing of the City was alſo defeated by Guards every-where placed; he judged it his wiſeſt Courſe to reinforce his Army, and to anticipate the Legions, by catching all Advantages, and providing whatever was neceſſary to an Army, before theſe Legions were ready for the Field. He therefore retired in the Dead of Night, and, with a few in his Company, proceeded to the Camp of *Manlius*. He left however a Charge with *Cethegus* and *Lentulus*, and with ſuch others as he knew to be moſt forward and deſperate, That, by all poſſible Methods, they ſhould ſtrengthen the Party; diſpatch the Aſſaſſination of the Conſul; then proceed to the intended Maſſacre; to fire *Rome*, and perform all the other gallant Feats of Warriors. For himſelf, he would, in a ſhort time, advance to their *Succour* with a powerful Army.

During theſe Tranſactions at *Rome*, *Caius Manlius* diſpatched Deputies to *Quintus Marcius Rex*, with Orders to accoſt him in the following Strain:

‘ We appeal to the Teſtimony of Gods and Men, O General, that we have taken up Arms with no View either to hurt our Country, or to diſtreſs particular Men; but only to ſecure our own Perſons from Outrages, wretched and indigent as we are, through the inhuman Violence of Uſurers; moſt of us bereft of our Abodes; all of our Reputation and Fortune; not one of us allowed the Protection of the Laws, our Birthright by Inheritance; not one of us permitted to enjoy the Liberty of his Perſon, even when we have nothing elſe left us to enjoy. Such hath been the Cruelty of our Creditors, ſuch that of the *Pretorian* Tribunals. Often have our Forefathers exerciſed their Commiſeration towards the *Roman* People, and ſuccoured them in Diſtreſs, by Ordinances of State. Nay, we have ſeen, in our own Times, a recent Inſtance, where, in Conſideration of the univerſal Preſſure of Debts, public Authority intervened; and, with the unanimous Voice of every good Citizen, the Creditors were obliged to take a Compoſition. Often too have the *Roman* People withdrawn, and ſeparated themſelves from the Senate, when either incited by a Paſſion for popular Rule, or urged to it for Self-defence againſt the Inſolence of their Magiſtrates.

‘ For us; our Purſuit is neither Wealth nor Power, though theſe be the two great Sources of all the Wars and Combuſ-

'tions amongſt Men. What we ſeek is Liberty; that Liberty 'which no virtuous Man will loſe, but together with his Life. 'We therefore conjure thee, O General, thee and the Senate, 'to eſpouſe the Intereſt of forlorn Citizens; to reſtore us the 'Protection of the Laws, rent from us by the Violence of the '*Prætorian* Tribunal; and not to reduce us to the deſperate 'Neceſſity of only ſtudying ſo to periſh, as amply to avenge 'our own Blood upon ſuch as ſhed it.'

To all this *Marcius* replied, 'That, if they had any Requeſt 'to the Senate, they ſhould forthwith abandon their Arms, 'and repair as Supplicants to *Rome:* Since ſuch had ever been 'the Clemency and Compaſſion of the *Roman* Senate and People, 'that to them no Man had ever ſued in vain for Relief.'

Now *Catiline,* whilſt yet upon the Road, ſent Letters to many Senators of Conſular Diſtinction, and indeed to every Citizen of principal Eſtimation, 'That as his Life was ſought by forged 'Crimes, and he could not reſiſt the Combination of his Enemies, 'he yielded to his Fortune, and was retiring as an Exile to *Marſeilles*; ſtung by no Guilt of the terrible imputed Treaſon, 'but only for the Tranquillity of the Commonwealth; leſt, 'had he ſtaid, and maintained his Innocence, public Tumults 'might have enſued.'

But the Letter which *Quintus Catulus* recited in the Senate, and declared to have received from *Catiline,* was conceived in a Style quite oppoſite. Here follows a Copy of it:

LUCIUS CATILINE, *to* QUINTUS CATULUS, *Health.*

'SUCH hath been thy diſtinguiſhed Faith and Friendſhip to 'me, and ſo abundantly proved upon Trial, whilſt I was 'preſſed by the higheſt Perils, that I am thence emboldened to 'make thee this Application. For this Reaſon, I wave offering 'thee any Defence of my preſent Proceedings: As I am con-

‘ ſcious of no Guilt, I propoſe only to make thee a Declaration of my Innocence. How true this Declaration is, thou wilt be abundantly convinced: For this I appeal to the Gods.

‘ Finding myſelf purſued by a Courſe of Injuſtice and falſe Accuſations, and thence bereft of the Reward of my public Services and Zeal, and diſappointed of the Dignity for which I ſued, I am thus rouſed to undertake (as has ever been my Character and Practice) the common Cauſe of the Miſerable; not becauſe I am excited to it by any Diſtreſs or Debts of my own; ſince what I owe on my own Account, my own Fortune ſuffices to diſcharge; and *Oreſtilla* would, out of hers, and that of her Daughter, freely clear all my Engagements on Account of others; But perceiving Men of no Worth diſtinguiſhed with the high Honours of the State, and ſeeing myſelf, by cauſleſs Jealouſies, excluded from them, I have, under this Provocation, and for ſecuring the Remains of my Rank and Dignity, had recourſe to ſuch Counſels, as in my preſent Situation will abundantly juſtify themſelves.

‘ I have much more to ſay; but at this Inſtant I am informed, that deadly Meaſures are taken againſt me. I therefore juſt recommend *Oreſtilla* to thee, and to thy faithful Protection: Defend her from Injuſtice, by thy dear Children I adjure thee. Farewel.’

Now, when he had ſtaid a few Days with *Caius Flaminius* in the Territory belonging to *Reate*, juſt to furniſh Arms to that Quarter already gained to his Party, he proceeded, with Rods and Axes, and all the other Badges of Conſular Power, to the Camp of *Manlius*.

As ſoon as the News of this were verified at *Rome*, the Senate declared *Catiline* and *Manlius* public Enemies, with Pardon to all thoſe of their Followers, who by a Day certain ſhould quit their Arms, except only ſuch who were under Sentence for capital Crimes. It was moreover decreed, That the Conſuls ſhould forthwith levy Forces; that *Antonius* ſhould march in Purſuit of *Catiline*; and *Cicero* remain for the Defence of the City.

At this Juncture, the Condition of the *Roman* Commonwealth ſeems to me to have been infinitely deplorable; ſince, whilſt every Region, from the riſing to the ſetting Sun, (all ſubdued by her Arms) ſubmitted to her Government; whilſt, within her Walls, extreme Wealth, and all Tranquillity, reigned; things which paſs with Men for ſovereign Enjoyment and Bliſs; there were yet ſome of her own Citizens, with deſperate Spirits, bent upon the Deſtruction of the State, and even upon their own with it. For, notwithſtanding two Decrees publiſhed by the Senate, not a Man was found, amongſt all that Hoſt of Traitors, to accept the promiſed Recompence, and diſcover the Conſpiracy; not a Man of *Catiline*'s Army, to deſert from him: Such an invincible Spirit of Diſaffection had, like a Peſtilence, generally ſeized the Minds of Men.

Neither was this angry Humour confined only to the Conſpirators, and their Accomplices: The Commonalty too, in a Body, from a Paſſion for public Changes, approved the Purſuits of *Catiline*; and in this ſeemed but to follow their uſual Bent.

For, in this our City, they who are deſtitute of Place and Subſtance, ever repine at the Enjoyments and Diſtinction of virtuous Men; ever extol the vicious; hate the old Ways; long for Novelties and Change; and, from Diſguſt to their own Condition, labour to introduce univerſal Confuſion. In popular Commotions and Diſcord they find their Subſiſtence without Pains and Care; ſince Poverty has ever this Advantage, that it has nothing to loſe.

From other Cauſes too, the *Roman* Populace were prompted to deſperate Courſes; chiefly, becauſe from all Quarters there flocked into *Rome*, as into a common Sink, whoever ſurpaſſed in Villainy and Impudence at home, together with thoſe who had waſted their Fortunes in Prodigality and Riot; in a Word, all they who were Fugitives for their Infamy or Crimes. Many were continually revolving upon the Uſurpation of *Sylla*, whence they ſaw ſome raiſed from common Soldiers to the Dignity of Senators, and others to ſuch exceſſive Wealth, that in Pomp and Magnificence they lived like Kings; and every Individual hoped, if he were but engaged in a civil War, to obtain Victory, and thence the ſame Advantages to himſelf.

Moreover the young Men from the Country, formerly accuſtomed to earn, by Agriculture, juſt enough to ſupport Life, having been drawn to *Rome* by the Allurements of Largeſſes, ſome diſtributed by the State, ſome by particular Citizens, came to prefer Eaſe and Idleneſs in the City, to their penurious Toil in the Fields.

Theſe, and all who reſembled them, found their Support in the Calamities and Diſorders of the State. Hence the leſs Wonder, that ſuch Men as theſe, preſſed with Wants, diſſolute in their Manners, extravagant in their Views, ſhould conſult the Welfare of the Commonwealth, juſt as far as it conduced to their own.

They alſo whoſe Parents were proſcribed, whoſe Eſtates were confiſcated, and who had loſt the Rights of Citizens, under the Uſurpation of *Sylla*, had no other nor better Views in the Expectancy and Event of the preſent civil War.

Beſides, whoever were of any Party whatſoever different from that of the Senate, wiſhed rather to ſee the Commonwealth in Confuſion, than themſelves deprived of popular Sway: An old Evil! which, after an Interval of many Years, had again revived in the City.

For, after the Power of the Tribunes of the People was reſtored to its former Vigour, under the Conſulſhip of *Pompey* and *Craſſus*, certain young Men, acquiring that ſupreme popular Magiſtracy, in the Bloom of their Life, and flaming with turbulent Paſſions, began to rouſe the People to Diſaffection, firſt by criminal Imputations againſt the Senate; then by Liberalities, and flattering Promiſes, to heighten their Diſaffection into a Flame; and thus gained to themſelves ſignal Renown, and mighty Credit. To thwart them, and their Meaſures, the Generality of the Nobles made their utmoſt Efforts, in Shew, for Support of the Senate, in Reality, for that of their own Grandeur. In truth, to compriſe all in a few Words, during all thoſe Times, whoever raiſed civil Diſſenſions in the Commonwealth, uſed plauſible Pretences; ſome to vindicate the Rights of the People, others to exalt the Authority of the Senate, both Sorts to purſue the public Good; yet all only ſtriving ſeverally to procure Weight and Power to themſelves. Neither in theſe their civil Conteſts did any of them obſerve Moderation or Bounds: Whatever Party conquered, ſtill uſed their Victory with Violence and Inhumanity.

Now, after *Pompey* was ſent from home, as General in the War againſt the Pirates, then in that againſt *Mithridates*, the Power of the People ſunk very low, and the whole Sway was engroſſed by a few. Theſe graſped the civil Adminiſtration, the Government of the Provinces, and all things. Thus, unaccountable and proſperous, they lived confident of their own Security, and fearleſs themſelves; whilſt, by the Terror of their Power and Decrees, they reſtrained the popular Magiſtrates from rouſing the People. But, upon the firſt View of a Change in the State, the old Competition was inſtantly renewed, with infinite Animoſity, in the Minds of the Commonalty.

Now, ſuppoſe *Catiline* had conquered in the firſt Engagement, or had even retired with equal Loſs, ſurely very tragical Calamities muſt have overwhelmed the Commonwealth. Nor would the Conquerors have been ſuffered to enjoy their Victory long; ſince, when they were weakened and exhauſted, whoever had ſuperior

perior Power, would have ſeized the Government, and oppreſſed public Liberty.

There were, however, ſeveral, who, though unengaged with the Conſpirators, yet immediately followed *Catiline*. One of theſe was *Aulus Fulvius*, (the Son of a Senator) taken upon the Road, brought back, and ſlain by the Order of his Father.

Lentulus, at the ſame time, was purſuing the Directions of *Catiline*; and, by himſelf, or his Agents, gaining over all ſuch as, either from their Characters or Fortune, he judged proper Inſtruments for a Revolution; not only *Roman* Citizens, but all Men of what ſort ſoever, ſo they were fit for Arms.

Lentulus, therefore, employed one *Publius Umbrenus* to apply to the Deputies of the *Allobrogians*, and oblige them, if he could, to join in the War: For he fanſied, that, as their State, as alſo the Members of the State, were univerſally oppreſſed with Debts, and as the whole People of *Gaul* were naturally fierce and warlike, they might be eaſily perſuaded into ſuch a Deſign. *Umbrenus*, having, as a Trader, been converſant in *Gaul*, was generally known to the leading Men in their ſeveral Communities, and acquainted with their Characters. So that, without Delay, the Moment he beheld the Deputies in the *Forum*, he began with certain Queſtions concerning the Condition of their Nation: Then, affecting great Grief for their Oppreſſions, proceeded to aſk, ‘ What Iſſue they hoped to their crying Calamities?’ Next, when he perceived, that they complained of the Rapaciouſneſs of our Magiſtrates, that they reproached the Senate for yielding them no Succour or Protection, and expected from Death alone a Remedy to their many Miſeries; he replied, ‘ Provided you reſolve to ‘ act like Men, I will preſent you with an Expedient to releaſe ‘ yourſelves from all theſe crying Calamities.’ Immediately the *Allobrogians*, raiſed to the higheſt Hopes by what he had ſaid, conjured him, ‘ to pity them: There was nothing ſo dangerous, ‘ (they ſaid) nothing ſo difficult, but they would moſt heartily

‘ perform, if by it, whatever it were, their Nation might be redeemed from the Oppreſſion of Debts.’

Umbrenus then carried them to the Houſe of *Decius Brutus*; for it joined to the *Forum*, and was no improper Scene for ſuch a Conſultation, ſince *Sempronia* was an Accomplice, and *Brutus* was then from *Rome*. Moreover, to gain the greater Weight and Credit to what he had to ſay, he had *Gabinius* called to the Interview, and, before him, opened the whole Conſpiracy, named all the Accomplices, and many others of all Stations, who were utterly guiltleſs; but mentioned by him to inſpire the Deputies with the higher Hopes and Boldneſs. Having thus gained from them an Engagement for their Aſſiſtance, he let them retire.

The Deputies, however, wavered long what Counſel to chuſe. Here, to induce them, were conſuming Debts, a Paſſion for War, and mighty Spoil attending Victory: There, ſuperior Puiſſance, Proceedings legal and ſure, and, for uncertain Hope, Rewards ſolid and certain.

As they were thus in Suſpenſe, the Fortune of the *Roman* Republic prevailed; ſo that they unfolded the whole Detail (juſt as they had learned it) to *Quintus Fabius Sanga*, upon whoſe Patronage their Nation chiefly relied. *Cicero*, who was appriſed of the Deſign by *Sanga*, injoined the Deputies to feign a flaming Zeal for the Conſpiracy; to apply aſſiduouſly to the reſt of the Conſpirators; to promiſe abundantly; and to ſtudy to bring them all under the cleareſt Conviction.

Near about the ſame Conjuncture there were Commotions in both the *Gauls*; as alſo in the Territory of *Picenum*, in *Bruttium*, and *Apulia*. For the Creatures of *Catiline*, ſent by him into theſe ſeveral Quarters, behaved abſurdly; and, as if Madneſs had poſſeſſed them, puſhed, precipitately, all their Meaſures at once: So that, by all their nocturnal Conſultations, by their conveying Armour and Weapons hither and thither, by their furious Haſte and tumultuous Doings, they only cauſed more Affright than Danger: A great Number of theſe *Quintus Metellus Celer*, the Prætor, adjudged to Bonds, in Conformity to the Decree of Senate; as *Caius Muræna* did many others in *Ciſalpine Gaul*; where he governed under the Character of Lieutenant-General.

At *Rome*, the while, *Lentulus*, in Concert with the other Heads of the Conſpiracy, reckoning themſelves now ſure of abundant Force, determined, that, whenever *Catiline* arrived with his Army in the Territory of *Fæſulæ*, *Lucius Beſtia*, one of the Tribunes, ſhould aſſemble the People, purpoſely to incenſe them againſt *Cicero*, by popular Imputations upon his Conduct, and to faſten upon the excellent Conſul the odious Blame of a War ſo afflicting and calamitous. This was to be the Signal to the whole Crowd of Conſpirators, for reſorting on the Night enſuing to the Diſcharge of their ſeveral Parts.

Now theſe Parts were ſaid to be thus diſtributed: *Statilius* and *Gabinius*, aſſiſted with a powerful Band, were to ſet Fire, at once, to Twelve ſelect Quarters of the City; for that, in a Confuſion ſo general, it were eaſier to reach the Perſon of the Conſul, and thoſe of all the reſt, who were marked for Deſtruction. *Cethegus* was to force his Doors, and put him to Death. Others had, for their Share, the like bloody Work: Nay, there were Youths, yet under the Roof of their Parents, (moſt of them from amongſt the Nobility) who were to butcher their own Fathers; and, when, by devouring Flames and Maſſacre, they had ſpread univerſal Fear and Anguiſh, they were to ſally out in a Body to meet *Catiline*.

During the Debate of theſe Meaſures, now formed, and of theſe Reſolutions, now fixed, *Cethegus* was always complaining ‘of Want of Spirit in his Aſſociates; that, by eternal Ballancing and Procraſtination, they abuſed many glorious Opportunities. In an Enterprize thus daring and perilous, Execution was more requiſite than Deliberation. For himſelf; would but a few of them ſupport him, he would, notwithſtanding the Remiſſneſs of the reſt, fall openly upon the Senate.’ As he was, by Nature,

ture, daring and determined, his Spirit impetuous, in his Perſon prompt and enterpriſing, he eſteemed their beſt Meaſure to be Diſpatch.

Now the *Allobrogians*, according to their Inſtructions from *Cicero*, had a Meeting, by the means of *Gabinius*, with the reſt of the Conſpirators. There they demanded the Security of an Oath, from *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, *Statilius*, as alſo from *Caſſius*, ſigned ſeverally by them; ſuch as they might carry to their Countrymen, who, without it, would not be eaſily engaged in Tranſactions of ſuch high Moment. All, except *Caſſius*, complied, without the leaſt Apprehenſion. He, who, indeed, had promiſed to be with them preſently, went out of *Rome*, a little ſooner than the Deputies. In Company with theſe, *Lentulus* ſent *Titus Volturcius*, one of *Crotona*, with Orders, that, before they proceeded home, they ſhould repeat and confirm the League with *Catiline*, by reciprocal Ties. He alſo gave *Volturcius* a Letter for *Catiline*, of which I here ſubjoin a Copy:

'Who it is that ſends thee this, thou wilt learn from him who
'brings it. Beſure to conſider thy own deſperate Situation, and
'remember, that thou art a Man. Recollect what thy Circum-
'ſtances demand. Seek Aſſiſtance from all, even from the Loweſt
'and Baſeſt.'

He likewiſe ſent by him verbal Inſtructions; namely, to expoſtulate, 'With what View *Catiline* could reject the Succours of 'Slaves, when the Senate had already declared him a public 'Enemy:' And to aſſure him, 'That, in *Rome*, all Diſpoſitions 'were now made conformable to his own Orders; and, on his 'part, he muſt not delay to advance.'

Theſe things having thus paſſed, *Cicero*, on the Night appointed for the Departure of the Deputies, from whom he had learnt all, ordered the Prætors, *Valerius Flaccus*, and *Caius Pomptinus*, privately to ſecure the *Milvian* Bridge; and apprehend, as they paſſed, the *Allobrogians*, and their Train. He explained to them, at large, the Cauſe of thus employing them, and, allowing them a Band of Soldiers, left them to proceed as Exigencies required. They, therefore, poſting their Guards without Noiſe or Shew, ſilently beſet the Bridge. When the Deputies and *Volturcius* arrived, and Shouts aroſe on both Sides, the *Allobrogians*, who were ſoon appriſed of the Deſign, ſurrendered themſelves, without a Pauſe, to the Prætors. *Volturcius*, at firſt, boldly encouraged his Companions; and, with his Sword, defended himſelf, though Numbers encompaſſed him. Then, ſeeing himſelf abandoned by the Deputies, he began to adjure *Pomptinus*, as his Acquaintance, with many Arguments, to ſave his Life: At laſt, full of Dread, and void of Hope, he yielded to the Prætors, as to a foreign Enemy.

When all this was effected, Meſſengers were inſtantly diſpatched, with an Account of the Whole, to *Cicero*. He, in truth, now found himſelf poſſeſſed, at once, with much Joy, and much Anxiety. He rejoiced to ſee the Republic ſnatched from Deſtruction by a full Diſcovery of the Conſpiracy; but felt great Solicitude, from the Difficulty of proceeding againſt Citizens of ſuch ſignal Power and Eminence, convicted of ſuch enormous Treaſon. To puniſh them, he judged, would draw much heavy Enmity upon himſelf; to let them go unpuniſhed, would bring Perdition upon the State.

Hence, rouſing his Spirit to Reſolution, he ordered *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, *Statilius*, and *Gabinius*, to be brought before him, with *Cæparius* too of *Terracina*, who was upon the Point of repairing to *Apulia*, there to engage the Slaves to revolt. The others came without Heſitation; but *Cæparius*, who had but juſt gone from his Houſe, having learnt that all was diſcovered, was fled out of *Rome*.

The Conſul brought *Lentulus* into the Senate, which he had aſſembled in the Temple of *Concord*, himſelf leading him by the Hand; for *Lentulus* was then Prætor. The reſt he ordered to be carried thither under Guard. Vaſt was the Appearance of Senators: Before them he ordered *Volturcius* and the Deputies to be produced; and directed *Flaccus* the Prætor to bring the Packet of Letters, which he had found upon them.

Volturcius, when he was examined about his Journey, and the Packet of Letters, and, laſtly, what was his Purpoſe in it, upon what Advice and Motives he undertook it; returned, at firſt, Anſwers quite foreign and framed; and affected utter Ignorance of the Conſpiracy. But, as ſoon as the Senate had ſecured his Pardon by tendering him the Public Faith, he divulged every Tranſaction, and ſhewed, that, ‘ but a few Days before, *Gabinius* and *Cæparius* had adopted him for an Aſſociate: That, beſides this, he knew no more than the Deputies; only he uſed to hear *Gabinius* declare, that *Publius Autronius*, *Servius Sylla*, *Lucius Vargunteius*, were, with many others, Accomplices in the Conſpiracy.’

The Deputies, in their Confeſſion, agreed with him in his. They likewiſe clearly convicted *Lentulus*, (who was aſſerting his Innocence) not only by Writing under his Hand, but by his common Diſcourſe, ‘ That, by the *Sibylline* Prophecies, the Sovereignty of *Rome* was foredoomed to Three of the *Cornelian* Race; firſt to *Cinna*, then to *Sylla*; and he himſelf was now the third deſtined by Fate to ſway the Empire: That, beſides, the preſent Year was the twentieth ſince the Burning of the Capitol; a Period productive of mighty civil Slaughter, according to the Explanations frequently made of Prodigies by the Augurs.’

The Senate therefore, when the Letters were read, and after the Criminals had acknowledged their ſeveral Signets, paſt a Decree, that *Lentulus* ſhould be diveſted of his Office, and, with the reſt, holden in Cuſtody, but not in Priſon. Thus *Lentulus* was delivered to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*, then *Ædile*; *Cethegus* to *Quintus Cornificius*; *Statilius* to *Caius Cæſar*; *Gabinius* to *Mar-*

cus Craſſus; and *Ceparius* (juſt before ſeized in his Flight, and brought back) to *Cneius Terentius* the Senator.

In the mean while, the Commonalty, they who juſt before, from a Paſſion for public Changes, were but too fond of inteſtine War, ſuddenly altered their Sentiments, when the Conſpiracy was thus publicly diſcovered. They all now curſed the Devices of *Catiline*; all extolled *Cicero* to the Skies; and, like People juſt ſnatched from Bondage, gave full Scope to their Feſtivity and Joy. For, though from the War, in its ordinary Courſe and Events, they thought to have found more Spoil than Loſs; yet they eſteemed the *Burning* of *Rome* an inhuman Attempt, horrible beyond meaſure, and utterly deſtructive to themſelves; ſince their whole Subſtance conſiſted in what nouriſhed them from Day to Day, and in what they daily wore.

On the next Day, when the Senate ſat, there was brought before them one *Lucius Tarquinius*, charged with going to join *Catiline*, and ſeized by the Way. This Man, who offered to diſcloſe the Particulars of the Conſpiracy, under the Security of public Faith and Indemnity, was indulged in this by the Conſul, and bid to teſtify what he knew. He then informed the Senate, very nearly as *Volturcius* had done, of the Deſign concerted to ſet Fire to the City, to murder all the beſt Citizens, and to march the Rebel Army to *Rome*. He added, ‘That he was diſpatched by *Craſſus* to *Catiline*, to warn him, in his Name, not to be dejected by the apprehending of *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus*, and ſome other Conſpirators, but the rather to haſten his March to *Rome*; whence, beſides reviving the Spirit of the Conſpirators in general, they who were in Cuſtody might be ſnatched from Vengeance.’

Now the Moment *Tarquinius* named *Craſſus*, a Man of grand Quality, immenſe Wealth, mighty Influence and Credit; they all cried out, that he was a falſe Witneſs, and demanded to have it debated. Many indeed believed the Charge utterly incredible: Some, tho' they accounted it true, yet thought in a Conjuncture ſo terrible, a Man of ſuch prodigious Sway was rather to be courted than provoked. Beſides that, the Generality of the Senators were engaged to *Craſſus* by private Ties and Obligations. It was therefore decreed, in a full Senate, even *Cicero* propoſing it, 'that the 'Teſtimony of *Tarquinius* appeared to be forged, and that he 'ſhould be confined in Irons, never to be delivered till he had 'diſcloſed by whoſe Advice he had framed ſo daring an Impoſture.' There were then thoſe who ſuppoſed this Evidence to have been an Artifice of *Publius Autronius*, whence *Craſſus*, finding himſelf involved in the ſame Danger with the Conſpirators, might ſerve them for a common Sanctuary, and protect them all by his mighty Power.

Others alledged, that *Tarquinius* was tutored and prompted by *Cicero*, thus to diſable *Craſſus* from diſtreſſing the Commonwealth by eſpouſing, as he was wont, the Defence of public Incendiaries. I have indeed heard *Craſſus* himſelf aver, that this glaring Indignity was faſtened upon him by *Cicero*.

Yet, at this very time, *Quintus Catulus* and *Caius Piſo* could not prevail with *Cicero*, either by their great Intereſt, or by their Intreaties, or by any Offers, to procure *Cæſar* to be falſly accuſed by the *Allobrogians*, or any other Witneſs whatſoever. For both theſe great Men bore mortal Enmity to *Cæſar*; *Piſo*, becauſe *Cæſar* had procured Judgment againſt him for Bribery in paſſing Sentence of Death, unjuſtly, upon a Man beyond the *Po*; *Catulus* continued to hate him, ever ſince their Suit for the Office of ſupreme Pontiff, as he was enraged that *Cæſar* in his early Youth ſhould gain it from him in his old Age, after he had ſuſtained all the higheſt Dignities in the State. Now this Charge againſt him they concluded was probable and well-timed: For he had, both by his ſignal Munificence to Particulars, and by his boundleſs Largeſſes to the People, contracted prodigious Debts.

When therefore they failed to perſuade the Conſul to ſo black an Undertaking, they went themſelves ſedulouſly about from Man to Man, and by averring what they only feigned, how many Inſtances of his Guilt they themſelves had heard from *Volturcius*, as well as from the *Allobrogians*, expoſed him to extraordinary Jealouſy and Hate; ſo that certain *Roman* Knights, attending in Arms at the Temple of *Concord*, as a Guard to the Senate, threatened him with their drawn Swords, as he went out of the Aſſembly; whether they were ſtruck with the prodigious Horrour of the Conſpiracy, or did it in a Fit of Bravery, thence the more to ſignalize their Zeal for the Commonweal.

Whilſt theſe were the Tranſactions of the Senate, and whilſt Recompences were decreeing there to the Deputies of the *Allobrogians*, and to *Volturcius*, whoſe ſeveral Diſcoveries were now verified and approved; the Freedmen of *Lentulus*, with ſome few of his Dependents, had divided themſelves into ſeveral Quarters of the City; and whilſt ſome of them were ſuborning the Slaves and common Artizans about the Streets, to deliver him by Force, the reſt were ſearching after the Ringleaders of the Croud, ſuch as are wont, for Hire, to raiſe popular Uproar and Sedition.

Cethegus, at the ſame time, had diſpatched Meſſages to the Slaves of his Houſhold, and to ſome of his Freedmen, ſuch, eſpecially, as were ſelect Inſtruments, hardened and audacious in Feats of Violence, conjuring them to form an armed Band, and, by ſtrong Hand, to deliver him.

The Conſul, as ſoon as he learnt what Meaſures were purſuing, poſted Guards in ſuch Quarters, and in ſuch Numbers, as the Time and Exigency required: Then, aſſembling the Senate, propoſed to their Conſideration, 'What they would pleaſe finally to determine concerning the Conſpirators, now in Cuſtody by their 'own Order.' Indeed a very full Senate had very lately adjudged them to be public Traitors.

Decius Junius Silanus, therefore, whoſe Opinion was firſt asked, as he was then Conſul elect, declared for capital Puniſhment, to be inflicted, not upon the Priſoners only, but alſo upon

Lucius Caſſius, *Publius Furius*, *Publius Umbrenus*, and *Quintus Annius*, whenever they were apprehended: Tho', afterwards, yielding to the Force of *Cæſar's* Reaſoning, he profeſſed to acquieſce in the Opinion of *Tiberius Nero*, who had propoſed to have the Guards increaſed, and the Reſult poſtponed to another Debate.

Cæſar himſelf, when asked by the Conſul in his Turn, ſpoke in the following Strain:

‘ It is incumbent upon all Men, Conſcript Fathers, in their Deliberations upon every Subject of Tenderneſs and Difficulty, to be exempt from all Hate and Affection, from all Revenge and Compaſſion. The Soul, when ſuch Paſſions ruffle it, can but ill exerciſe any juſt Diſcernment: Nor hath any Man, whoſoever, at once purſued his own headſtrong Will, and yet ſerved any laudable Purpoſe. Your Judgment, when you exert that only, hath all due Force and Succeſs; but if Paſſion ſeize you, 'tis that which maſters you; and then your rational Faculties avail you nothing.

‘ Many are the Inſtances, which I could recount, of Kings, as well as of People, falling into unhappy Meaſures, by haſtily yielding to the Impulſes of Wrath, or to thoſe of Commiſeration. But I had rather relate, from the Examples of our Forefathers, what ſort of Determinations they made, all in Oppoſition to any Heat and Commotion of Spirit, but all agreeable to good Policy and the Times.

‘ During the War which we maintained againſt *Perſes* King of *Macedon*, *Rhodes*, a mighty and opulent City, deriving too all her Grandeur from the Power and Aid of the *Romans*, yet forfeited her Faith to us, and took Part againſt us. But, upon the Iſſue of the War, when it came to be debated how to deal with the *Rhodians*, our Anceſtors diſcharged them from all Puniſhment and Retribution; that no Man might alledge the Quarrel to have begun rather from Thirſt after their Wealth, than from that of avenging Injuries. Thro' the whole Series of our Wars with *Carthage*, though the *Carthaginians*, even during Intervals of Peace, even in the midſt of a Truce, committed many and ſhocking Inſults; ſtill our Anceſtors never ſought or improved any Opportunity of returning Evil for Evil; ſince they inquired rather what was worthy of themſelves to do, than what might, in Juſtice, be done againſt the *Carthaginians*.

‘ This is what it behoves you alſo, Conſcript Fathers, now to conſider, and provide that the Iniquity of *Lentulus*, and of the reſt, weigh not more with you, than your own Dignity ought to weigh; and that you gratify not your Reſentment, at the Expence of your Fame. Indeed, if any Chaſtiſement can be found worthy of their Deſerts, I approve the Propoſal, however new and extraordinary it be: But if their Crime be ſuch, that it tranſcends the Wit of Man to find out an adequate Puniſhment for it, my Advice is for ſuch as the Laws have already ordained.

‘ Moſt of the Senators, who gave their Opinion before me, have, in high and affecting Strains, bewailed the Situation of the Commonwealth: They have diſplayed all the Cruelty of War, with the many Woes attending the Vanquiſhed; Virgins raviſhed, Youths conſtuprated, Children torn from the Boſoms of their Parents, Matrons expoſed to all the libidinous Inſults of a victorious Soldiery; public Temples, and private Dwellings, equally abandoned to Plunder and Outrage, all devoured by one common Flame, and converted into Scenes of Slaughter; finally, all Places filled with Arms, Carcaſes, Blood, and Wailings.

‘ But, for the ſake of the immortal Deities, whither tends ſuch tragical Repreſentation? Is it to rouſe you to a Deteſtation of the Conſpiracy? As if he, whom a Deſign ſo alarming cannot move, could be animated by a Flow of Words.

‘This is not the way; nor do any Injuries whatſoever appear light to him on whom they fall; and many are apt to magnify and reſent ſuch Injuries beyond Meaſure. But, according to the different Stations of Men, different Allowances are made, Conſcript Fathers. When ſuch, who, in an humble Station paſs their Days in Obſcurity, offend, thro' Heat and Tranſport, few there are who know it; for their Name and Character are as low as their Fortune: But they who are inveſted with ſupreme Power, ſtand in an elevated Station, and every Step they take is, by every Eye, obſerved; ſo that to the higheſt Dignity the ſmalleſt Allowance is made. In ſuch a Station there is no room allowed for Partiality; none for Averſion; leaſt of all for Wrath and Animoſity. That which in private Life bears only the Name of Paſſion, whenever it is obſerved in Men of Authority, is called Haughtineſs and Cruelty.

‘For myſelf, Conſcript Fathers, I eſteem all Torments whatſoever to be ſhort of the Guilt of theſe Offenders: But it is the Temper of human Kind, generally to remember beſt what happened laſt; and, forgetting the Crimes of ſuffering Parricides, to entertain themſelves only about their Puniſhment, if it prove but unuſually ſevere.

‘What *Decius Silanus*, a Man of great Honour and Spirit, has ſpoken, I am perfectly convinced he ſpoke from Zeal to the Commonwealth; and that, in an Affair of ſuch mighty Conſequence, he acts neither from Favour nor Enmity: Such is the Uprightneſs, ſuch the Moderation which I have experienced in him. But what he propoſes, tho', to me, it appear no wiſe cruel, (for, to ſuch Men, what Cruelty can be ſhewn?) yet, ſtill, appears repugnant to the Genius of our State.

‘Doubtleſs, thou waſt urged, either by Fear, or by an Iniquity ſo heinous, O *Silanus*, our Conſul elect, to propoſe a Puniſhment altogether new.’ How vain ſuch Fear is, it would be ſuperfluous to argue; when, by the Vigilance of a Conſul ſo ſignally able and diſtinguiſhed as ours, ſo many and ſuch powerful Forces are armed for our Security: And concerning their Puniſhment, we may, in truth, alledge, what, in reality, the Fact is; That, to ſuch as live in Sorrow and Wretchedneſs, Death proves a Repoſe, not a Torment; that it is Death which cloſes all the Calamities incident to human Race; and that, beyond Death no Place remains, either for Anguiſh or Delight.

‘But, in the Name of the immortal Gods, why didſt not thou add to this thy Propoſal for capital Puniſhment, that they ſhould be firſt laſhed by the Executioner? Was it becauſe the ſame is forbidden by the *Porcian* Law? And are there not other Laws too, which direct, that *Roman* Citizens, condemned, ſhall not be bereft of their Lives, but be indulged the Privilege of Baniſhment? Or was it, that Stripes ſeem a ſeverer Puniſhment than Death? Now what can be deemed rigorous, or over-ſevere, to Men convicted of ſuch terrible Treaſon? But if Stripes be a lighter Chaſtiſement, where is the Conſiſtence of being tender of the Law in a ſmaller Inſtance, and of violating it in one much greater!

‘Do you aſk, Who will cenſure any Puniſhment whatever, pronounced upon Traitors to the Commonwealth? I anſwer, that Time may produce ſuch Cenſure; ſo may ſudden Conjunctures; ſo may Fortune, a fickle Deity, that blindly ſways the Race of Men. Upon theſe Parricides whatever Doom falls, will fall juſtly. But be cautious, Conſcript Fathers, how your Decrees to-day may affect others hereafter.

‘All pernicious Precedents are derived from laudable Beginnings; but when the Adminiſtration devolves upon unworthy and unſkilful Men, thoſe Precedents, at firſt juſt, are changed in the Application, from Objects that were proper and guilty, to ſuch as are guiltleſs and improper.

‘The *Lacedemonians*, when they had ſubdued the *Athenians*, ſubjected that State to Thirty Governors. Theſe began their

'Power, by executing, without Conviction, whomſoever they found notoriouſly wicked and obnoxious to all Men. For ſuch Executions the People expreſſed great Joy, and declared them juſt and well deſerved. Thenceforward, when, by degrees, they had ſtrengthened their lawleſs Authority, they doomed to Death both Good and Bad, without Diſtinction; and thus held under Dread the whole Community. Such was the terrible Penalty, which theſe People, oppreſſed by Tyranny, paid for their ridiculous Joy.

'We ourſelves remember, when *Sylla*, after he found himſelf Maſter, ordered *Damaſippus*, and other Incendiaries, who had raiſed themſelves upon the Calamities of the Commonwealth, to be ſlaughtered, how all Men applauded the Fact: It was by all agreed, that ſuch Inſtruments of Iniquity and Faction, the Authors of continual Diſorders and Tumults in the State, were worthily cut off from it: Yet this very thing proved an Introduction to a mighty Series of Slaughter; ſince whoever coveted the Town-houſe, or Country-ſeat, or even any curious Vaſe, or precious Rayment of a Fellow-citizen, contrived to have the Poſſeſſor inſerted in the Liſt of the Proſcribed.

'Thus they, to whom the Death of *Damaſippus* had adminiſtered ſuch Joy, were themſelves ſoon after dragged to the like Execution: Neither was there any End put to this raging Carnage, till *Sylla* had ſatiated his Followers with Riches.

'It is true, that, from *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, I fear no ſuch Precedents, nor from theſe our Times. But in a City ſo mighty and ſo populous as ours, various and different are the Spirits and Propenſities of Men: In future Conjunctures, and under a future Conſul, one who may likewiſe have an Army at his Devotion, any Forgeries may paſs for Facts. When, hereafter, by a Decree of the Senate, in conſequence of this very Example, the Conſul ſhall draw the Sword, who is then to controul it? who to ſet Bounds to its Rage?

'Our Anceſtors, Conſcript Fathers, were at no time wanting to themſelves, either in Counſel or in Bravery; neither did they deem it below them, to adopt the Uſages of other Nations, provided ſuch Uſages were wholſome and laudable. The Exerciſe of Arms, and their Weapons of War, they borrowed from the *Samnites*; their Enſigns of Magiſtracy, in a great meaſure, from the *Tuſcans*: In truth, whatever appeared to them pertinent and valuable, either amongſt their Confederates, or their Enemies, they aſſumed and practiſed at home, with notable Application; as they judged it more eligible to imitate, than to envy, any Excellence any-where.

'In thoſe Days, therefore, following the Cuſtom of *Greece*, they ſubjected the offending Citizens to Stripes; and, upon ſuch as were condemned, inflicted capital Puniſhment. Afterwards, when the Commonwealth was found greatly augmented, and, through the vaſt Multitude of Citizens, Factions grew prevailing, whence the Innocent were often circumvented and puniſhed, and ſuch Oppreſſions and Exceſſes began to grow common; then the *Porcian* and other Laws were made; Laws which, to the higheſt Offence, allowed no higher Puniſhment than Exile.

'Theſe Conſiderations, Conſcript Fathers, and ſuch Authority, ſeem to me of the utmoſt Force againſt our purſuing any Reſolution new and extraordinary. Surely, much greater Virtue, much greater Wiſdom, was found in ſuch, who, from ſmall Means and Beginnings, raiſed an Empire ſo mighty, than in us, who with Difficulty retain what they ſo worthily acquired.

'For what, therefore, do I plead? Is it, that the Conſpirators be diſcharged, and the Army of *Catiline* reinforced by them? By no means. But this is my Propoſition; That their Effects be confiſcated; their Perſons be kept in Bonds, apart in ſeveral of the moſt powerful Cities of *Italy*; that no Application ſhall ever be made to the Senate on their Behalf, nor to the People;

‘and that whoever diſobeys this Decree, the Senate now declare him an Enemy to the Commonwealth, and to all its Members.’

When *Cæſar* had done ſpeaking, and the reſt of the Senate were, either in Words, or by Signs, approving or oppoſing what had been differently propoſed, *Cato* was demanded his Opinion, and he delivered it in the following Speech:

‘My Spirit feels very different Impreſſions upon this Occaſion, Conſcript Fathers: Firſt, when I attend to our preſent Situation, with the Perils which ſurround us; and then conſider within myſelf the Counſel offered by certain Senators, they ſeem only to reaſon about ſettling the Puniſhment of ſuch, who are combined to make War upon their Country, upon their Parents and Kindred, upon Religion and private Property; whereas our preſent Situation warns us to have another Point in View, and rather to concert Means for ſecuring ourſelves from them, than what Puniſhment ought to be inflicted upon them. For other Enormities you may take Vengeance after they are committed; but if you provide not againſt the Perpetration of this, in vain, when once it is accompliſhed, will be your Appeal to the Tribunals. When the City is once taken, nothing further remains to the poor Citizens.

‘Now, by the immortal Deities, I conjure and exhort you, You, who have ever had more at Heart your Houſes, your Retirements, your Statues, and your Pictures, than the Intereſt of the Commonwealth; if you would but preſerve theſe your Enjoyments, which, whatever be their Value, you thus cheriſh; if you would but enjoy your Pleaſures in Eaſe, and without Interruption, rouſe yourſelves for once, and aſſume the Protection of the Commonwealth. This is no Debate about Tribute and Revenue; none about Injuries done to our Confederates. No: Our common Liberty, our very Lives, are, at this Inſtant, precarious.

‘I have often, Conſcript Fathers diſcourſed in this Aſſembly; I have often bewailed the prevailing Luxury and Rapaciouſneſs of our Fellow-citizens; and, for this Cauſe, I bear the Deſpight of many: But, as I never gratified myſelf in Vice, nor ſuffered my Soul to harbour it, neither could I humour the Debauchery of others, by countenancing their Exceſſes. Yet, however you ſlighted theſe my Complaints, ſtill the Commonwealth ſtood firm and ſecure: Such was her native Potency, as to bear with the Defects of her Rulers. But the preſent Conjuncture admits no Debate about the Pravity or Amendment of our Morals; none about the Might or Splendor of the *Roman* Empire. The Debate is, whether this our State, whatever it be, continue our own, or, together with our Perſons, become the Prey of Parricides.

‘Will any one now interpoſe, and mention Gentleneſs and Commiſeration? Surely we have long loſt the genuine Names of Things. It is called *Liberality*, to be free of the Property of others; *Fortitude*, to be daring in Iniquity: Such is our Degeneracy, and thence the deſperate Situation of our Commonwealth! Let them, if they will, ſince ſuch is the preſent Mode, let them be liberal of the Wealth taken from our Confederates, merciful to the Plunderers of the public Treaſure: But let them not make a Preſent of our Blood; nor, out of their Tenderneſs to a few Parricides, conſign to Deſtruction every worthy, every guiltleſs *Roman*.

‘*Cæſar* has juſt now, in his Place, reaſoned, with great Elegance and Accuracy, concerning Life and Death: Nor, do I doubt but he holds for Fables, all the received Traditions about an infernal World; where the Wicked, far apart from the Virtuous, are confined to dreary and diſmal Manſions, full of Darkneſs and Horror. From this Principle his Counſel is, That *their Eſtates be confiſcated, and their Perſons kept in Bonds, apart, in the ſeveral great Cities of* Italy; from an Apprehenſion, I preſume, that, were they to be kept in *Rome*, they might be releaſed, either by the Efforts of their Fellow-traitors, or by the Violence of the mercenary Multitude: As if evil and profligate Men were only to be found in this City, and not all over *Italy*; or, as if ſuch a deſperate Attempt were not moſt likely to ſucceed, where there is leaſt Force to oppoſe it.

'If, therefore, he really apprehend any Peril from theſe Criminals, his Counſel is airy and unſolid: But if, under ſo much general Terror poſſeſſing the Hearts of all Men, he alone dreads nothing, ſo much the greater Cauſe do I find of Dread, both for myſelf, and for you.

'Be therefore aſſured, that your Decree concerning the Fate of *Lentulus*, and the other Priſoners, will comprize in it that of *Catiline*, and the whole Body of Conſpirators. The more Vigour you ſhew, juſt ſo much the leſs Spirit will animate them: But if they perceive you ever ſo little relenting, they are, to a Man, ready to fall upon you with terrible Confidence.

'Deceive not yourſelves with an Opinion, that it was by Arms our Anceſtors raiſed this our State, originally very ſmall, to ſuch Might and Grandeur. Were this the Cauſe, we ſhould now poſſeſs it in its higheſt Degree of Luſtre and Perfection; ſince we far ſurpaſs them, both in the Number of Confederates and Citizens, as well as in Horſes and Arms. But it was from other Sources that their Greatneſs aroſe; ſuch Sources as utterly fail us. They exerciſed Induſtry and Vigilance at Home, with righteous Government Abroad: They had Minds ſound and free in Council, and in Judgment biaſſed by no Guilt or Crime, ſwayed by no evil Paſſion.

'Inſtead of ſuch Virtues as theſe, amongſt us, Rapaciouſneſs and Debauchery take Place; great Poverty in the State, profuſe Wealth in private Families: We admire Riches, we are reſigned to Sloth, make no Diſtinction between the Virtuous and the Wicked; and all the Rewards of Merit and Worth are ingroſſed

‘ by Ambition. Nor, whilſt, in all your public Councils, each of you intends only himſelf ſeparately from the Whole; whilſt, at home, you are inſlaved to your Pleaſures, and, here in the Senate, to ſordid Intereſt, or Partiality and Favour, is the Reſult at all ſtrange, that ſuch alarming Attacks are made upon the Commonwealth, when thus deſerted and forlorn. But I drop theſe Conſiderations.

‘ Certain *Romans*, the moſt illuſtrious amongſt us, have conſpired to lay waſte their native Country with Fire and Sword, and engaged the *Gauls*, ever inveterate Foes to the *Roman* Name, to join in the Conſpiracy. He who has the Command of the Enemy, is with his Army, as it were, hovering over our Heads; and, even at this dreadful Conjuncture, you linger and heſitate how to deal with ſuch of theſe unnatural Rebels as you have ſeized within your Walls.

‘ Would you ſhew them Pity? Let it be ſo: They are young Men, and have tranſgreſſed thro' Ambition: Nay, diſmiſs them too, and even diſmiſs them with their Arms. What would follow? Even that this Mildneſs of yours, this Mercy towards them, whenever they were free and armed, would end in your Perdition.

‘ Our Situation, in truth, is threatening and direful: But you fear it not. Yes, you do fear it; fear it exceedingly; and it is only from Impotence of Spirit, and Effeminacy, that you are thus in Suſpenſe, every one looking and depending upon another.

‘ Perhaps you truſt for Deliverance to the immortal Gods, who have often preſerved this Commonwealth from the higheſt Dangers: But it is not by Vows, nor by Supplications, and devout Wailings, like thoſe of Women, that Succour is procured from the Gods: It is by Vigilance, by active Meaſures, and provident Counſel, that all Difficulties, are vanquiſhed, and all Purſuits ſucceed: When once you have abandoned yourſelf to Sloth and Indolence, in vain afterwards you will implore the Gods; the Gods will be provoked, and make you feel their Wrath.

‘In the Days of our Forefathers, *Aulus Manlius Torquatus*, in a War with the *Gauls*, doomed his own Son to die, becauſe he had engaged with the Enemy without Orders; ſo that a young Man of ſignal Hopes, died to atone for an Exceſs of Bravery. And do you now doubt and linger about the Doom of the moſt bloody of all Parricides?

‘Perhaps their preſent Treaſon is unſuitable to the Courſe of their Lives paſt: Well then; be tender of the great Dignity of *Lentulus*, if you find that ever he was tender of the Purity of his own Perſon, or of his Character and Fame, or of what concerned the Gods, or of what concerned Men, in any one Inſtance. Pardon alſo *Cethegus*, in Pity to his Youth, if this prove not the ſecond time of his making War againſt his native Country. For why ſhould I at all mention *Gabinius*, *Statilius*, and *Cæparius?* Men who, had they poſſeſſed the leaſt Grain of Reflection or Virtue, would never have harboured ſuch peſtilent Purpoſes againſt the Commonwealth.

‘To conclude, Conſcript Fathers, were it not, that an erroneous Step muſt, at this time, prove fatal, I ſhould readily leave you to be corrected by the Conſequences, ſeeing you ſlight my Reaſoning. But we are beſet and expoſed on every Side. *Catiline*, at the Head of an Army, advances thro' the Paſſes to aſſail us: We have Enemies within our Walls, Enemies in the very Heart of *Rome:* No Preparation which we make can be kept ſecret, nor any Counſel which we take: Hence the greater Cauſe of Vigour and Diſpatch.

‘This, therefore, is my Counſel, That ſince, by a horrible Combination of blood-thirſty Citizens, the Commonwealth has been reduced to the moſt imminent Danger; and ſince they ſtand convicted, by the Evidence of *Titus Volturcius*, and that of the *Allobrogian* Deputies, as alſo by their own Confeſſion, to have formed a Conſpiracy, by Slaughter and Conflagration, and other direful Cruelties, to deſtroy their Fellow-citizens,

‘ and native State; they be treated like guilty Criminals, condemned by their own Mouth, and doomed to die, according to the primitive Uſage.’

When *Cato* had ended his Speech, all thoſe of Conſular Rank, indeed, the greateſt Part of the Senate, aſſented to his Opinion, with loud Applauſe; exalting to the Skies the Virtue and Firmneſs of his Soul, and reproaching one another with Timidity. *Cato* paſſed for a great and glorious Patriot, and juſt as he propoſed, the Senate decreed.

Now as I had learned much by Reading, much by Report, concerning the glorious Actions of the *Romans*, in War and in Peace, by Sea and Land, I was exceedingly curious to diſcover, by what principal Cauſe ſuch ſtupendous Events were accompliſhed. I knew, that with a Handful of Men, they have combated mighty Hoſts: I was appriſed, that, with ſmall Forces, they have maintained War againſt mighty Monarchs; that they have often borne, and even braved, the Storms and Traverſes of Fortune; that, in Eloquence, they were ſurpaſſed by the *Greeks*, in military Renown by the *Gauls*.

So that, having canvaſed every Cauſe, it appeared manifeſt to me, that only to the ſignal Virtue of ſome particular *Romans*, all our Superiority was owing. It was thus that great Wealth was vanquiſhed by Poverty, great Multitudes by a ſmall Number. Even when *Rome* became depraved by Voluptuouſneſs and Effeminacy, ſtill ſuch was the ſurpaſſing Power of the Commonwealth, that ſhe was thence able to ſupport herſelf under all the Faults and Exceſſes of her Magiſtrates and Generals: Even when, like a Mother ſuperannuated, ſhe forbore, for long Intervals, to produce any Citizen of tranſcendent Virtue. Two I myſelf remember, *Cato* and *Cæſar*; different indeed in their Purſuits, but both of ſurpriſing Abilities: And ſince it here fell naturally in my Way, I would not omit diſplaying, according to my beſt Ability, the Temper and Accompliſhments of each.

In their Race, Years, and Eloquence, they were nigh equal. Both poſſeſſed the ſame Greatneſs of Spirit; both enjoyed the ſame Degree of Glory, but in different Ways: *Cæſar* was celebrated for his Generoſity and Munificence; *Cato*, for his unvaried Integrity of Life. The former gained Renown by his Complacency and Acts of Compaſſion; the latter heightened his Dignity by an inflexible Severity. *Cæſar* derived Fame from his Readineſs to give, to relieve, and to pardon; as did *Cato* from his Auſterity in beſtowing nothing. In one was found a ſure Refuge to the Wretched; in the other, certain Vengeance to the Guilty. *Cæſar* was extolled for his Flexibility; *Cato* for his Firmneſs. *Cæſar*, in ſhort, had intirely turned himſelf to active Life, to a Habit of Pains and Care, Night and Day; was zealous to advance the Intereſt of his Friends, regardleſs of his own; and refuſed to grant nothing worthy to be granted. His own ardent Aim was to command in Chief, to lead Armies, and to be engaged in new Wars, thence to ſignalize his military Virtue: Whilſt the whole Bent of *Cato* was to Simplicity of Life, to regular Conduct, and, above all, to invincible Strictneſs. He contended not in Wealth with the Wealthy, nor with the Factious in Practices of Faction; but yielded not in Bravery to the moſt undaunted; nor in Temperance, to the moſt reſerved; nor in Purity of Morals, to the moſt upright; and aimed not ſo much to appear, as to be, a virtuous Man: So that the leſs he courted Renown, the faſter it followed him.

After the Senate had, as I have related, concurred with the Propoſition of *Cato*, the Conſul judged it the ſecureſt Way, to ſnatch the inſtant Opportunity, without ſtaying for Night, though it approached; leſt any Time ſhould be given for new Attempts. He, therefore, ordered the Triumvirate of Juſtice to accelerate all Meaſures neceſſary for the Execution; and, having poſted proper Guards, conducted, in Perſon, *Lentulus* to the Priſon, as the Prætors, by his Orders, did the reſt.

In the Priſon, after a ſmall Deſcent towards the Left, there is a Place called the Dungeon of *Tullus*, ſunk about Twelve Feet under-ground, fortified round with ſtrong Walls, above with an Arch of Stone; a ſad Solitude, full of Stench and Darkneſs, loathſome and hideous to behold! As ſoon as *Lentulus* was thruſt down into this Place, the Executioners ſtrangled him, as they were ordered.

Thus this noble Patrician, he who ſprang from the *Cornelian* Race, a Race of the firſt Eminence and Luſtre, he who, as Conſul, had borne the ſupreme Magiſtracy of *Rome*, ſuffered a Death worthy of his Life and Crimes. Upon *Cethegus*, *Statilius*, *Gabinius* and *Cæparius*, the ſame Execution was done.

Whilſt theſe things paſſed at *Rome*, *Catiline* formed two Legions out of the whole Forces, either brought by himſelf, or commanded before by *Manlius*: He filled the ſeveral Cohorts in proportion to the Number of his Men; and, by diſtributing equally amongſt them all the Volunteers, with all who were ſent him by the other Conſpirators, he ſoon ſaw the Complement of his Legions full; though at firſt he had but Two thouſand Men. But of all theſe Troops, about a fourth Part only was completely armed. All the reſt were furniſhed as Chance directed; ſome with Sticks, ſome with Darts, others with ſharp Stakes,

Now when *Antonius* advanced with his Army, *Catiline* repaired to the Mountains; and, whilſt he marched only amongſt them, moving ſometimes towards *Rome*, ſometimes towards *Gaul*, deprived his Enemies of the Means to attack him. He was, indeed, daily expecting powerful Reinforcements, as ſoon as ever his Aſſociates had perpetrated their Deſigns at *Rome*. In the mean time he refuſed to enliſt the Slaves, who, from the Moment he had declared himſelf, crouded to him in great Numbers; for he truſted to the great Strength of the Conſpiracy, and conceived it, moreover, unſuitable to his Drift and Politics, ſhould he appear to have blended the Cauſe of free *Romans* with that of their fugitive Slaves.

But, when Tidings came to the Camp, that the Conſpiracy was diſcovered at *Rome*, and that *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, and the reſt, whom I have lately mentioned, were executed there, he became preſently deſerted by the Generality of thoſe, whom Hopes of Rapine, or Paſſion for Changes in the State, had tempted to take Arms. With the Remainder he retired by mighty Marches, over ſteep Mountains, into the Territory of *Piſtorium*, with a View to eſcape, by obſcure Roads, into *Ciſalpine Gaul*.

Now *Quintus Metellus Celer*, then commanding Three Legions in the Territory of *Picenum*, judged, that *Catiline*, in his preſent Streights, would purſue theſe very Meaſures. Hence, having learned from Deſerters what Courſe he took, he inſtantly decamped, and, advancing to the Foot of the Mountains, there pitched his Camp; juſt where it behoved *Catiline* to paſs in his Flight into *Gaul*. Neither was *Antonius* far behind the flying Rebels, at the Head of a great Army, advancing after them through Ways more open and level.

As to *Catiline*; when he perceived himſelf quite beſet, here with Mountains, there with hoſtile Armies; all his Reſources at *Rome* deſtroyed; no Hopes of eſcaping, none of Refuge or Succour; he thought it his beſt Courſe, in his preſent Diſtreſs, to riſque the Fortune of a Battle, and determined forthwith to prepare for an Encounter with *Antonius*. So that, aſſembling his Forces, he ſpoke to them in the following Strain.

‘I have found by Experience, Fellow-Soldiers, that Words increaſe not Bravery; that a ſpiritleſs Army is neither rendered hardy, nor a daſtardly Army valiant, by a ſpeech from the Commander. Whatever Portion of Courage any Man poſſeſſes from Nature or Habit, juſt ſo much will he diſplay in Battle. Vain it is to exhort that Man, whom neither Glory nor Danger can animate. The Force of Fear deprives him of his Hearing.

‘My Motive for calling you together, Fellow-Soldiers, was to furniſh you with a few Points of Inſtruction; as alſo to communicate to you my laſt Reſult, and the Ground of it.

‘You already know, what a terrible Calamity *Lentulus* has brought at once upon himſelf and us, by his Slowneſs and lifeleſs Conduct: You know how, by waiting for Succours from *Rome*, I was prevented from marching into *Gaul*. At preſent all of you ſee, as well as I, our ſad Situation. Two Armies of the Enemy preſs us, and obſtruct our Motions; one from *Rome*, another from *Gaul*. To abide any longer in our preſent Station, were it ever ſo much our Choice, is utterly denied us, by our Scarcity of Proviſion, and of other Neceſſaries; and whitherſoever you chuſe to remove, you muſt open yourſelves a Paſſage with your Swords.

‘Hence I warn and conjure you to exert your Courage, like Men determined and undaunted; and to remember, when you engage, that in your Hands you carry Wealth, Dignity, and Glory, nay, your Liberty, and your Country. If we overcome, we ſhall aſcertain our own Safety on every Side; we ſhall have Store of Proviſions; the municipal Cities and Colonies will be all open to receive us. But if we ſhrink, through Fear, we ſhall in all theſe Particulars ſee ourſelves utterly croſſed and diſtreſſed: Nor will they, whom their Arms could not defend, find Defence from any Station, or any Friends.

‘You are, beſides, to remember, that you, my Fellow-Soldiers, and the oppoſite Army, are by no means urged to engage by the ſame or equal Motives. Our native Country, our common Liberty, nay, our Lives, are the Prizes for which we combat. Their Task is idle and unintereſting, whilſt they fight to ſupport the lordly Dominion of a few. Let this rouſe you to attack them the more undauntedly, ſtill remembering your former Valour and Atchievements.

'We might, indeed, have paſſed our Days, with infinite Infamy, in Baniſhment. Some of you might have ſtaid at *Rome*, reduced to Beggary, and to be Dependents upon the Affluence of others. As ſuch wretched Conditions of Life appeared intolerable to brave Men, you determined to follow the preſent Courſe. If you deſire to forſake this Courſe, ſtill you muſt exert your Courage undauntedly: In War, he only who conquers can change it for Peace. In truth, to hope for Safety from Flight, is downright Madneſs; for then you turn from the Enemy thoſe very Arms, which ſerve for your Defence againſt him. During Battle, he who is in moſt Fear, is ever in moſt Danger: Courage ſerves for a Wall of Defence.

'When I conſider your Characters, my Fellow Soldiers, and recollect your paſt Exploits, high are the Hopes which I entertain of Victory; encouraged as I am by your Reſolution, your Age, your heroic Virtue, and even by our common Neceſſity; that Neceſſity which makes Cowards brave. The Streightneſs of our Situation ſecures us from being encompaſſed by our Enemies, however numerous. Should Fortune deſert you, in Envy to your Bravery; be ſure not to loſe your Lives, without ample Vengeance upon your Foes; nor ſuffer yourſelves to be taken and ſlaughtered like Cattle: Rather die fighting like Men, and thus leave to the Enemy a bloody and mournful Victory.'

When he had thus ſpoken, he pauſed a little; then gave Orders to ſound to Battle, and led down his Forces, in their proper Ranks, into the level Ground. Next, ſending away the Horſes, thence the more to animate the Whole by making the Danger equal to All, he himſelf, on Foot, formed his Army ſuitably to the Number of Men, and the Nature of the Place: For, as on his Left there ſtretched a Plain, bounded by the Mountains, and cloſe on his Right ſtood a Precipice of Rocks, he ranged Eight Cohorts in his Front. To ſupport them, he poſted the reſt of his Troops in cloſer Order. From theſe, in order to ſtrengthen his Front, he detached all the ſelect Centurions, and reſumed Veterans, and even all the common Soldiers, who were braveſt and beſt armed. He ordered *Caius Manlius* to command the Right, and a Native of *Fæſulæ* the Left. He himſelf, at the Head of his Freedmen, and Supplies from the Colonies, kept cloſe to the Eagle; one reported to have been that of *Caius Marius*, when he commanded againſt the *Cimbrians*.

Caius Antonius, who commanded the oppoſite Forces, and was diſabled, by the Gout, from attending the Combat, tranſferred the Command to his Lieutenant General, *Marcus Petreius*. He, who had, upon this alarming Conſpiracy, raiſed a Number of veteran Cohorts, ranged them in the Front. The reſt of his Troops he placed, as Bodies of Reſerve, behind them. He himſelf, riding round from Rank to Rank, and applying familiarly to the Men by their particular Names, preſſed, and prayed, and conjured them, ‘to remember well againſt whom they were to engage; even ‘againſt Robbers ill armed; and in Defence of their Country, of ‘their Children, of their Religion, and their Property.’ As he was himſelf an experienced Officer, who, for more than Thirty Years, had ſerved in Armies, whether as Tribune, or occaſional Commander, or Lieutenant General, or Prætor, and in every Station, with exceeding high Renown; and as he perſonally knew the Generality of his Men, and all their brave Actions; whilſt he laid before them the Remembrance of theſe, he ſet the Spirit of the Soldiers on Fire.

Now *Petreius*, after all poſſible Precautions taken, ſounded to Battle, and ordered the Cohorts to advance with a ſlow Pace. So did the oppoſite Army. But when they approached ſo near, that the Soldiers, lightly armed, might have begun the Onſet by Flight of Darts; at once, with a mighty Shout, they furiouſly ruſhed into a cloſe Encounter, threw aſide their Javelins, and, with their Swords only, diſputed the Victory. The Veterans, ever piqued with their old Bravery, preſſed the Foe with great Vigour: The latter failed not reſolutely to withſtand them; and mighty and violent was the Struggle. *Catiline*, at the Head of a Band lightly armed, was all the while buſy in the foremoſt Rank; he ſuccoured ſuch as were ſorely preſſed, ſupplied freſh Men in the Room of the Wounded, provided for every Exigence; every where met Danger, every where aſſailed the Foe, and at once performed the Duty of a ſtout Soldier, and an able General.

Petreius, when he perceived that *Catiline* preſſed on with terrible Efforts, beyond what he imagined, advanced at the Head of the Prætorian Cohort againſt the main Body, forced their Ranks, and put them to the Sword; as he did, next, others, who yet maintained their Ground elſewhere. Such as remained he aſſailed at once on both Flanks. *Manlius*, and the other Commander from *Fæſulæ*, fell Sword in hand in the foremoſt Rank. *Catiline*, beholding his Forces routed, and himſelf left with a few about him, ſtill mindful of his illuſtrious Birth, and priſtine Dignity, ruſhing into the thickeſt of the Enemy, there fell fighting, and covered with Wounds.

It now chiefly appeared, upon ſurveying the Field, when the Battle was over, with what deſperate Reſolution, with what invincible Spirit, the whole Army of *Catiline* was animated. For the Body of every Man was found to cover, when breathleſs, the ſame Poſt, which, during the Combat, he had occupied, and fought to defend; except the few who were driven from their Station by the Prætorian Cohort: And even theſe, though they fell a little out of their Ranks, fell with their Faces to the Foe. *Catiline* was indeed found, far from his own Forces, amidſt the Carcaſes of the Enemy, even ſtill breathing a little; nay, ſtill retaining in his Face an Air of the ſame ſtern and haughty Spirit, which poſſeſſed him when alive.

Upon the whole, in all his Army not one free *Roman* was taken Priſoner, either during the Combat, or in the Rout. So equal a Hand had they all ſhewn, in ſparing their own Lives juſt as little as thoſe of their Enemies. The Victory, indeed, fell to the Army of the Commonwealth, but was accompanied with Loſs and Bloodſhed enough to check their Joy; ſince the Braveſt amongſt them were either killed in the Fight, or left it, grievouſly wounded. Nay, as there were many who viſited the Field, whether for Curioſity or Spoil, and turned over the Carcaſes of the Rebels, ſome diſcovered a Friend, ſome a Kinſman, others a Gueſt: There were, too, ſuch as there found their particular Enemies; So that thro' the whole Army was ſeen a various Diſplay of contrary Paſſions, Gladneſs and Sorrow, Mourning and Rejoicing.

THE

ORATIONS

OF

CICERO

AGAINST

CATILINE.

TO

Mr. *DODDINGTON.*

SIR,

YOUR perfect Taſte and Knowledge of *Cicero*, in his own Language, does by no means diſcourage me from preſenting you with the following ORATIONS in *Engliſh*. The moſt diſcerning Reader is always the leaſt rigorous; and ſuch as are leaſt apt to err, make the moſt Allowances for Error. No well-bred Man will cenſure harſhly, no cool Man haſtily, no candid Man injuriouſly. Conceit and Ignorance pronounce the loudeſt, as well as the rudeſt, Cenſures: Shallow Men are often the moſt forward Critics; and Ill-nature, dreſſed up in ſpiteful and undelicate Language, is called Criticiſm.

Such Criticiſm is, indeed, the leaſt formidable, but the moſt unanſwerable. Rancour and Ill-Manners ought to have equal Enemies, or none. The ſame Diſregard is due to Miſrepreſentation, to forced and malicious Conſtruction. So that few Anſwerers deſerve any Anſwer; few Critics any Notice; fooliſh and malevolent Critics and Anſwerers never do. To me it ſeems as great Weakneſs, to take notice of Faults fooliſhly found, and maliciouſly imputed, as it would be Rudeneſs, and Ill Morals, not to own Blemiſhes and Miſtakes, fairly diſcovered, and decently diſplayed.

Theſe have always been my Sentiments concerning Criticiſm, and Critics. I hope they are not ill-grounded: But as I would willingly be able to give a very good Reaſon even for being in the right, I am ambitious to have You for my Voucher; and then I need give no other Reaſon, nor produce any more Vouchers.

You perceive how ready I am to beſpeak your Partiality to me, and my Writings; if I can be ſaid to beſpeak what I have ſo long experienced. You ſee, too, how willing I am to let all the World know, that I have experienced it. You have been, many Years, acquainted with this Undertaking: You have, many Years ago, peruſed ſome of the Diſcourſes prefixed; you have had long Warning of my Ambition, to join Your Name, upon this Occaſion, to mine; a very natural Ambition in an Author, ſolicitous thus to gain Notice and Credit to his Works. Could I, by it, derive any additional Luſtre upon Your Character, it would be a Demonſtration, how judiciouſly I conſulted my own. If the Plea and Merit of long Acquaintance were not ſufficient to recommend me, I ſhould preſume, that the Name and Eloquence of *Cicero* would; unleſs I marred ſuch Recommendation by my awkward Manner of offering it, not in His Words, but my own. This I however leave to the Judgment of the World; or, to what I equally eſteem, Yours.

These ORATIONS have been tranſlated many Years, (you know that they have) as a Supplement to the Hiſtory of CATILINE's *Conſpiracy*. In them the Whole is almoſt as clearly, and, except the Iſſue of it, almoſt as minutely recounted, as in *Salluſt*; with ſome curious Incidents not found in *Salluſt*. The Orator and the Hiſtorian illuſtrate each other: I have, therefore, joined them together, and I do it the rather, becauſe *Salluſt* has not done *Cicero* Juſtice; at leaſt, not full Juſtice. He ſpeaks of him more out of Neceſſity than Choice, and with very reſtrained Praiſe; and, even in that, his Heart ſeems to have little Share. Yet the Praiſe of no Man fell ſo naturally in his Way, neither of *Cæſar*, nor even of *Cato*; tho' he be ſo copious and elaborate upon that of both. He might have particularly ſpared that of *Cæſar*, as *Cæſar* was, notoriouſly, an Aſſociate in that very Conſpiracy, the moſt ſanguinary and threatening that ever was framed by the Heart of Man. He tells us how much *Cato* was applauded for his Speech; which is, indeed, a very honeſt, a very manly one, in Anſwer to *Cæſar*'s; which muſt be owned to be a very artful one; but ſtudiouſly avoids, what more required his Notice and Teſtimony, the Detail of public Honours, all very illuſtrious, ſome of them very ſingular,

gular, witneſſing and crowning the glorious Conduct, and matchleſs Merit, of *Cicero*, for having ſaved his Country; namely "The public Feſtival decreed to "the Gods, and ſolemnized in his Name; the Thanks "of the Senate preſented to him, in Strains full of "Warmth and Dignity; the Compliment of the Civic "Crown; the Golden Statue at *Capua*; with the Di-"vine Title of FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY."

To all this, which I do not pretend to tell you as News, any more than what follows, give me Leave to add the Declaration of *Pompey*, upon his Return from the *Mithridatic* War, when he was complimented upon his great Victories in it: "To ſmall Purpoſe, ſaid "that great Conqueror, ſhould I have acquired Glory "by Arms, to ſmall Purpoſe merited a Third Triumph, "had not *Cicero*, by his Vigilance and Addreſs, preſerved "from Deſtruction this our Republic, from which I "receive both my Triumph and my Glory."

I have not only ever loved, ever admired *Cicero*, but always conſidered him as one of the firſt Characters amongſt Men; in ſome Inſtances ſuperior to all Characters; the great Luminary of the human Mind, the great Ornament of human Nature. He had ſome Faults, and many Fault-finders; and they who are inclined to find Faults, will ſometimes make Faults; at beſt never leſſen them. His Ambition was not one: He ſought his own Glory in the general Good; in every public Station advanced the public Intereſt, and, in his Conſulſhip ſaved the Public itſelf, with ſuch high Capacity as was hardly ever equalled, ſurely, never exceeded, by that of any Stateſman; and with ſuch high Courage, as was never ſurpaſſed by that of any Hero.

I think no *Roman* but himſelf could have defeated the Conſpiracy of *Catiline.* The wiſeſt and beſt Men in *Rome* thought ſo; and, for that Reaſon, joined in raiſing him to the ſupreme Magiſtracy, and afterwards in inveſting him with the ſovereign Power of the State: A noble Proof of their high Opinion, not only of his Ability, but of his Veracity! For, no ſooner had he acquainted the Senate with the public Peril, but the Senate, without Scruple or Reſerve, and upon his bare Word, committed the Care and whole Power of the State into his Hands. Even the People, as partial as they were to the Conſpiracy, and as paſſionate for civil Diſcord and Innovations, took his Word, upon his explaining to them the deſperate Deſigns of the Conſpirators; and then readily acquieſced in all his Meaſures to defeat them. So univerſally was his Probity known, as well as his Sufficiency! And his Reputation had an equal Share with his Conduct in ſaving the State.

I queſtion whether *Pompey* could, in *Cicero*'s Place, have done what *Cicero* did: I even queſtion whether he would have ventured upon doing it. He was ſhy and ſlow in Deliberations of State, and timid in Council,

cil, however brave in the Field. Neither were his Talents, any more than his Probity, equal to thoſe of *Cicero*. He wanted the ſame Frankneſs as well as the ſame Force of Spirit, the ſame Ardour for public Liberty, with thoſe generous public Views, which filled and warmed the Heart of *Cicero*. *Pompey* was a wary and diſtruſtful Man; a Quality commonly joined to limited Parts: He was likewiſe a ſelfiſh Man, making all his public Proceedings ſubſervient to perſonal Ends, often purſuing theſe Ends at the Expence, and even at the Peril, of the Public.

Beſides, had *Pompey* been at home, and truſted by the State to deal with the Conſpirators, *Catiline*, who had really ſuperior Parts and Reſolution, might, probably, have had ſuperior Succeſs. He, ſurely, was a bold Man; had infinite Spirit, and infinite Art. *Pompey* too had Art, but it was of a tamer Sort; and tho' he had Spirit, it was perplexed and irreſolute. Whilſt *Pompey* would have been pauſing and deliberating, weighing all Difficulties and Dangers, and how the Iſſue of every Step might affect himſelf; *Catiline*, who never ſtopped nor heſitated, never entertained Scruples, nor feared Conſequences, would have bid fair for deſtroying *Pompey* and *Rome*. *Cæſar* too, who was in the Conſpiracy, and always Maſter of the Spirit of *Pompey*, would, probably, have cajoled and duped him upon that Occaſion, as he did upon every Occaſion:

He had, indeed, long vanquiſhed him in Council, by Addreſs; elſe he never could have been in a Condition to have vanquiſhed him afterwards, by Force, in the Field.

To ſay the Truth, it was almoſt a deſperate Undertaking, to grapple with that deſperate Conſpiracy; ſuch was the great Quality, as well as the great Power and Number of the Conſpirators, many of them of the firſt Families, and firſt Stations in the Commonwealth: What could be greater Merit, what ſhew more undaunted Courage, than to encounter them all, and to ſave the Commonwealth from impending Perdition? *Cicero* loved *Rome*, he loved *Roman* Citizens; not from Fanaticiſm, as the *Mahometans* value the Lives of *Mahometans*, becauſe they think them dear to their Prophet; but as the Life of every *Roman* was valuable to his Country, becauſe every *Roman* was ſuppoſed to love his Country. He therefore ſubmitted to the Riſque of periſhing himſelf, that *Rome* might not periſh; a Riſque which not a Man amongſt ſo many great Men, in that great State, was equally willing, at leaſt equally able, to run. If, in that perilous Conjuncture, he eſcaped all the dark, all the bloody Snares againſt his Life, he ſtill perceived himſelf expoſed to inveterate Vengeance, equally threatening to his Perſon, and Family, and Fortune, from many Enemies, all too ready, as well as too powerful, to execute it.

The Conſequence is well known: He ſaw himſelf baniſhed from the State, for having ſaved it. His Dejection upon ſo trying an Occaſion, might have been excuſed by, what cauſed it, his Tenderneſs for the Public, his Tenderneſs for his Family, and the Impreſſions of ſuch ſingular and unnatural Ingratitude. Few Men are equal to all Trials: *Cicero* ſhewed himſelf brave in the Field, both when young and old; ſingularly ſo in his Adminiſtration; wonderfully ſo in Oppoſition to bold and potent Uſurpers, *Sylla*, *Cæſar*, *Antony*, and to all public Diſturbers; nor did any, the moſt celebrated Hero, ever meet Death, violent or natural, with more Firmneſs and Unconcern.

As an Orator, and a Writer, he had no Equal: Nor is the Strength and Elegance of his Works more to be admired, than their Morality: They contain nothing but what is noble and benevolent, as well as beautiful and charming; Vice and Baſeneſs expoſed; Virtue and virtuous Men recommended and adorned; public Spirit, the Love of Mankind, and a friendly Heart; fine Illuſtrations, curious Pieces of Hiſtory, remarkable Characters and Events; and are, indeed, the great Repertory of the *Roman* Policy and Laws. His Writings, like his Adminiſtration, are full of Morality, full of Dignity, of ſublime Senſe, and delightful Inſtruction.

You will pleaſe to obſerve, that I am not acquainting You with the Merit of *Cicero*, and his Writeings;

ings; but, through You, my leſs-knowing Readers; and this Addreſs to You, ſerves for a Preface to Them. No Man is abler than You to compare the Original and the Engliſh together: Yet, for this very Reaſon, I am far from inviting, or even encouraging you to take that Trouble. Perhaps, in Friendſhip to me, you might think the Tranſlation tolerable; but the Original is inimitable. Men of lively Parts and Taſte, let them be ever ſo candid, have piercing Eyes: Men of great Obſervation and Experience in the World, know beſt what the World likes; at leaſt what the World ought to like beſt. Men of great Capacity will always have great Regard paid to their Judgment.

To You, however, and to the World, I commit the following Sheets; to You with Hope; to the World, though with no great Confidence, yet without Fear. I have been accuſtomed to Cenſure: I can bear it; I can even reverence it, when it is juſt and decent: Where it is abſurd, rancorous, groſs, petulant, and childiſh, I take even Contempt to be too great a Diſtinction for it: For Contempt implies Notice.

If you think this to be a very long, a very patched and rambling Addreſs, ſo do I: But I claim the Privilege, as I do the Title, of a Friend, to write to you, as I talk to you, without fearing to tire you. A Letter is not confined to Exactneſs and Method: And what is a Dedication but a Letter, confeſſing, like moſt other

Letters, that it gives a great deal of Trouble (though it hopes not to be believed); and offering many tedious Excuſes, which give at leaſt as much? You may thank Dr. *Middleton*, that you have not had ten times more. I once intended to have conſidered *Cicero* at large, in Three Lights; as a Stateſman, an Orator, and a Writer. But the Doctor has prevented me; perhaps happily for me. Do you not find yourſelf inclined to thank him upon a double Account? I do, very heartily, for the Juſtice, which he has done to the Character of that Divine *Roman*, as well as to his own. He hath, in this, as in his other Performances, ſhewn himſelf an able, an honeſt, and a well-bred Man: A Character particularly proper for Controverſy and Criticiſm; and from that Character he hath reaped juſt Reputation and Succeſs.

Here I intend to break off abruptly; afraid of touching any other Topic: If I did, I know not when I ſhould have done. I always loved to converſe with you; now I think I have ſhewn it to every body: It is too much to my Credit to be kept a Secret from any. You ſee, Sir, that I conclude with a very intereſting Reaſon for thus troubling you; and publiſh your Name for my own private Advantage. Can an Author offer a better Reaſon for a Dedication? Or will the World find a better for him, though he did not own it, as I do? By this Time, perhaps, you are glad to find, that I conclude at all: For your Eaſe, therefore, and, indeed, for my own, I only add theſe very few, but very true Words, That I am, with perfect Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient

Auguſt 7th, 1743.

and moſt Humble Servant.

[illegible]

[illegible] particularly proper for Controversy and Criticism; and [illegible] Reputation and Esteem.

Here I intend to break off abruptly, afraid of touching any other Point: If I did, I know not what [illegible] with a very interesting Re- [illegible] Reason for a Dedication? Or will the World [illegible]

THE
FIRST ORATION
OF
CICERO
AGAINST
CATILINE.

Spoken in the SENATE.

HOW far, *Catiline*, wilt thou perſiſt in abuſing our Patience? How much longer, too, is that headlong Rage of thine to brave and deride us? What Period wilt thou ſet to thy boaſted and deſperate Guilt? Art thou in no degree ſtruck with the Guards, poſted by Night to ſecure the Palace? In no degree by the Watch placed all over the City? In none by the terrible Apprehenſions poſſeſſing the People? Not ſtruck by the Concurrence and Unanimity of all worthy *Romans*? Nor by the Aſſembling of the Senate in this Place of Strength? Nor by the Countenances and Looks of the Aſſembly itſelf? Perceiveſt thou not, that all thy guilty Counſels are diſcloſed? Doſt thou not ſee the Senators appriſed of thy Conſpiracy, and, thence, its Efforts marred and reſtrained? To which of us all doſt thou ſuppoſe it remains a Secret, what were thy Doings this laſt Night, what thoſe of the Night before; or whom of the Aſſociates thou didſt call together, or the Place where, or what Meaſures thou didſt then concert?

Alas, what Times! Alas, the Degeneracy of Men! All this the Senate knows; all this the Conſul beholds. Yet this Parricide ſtill lives! Lives? He even aſſumes his Seat in the Senate, takes Part in the public Debates, nay, marks us out ſeverally to Vengeance with his Looks, and deſtines us all to the Slaughter: Whilſt we, magnanimous Perſons! judge, that we acquit ourſelves to the Commonwealth, if, in our own Perſons, we can eſcape his Fury and murdering Sword. In Juſtice, *Catiline*, the Conſul ſhould, long ere now, have doomed thee to Execution, and inflicted upon thy own Head that bloody Deſtruction, which thou haſt been long framing againſt us all.

Is it indeed true, that *Publius Scipio*, Chief Pontiff, a celebrated *Roman*, but inveſted with no Magiſtracy, cauſed *Tiberius Gracchus* to be ſlain, for diſcompoſing the then Government, tho' by ways void of Force? And ſhall we, who bear the ſupreme Conſular Office, tamely ſuffer *Catiline* to live; a Traitor bent to lay waſte the World, by Carnage and Conflagration? I paſs over, as too remote, the Example of *Quintus Servilius Ahala*, who, with his own Hand, ſlew *Spurius Melius*, for attempting a Revolution in the State. There once was, I ſay, there once was, in this our Commonwealth, a Spirit ſo virtuous, as to animate brave Patriots to purſue a peſtilent Citizen to capital Puniſhment, with more Rigour than the moſt implacable public Enemy. Againſt thee, *Catiline*, we are furniſhed with an awful and ſolemn Decree of the Senate: The Commonwealth wants not ſound Counſel, nor this Body due Authority. We only, I ſpeak it aloud, we Conſuls fail in not executing that Decree.

Formerly, when the Senate had ordered the Conſul *Lucius Opimius*, to provide, ‘ that no Detriment accrued to the State ;’ not a Day intervened between that Order, and the Death of *Caius Gracchus*, who was fallen only under the Suſpicion of ſeditious Proceedings ; *Gracchus*, who was ſprung from a Father, Grandfather, and Anceſtors, all very glorious in our State. In like manner *Marcus Fulvius*, a Man of Conſular Dignity, was cut off, he, and both his Sons.

When, by ſuch another Ordinance, the immediate Care of the Commonwealth was committed to the then Conſuls, *Caius Marius*, and *Lucius Valerius* ; did the high Station of *Lucius Saturninus*, Tribune of the People, and of *Caius Servilius* Prætor, avail to retard their Execution, and the Vengeance of the Public, for a ſingle Day ? But we have now ſuffered the Spirit of the Senatorian Authority to droop and deaden for the Space of Twenty Days. For we too are armed with an Ordinance like the former ; but leave it to reſt amongſt the Archives, like a Weapon in the Sheath ; tho’, by that Ordinance, thou, *Catiline*, art juſtly doomed forthwith to periſh. Thou ſtill doſt live ; and liveſt not to baniſh thy outrageous Cruelty, but to harden thyſelf in it.

I am, Conſcript Fathers, ſincerely diſpoſed to Mercy : I am diſpoſed too, whilſt Perils ſo mighty threaten the State, not to appear to act remiſly for it. Yet I already condemn myſelf for my Inactivity and Neglect. An Army is already in *Italy*, encamped upon the Borders of *Etruria*, breathing open War againſt the State : The Number of the Enemy increaſes daily : The Leader of the Enemy is within our Walls ; nay, you ſee him amongſt you in the Senate, ſtill continually occupied in peſtilent Devices to deſtroy the Commonwealth. If, therefore, I ſhould order thee, *Catiline*, to be forthwith ſeized, nay, order thee to be inſtantly executed ; I gueſs I have rather the Cenſure of all worthy Men to fear, for having been too ſlow, than Blame from any Man, for being cruel.

Yet this very Deed, which ought long ſince to have been done, I have certain Reaſons, moving me, for ſome Time, not to do. I will then doom thee to die, when not a Soul ſhall be poſſibly found ſo wicked, ſo abandoned, ſo reſembling thyſelf, as not to acknowledge ſuch Death to be thy Due: So long as one Man is left, who will venture to defend thee, thou ſhalt live: But live, as thou now liveſt, beſet with Reſtraints, powerful and manifold, all of my providing; ſuch as utterly diſable thee from annoying the Commonwealth. Many will have their Eyes, many their Ears, employed about thee, all watching and guarding thee; as hitherto they have done, though thou perceiveſt it not.

In truth, what further Succeſs, O *Catiline*, haſt thou yet in View, when neither the Shades of Night can conceal thy traiterous Cabals, nor thy domeſtic Walls confine the Accents of thy Treaſon? If all thy Proceedings are thus glaring, all thus expoſed; truſt to my Advice, forſake thy deſperate Purpoſes, forego thy Schemes of Conflagrations and Maſſacre. Thou art, on every ſide, firmly beſet: Thy Devices are all clearer than the Day; and ſince I know them, thou hadſt beſt avow them.

Thou remembereſt well, what I declared to the whole Senate (on the Kalends of *November*) that on the fourth Day following preciſely *Caius Manlius*, the Implement and Champion of thy deſperate Deſigns would be in open Arms. Have I been deceived, *Catiline*, in my Preſage, not only of an Attempt ſo enormous, ſo ſhocking, and ſo incredible, but, what is yet more marvellous, of the very Day which was to produce it? I declared too, at the ſame time, that thou hadſt aſſigned a particular Day, even the Twenty-ſixth of the ſame Month, for the Maſſacre of the chief Men of *Rome*; a Day, when many *Romans* of principal Rank were already fled out of *Rome*, not ſo much for ſecuring their own Lives, as to defeat thy pernicious Deſigns. Canſt thou diſown, that, on that very Day thou waſt ſo narrowly ſurrounded by Stratagems of my contriving, and by Guards of my placing, as to be utterly diſabled from making any Effort againſt the Commonwealth, even when thou hadſt avowed, that, tho' the reſt had, by retiring, eſcaped thee, thou wouldſt ſtill go on, and content thyſelf with the Slaughter of us, who choſe to remain? Nay, when, even during the Kalends of *November*, thou hadſt conceived an Aſſurance of having *Præneſte* ſeized by Surprize in the Night, didſt thou not learn, that, by my Orders, by my Reinforcements, by my Vigilance and Precautions, that Colony was ſecured?

Thou acteſt nothing, thou attempteſt nothing, nay thou meditateſt nothing, but what I not only am appriſed of, but what I even perceive, and evidently know. Look, moreover, back with me upon what paſſed during this laſt Night; thou wilt thence diſcover, that I watch with more Vigour for the Preſervation of the Commonwealth, than thou doſt for her Deſtruction. I ſay then, thou cameſt this laſt Night to the Houſe of *Marcus Lecca*, in the Street called the *Reapers* (I ſpeak explicitly); whither, likewiſe, reſorted many of the Aſſociates in the ſame Phrenſy and Treaſon. Dareſt thou deny this? Why art thou ſilent? I will convince thee, if thou diſavoweſt it; for I ſee here amongſt us ſome Senators, who then accompanied thee.

Immortal Deities! In what Region of the Earth are we placed? Under what Government do we live? In what City have we our Abode? Here, even here, there are now ſitting amongſt us ſome of our own Rank, Conſcript Fathers, and common Members of this Great Council, the moſt venerable and awful in the whole Earth, yet ſtudying to bring Perdition upon you, upon me, nay, upon this our State, and, conſequently, upon the World itſelf. Theſe Men I now behold; behold them, whilſt I bear the Character of Conſul; nay, I, as Conſul, call upon them to propoſe their Sentiments, as Senators, concerning the Public: And I, who ought to have ſubjected theſe Men to a bloody Doom, as yet forbear perſonally to wound them, even with Words.

It is then true, *Catiline*, that thou heldeſt a Meeting laſt Night at the Houſe of *Lecca*; there didſt canton out, and aſſign, the ſeveral Diſtricts of *Italy* to thy Lieutenants; didſt declare thy Pleaſure to what Quarter each was to repair; didſt chuſe ſuch as were to remain in *Rome*, reſerve others to accompany thee in thy Progreſs; mark out what Parts of the City were deſtined to the Flames; aſſure them of thy Purpoſe preſently to leave it; and add, that thou muſt ſtill defer going a little while, for that I was yet alive. Inſtantly two *Roman* Knights undertook to relieve thee from that Source of Anguiſh, and offered to aſſaſſinate me in my Bed that very Night, at leaſt before Dawn.

All theſe Paſſages I learnt, almoſt before thou and thy Cabal had parted. I immediately ſtrengthened my Houſe, and guarded it with an additional Force: I cauſed Entrance to be denied to ſuch as then came from thee, with a Compliment to me; and they proved to be the very Men, who, I had juſt foretold to many eminent Perſons about me, would come at that ſame Inſtant.

In this Situation of Things, *Catiline*, proceed forward, according to thy Purpoſe. Depart out of *Rome*. The Time is come. The Gates ſtand open for thee: March forth. Thy Forces, encamped under *Manlius*, have too long expected thee to command them in chief: Lead along with thee, at once, thy whole Party; or, if not the Whole, at leaſt as many as poſſible. Thus purge the City: Thou wilt then have delivered me from very terrible Apprehenſions, when I find myſelf ſecured from thee by the Interpoſition of our Walls. With us, here, thou canſt not any longer mix; it is what I will never allow, never bear, never acquieſce in.

Mighty, ſurely, and ſolemn Thankſgiving is due from us to the immortal Deities; particularly to *Jupiter*, there repreſented by his Statue in this his Temple; *Jupiter*, the antient Guardian of this our City; for having now ſo often delivered us from a Calamity ſo diſmal, ſo horrible, ſo peſtilent to the Commonwealth. Doubtleſs the Deſtruction of the whole State is not to be again and again riſqued for the ſake of one of its Subjects.

All the Time thou waſt framing Devices againſt my Life, whilſt I was Conſul elect, I guarded myſelf againſt thee, *Catiline*, by no Defence borrowed from the Public, but by my own private Circumſpection. When, in the laſt Aſſembly held by me in the Field of *Mars*, for chuſing my Succeſſors, thou didſt ſtrive to aſſaſſinate both me, and thy Competitors, I defeated thy bloody Efforts, by the Aid and Force of my Friends, without alarming the Public in my Behalf. In a Word, to all thy private Aſſaults I have oppoſed private Defence; though I foreſaw the utter Perdition of the Public inſeparably linked to thine. Thou doſt now openly aſſail the whole State; the Temples of the immortal Gods; all the Dwellings in our City, together with the Lives of thy Fellow-citizens; nay, thou doſt deſtine all *Italy* to Carnage and Deſolation.

Seeing, therefore, I dare not have Recourſe to the moſt deciſive Expedients, and what moſt correſponds with primitive Rigour, and the Genius of our State, I will exerciſe Juſtice leſs ſevere, but more conducing to public Safety. For, ſhould I now ſentence thee to be executed, thy Band of Conſpirators will ſtill continue in the Boſom of the State; but, if thou doſt withdraw, as I now exhort, and have long exhorted thee, ſince many too of thy Aſſociates will follow thee; that Sink of Profligates, ſo noiſome and deſtructive to the Commonwealth, will be drained from it.

What thinkeſt thou, *Catiline*? Doſt thou heſitate to purſue at my Command, what thou waſt ready of thyſelf to purſue? It is the Conſul who orders an Enemy to go out of the City. Doſt thou aſk me, whether into Baniſhment? I do not order it; but, if thou deſireſt my Opinion, I adviſe it.

In truth, *Catiline*, what is there, that can contribute to thy Pleaſure in *Rome*, where, excepting only thy own abandoned

Train of Traitors and Outlaws, not a Man is found, who does not dread, not a Man, who does not abhor thee? What new Note of Infamy can be added, further to blacken thy private and domeſtic Life? What perſonal Abomination is not already ſtamped and glaring upon thy Character? In what one Inſtance haſt thou ever guarded thy Eyes from lewd Objects, or thy Hands from baſe Actions, or thy Perſon in general from foul Reproach? Of all the numerous Youth, ſuch as thou hadſt once entangled in the Snares of Pollution and Debauchery, whom haſt thou forborne to animate and arm for bloody Deeds, when they were found deſperate; or with Incentives to Senſuality, when they appeared voluptuous?

What can be ſaid for thee? thee, who, lately, upon the Death of thy former Wife, having, by procuring it, made room in thy Houſe for the Reception of a ſecond, didſt aggravate and complete that Crime by another, moſt incredible and ſhocking? What it was, I omit to explain, and willingly leave it to be buried under Silence; that, of an Iniquity ſo monſtrous, no Traces may remain in *Rome*, or, at leaſt, of its having eſcaped due Vengeance there. I alſo omit to repreſent the utter Ruin of thy Fortune, which, thou art aware, is to be intirely aſſigned over by the Law to thy Creditors the very next Month. I proceed to other Particulars, not ſuch as concern thy infamous Vices, or thy domeſtic Reproach and Diſtreſſes; but ſuch as affect the very Being of the Commonwealth, together with the Lives and Safety of us all.

Is it poſſible, *Catiline*, that the Light of the Day, or the Air thou doſt breathe, can yield thee Delight? ſince thou art aware, that not a Man here is ignorant, how, on the laſt Day of *December*, during the Conſulſhip of *Lepidus* and *Tullus*, thou didſt come into the Aſſembly, (then held) armed with a murdering Dagger? That thou hadſt engaged with thee a Band of Aſſaſſins, to have then diſpatched both the Conſuls, with other diſtinguiſhed *Romans*; an Effort of thy Rage and Treaſon, diſappointed by no

Awe, no Tenderneſs, in thee, but by the good Deſtiny of the *Roman* State.

But I leave theſe Paſſages, ſome of late Date, others that are older, all well known. I ask, How often haſt thou attempted to murder me, whilſt I was yet only Conſul elect? how often, ſince I became Conſul? How many Blows from thee have I eſcaped, by ſlightly ſhifting myſelf out of their Reach, even when they ſeemed ſo well aimed as to threaten inevitable Execution? Of all thy Doings, of all thy Purſuits, of all thy Machinations, not a Tittle can eſcape my immediate Intelligence. Yet thou droppeſt nothing of thy bloody Purpoſes, and terrible Efforts. How often has that bloody Dagger been wrung out of thy Hands? How often too has it fallen thence by Accident, and therefore miſſed Execution? Thou canſt not, however, be a Moment without reſuming it. I am at a Loſs, in what holy Place thou haſt conſecrated that fatal Weapon, which thou holdeſt thus devoted to pierce the Heart of the Conſul.

What, now, is thy preſent Situation of Life? For I will here reaſon with thee, without any Emotion of Hate, for which I have ſuch juſt Cauſes; nay, I will do it with Compaſſion, to which thou haſt no Title. Upon thy coming into the Senate juſt now, who was the Man, that, in all this Aſſembly, ſo numerous and full, once offered thee, nay, who, of all thy Friends and Relations here, offered thee the Civility of a Salute? If there be no Trace, in Memory or Records, of ſuch an Indignity ever happening to any Man before, what Treatment doſt thou next expect here? Not, ſurely, to be aſſaulted with explicit Scorn, when thou haſt already incurred thy Doom from ſuch awful Silence? Doſt thou not ſee, how, upon thy Entrance, all the Benches round thee were inſtantly deſerted? Didſt thou not perceive, how, the Moment thou hadſt taken thy Seat, all the Senators of Conſular Quality, ſuch as thou hadſt marked for Aſſaſſination, to avoid being ſo near thee, forſook theirs; nor have yet reſumed them?

With what Temper of Mind canſt thou bear ſuch Marks of Abhorrence! For myſelf, I avow, that did my Slaves dread me as much, as all thy Fellow-citizens dread thee; I ſhould judge it my beſt Courſe to relinquiſh my Habitation; Believeſt thou not that thou ſhouldeſt thus conſider, and thus relinquiſh *Rome*? Or, if I perceived myſelf, however unjuſtly, expoſed to ſuch flaming Diſtruſt and Averſion of my Fellow-citizens, I would rather chuſe to retire from ſeeing them, than thus be ſeen by all of them with Eyes full of Acrimony and Vengeance. As againſt thee thy own Heart bears Teſtimony of thy Guilt and Enormities, and obliges thee to own thyſelf to have been long ſubject to the juſt Antipathy of all Men, doſt thou heſitate to fly from the Looks and Preſence of the *Roman* People; thou who doſt thus wound their Senſes, thus ſhock their Spirit?

Suppoſe thy natural Parents ſo feared and hated thee, as upon no Terms to be reconciled to thee; I imagine thou wouldſt withdraw ſomewhere far from their Sight. At preſent, thy Country hates and fears thee; that Country which is the common Parent of us all, and which has long conſidered thee as a Parricide, ſtudying her final Overthrow. Wilt thou neither reverence the Authority, nor ſubmit to the Judgment, nor be awed by the Power, of thy Country? Thy Country, therefore, ſeems to reaſon thus with thee:

‘Not an Enormity has happened for ſo many Years, but what began from thee; not one crying Crime been committed without thee. By thee alone ſo many of our Citizens have been butchered; by thee alone our Confederates have been oppreſſed, with Impunity, and plundered, without Reſtraint. Thou not only haſt ſucceeded in defying the Laws and Tribunals, but even in utterly cruſhing and overturning them. All theſe Exceſſes paſt, ſo flagrant, and beyond all Bearing, I have yet borne, with what Patience I was able; but it is now utterly inſupportable to me, to live in continual Dread of thee only; to ſee, upon ‘every Alarm, whenceſoever it comes, *Catiline* to be the conſtant Object of public Terror; and that no treaſonable Machination ſeems poſſible to be formed againſt me, but ſome ſuch as reſembles thine. Depart, therefore, and releaſe me from all this Dread; that, if it be well grounded, I may eſcape Deſtruction; if groundleſs, I may, however, for once, ceaſe to live in Fear.’

If thy Country were thus to accoſt thee, ought ſhe not to prevail with thee, even tho' ſhe wanted Power to force thee? How do I ſay, prevail with thee? Thee, who didſt offer thyſelf to be kept in Reſtraint? Thee, who didſt declare, that, in order to remove the common Suſpicions, thou waſt content to live confined in the Houſe of *Marcus Lepidus*? Thee, who, being refuſed by him, hadſt the Aſſurance to come even to me, and beſought me to ſecure thee in my Houſe? When, from me too, thou hadſt received thy Anſwer, that I could by no means be ſafe under the ſame Roof with thee, whilſt I was in ſuch eminent Peril from living with thee in the ſame City; thou didſt then repair with the like Requeſt to *Quintus Metellus* the Prætor. As He rejected it, thou didſt retire to the Houſe of *Marcus Marcellus*, thy cloſe Companion; doubtleſs, a truſty Perſon, one who, thou didſt gueſs, would prove exceeding vigilant in guarding thee, equally ſagacious in diſcovering thy Deſigns, and moſt reſolute, withal, in bringing thee to Vengeance! Now, how far removed from a Dungeon and Chains ſhould that Man be, who hath already adjudged himſelf worthy to be in Cuſtody?

In this Situation, *Catiline*, ſince thou canſt not bring thyſelf to ſuffer Death here with Courage and Acquieſcence, doſt thou ſtill heſitate to withdraw to another Country; and to commit the Remainder of thy Life to Baniſhment and Solitude; a Life thus frequently ſnatched from its juſt Fate, even capital Vengeance, and a bloody End? But, ſayſt thou, propoſe it to be debated by the Senate. This thou claimeſt, and declareſt thyſelf diſpoſed to obey, if they decree thee to be baniſhed. This is what I ſhall not propoſe; it is repugnant to my Temper and Conduct: Yet I will ſo manage, as fully to appriſe thee, what Sentiments this awful Aſſembly entertains of thee. Mind me then, when I ſay, 'Depart out of '*Rome*, *Catiline*; relieve the Commonwealth from ſo much 'Dread. Go into Exile; if thou wilt needs have that Word pro-'nounced.'

How doſt thou now conceive Things, *Catiline?* Doſt thou, in any Degree, obſerve the Temper of the Senate? What Inference doſt thou make from the profound Silence of the Senators? They hear me patiently, whilſt I thus urge thee to depart: They hear me, and are ſilent. By their Silence thou doſt plainly perceive their Inclinations: Why then doſt thou expect Judgment from their Mouths?

Had I applied in the ſame Strain to this excellent young Senator, *Publius Sextius*, or to the brave *Marcus Marcellus*, tho' I bear the Dignity of Conſul, I ſhould, doubtleſs, have already felt the Indignation and Vengeance of the Senate, agreeably to all the Rules of Juſtice, even in this very Temple, however ſacred. But, when I thus attack thee, *Catiline*, by their Silence they ſhew their Approbation; their Acquieſcence is equivalent to a verbal Decree; and, whilſt they are mute, they cry aloud.

Nor is this the Spirit of the Senators only, thoſe Senators whoſe Authority thou doſt affect to reverence, whilſt thou makeſt no Account of their Blood and Lives: It is alſo the Spirit of the brave and worthy *Roman* Knights, and of other magnanimous Citizens, who now guard and ſurround the Senate; Men whoſe Concourſe thou mighteſt juſt now have beheld, obſerved their warm Attachment to the Commonwealth, heard their honeſt Acclamations; Men, who would, long ſince, have inflicted upon thee mortal Vengeance, had I not, with much Difficulty, reſtrained them. With all theſe I will, however, prevail to attend thee quite to the Gates, when they ſee thee quitting this their City, and theſe their Habitations, which thou haſt ſo long deſtined to Plunder and Deſolation.

But why do I waſte Words? Art thou to be ſoftened by any Conſideration? Is it poſſible, that thou ſhouldſt ever reform? Art thou to be perſuaded to meditate any Retreat, or once to think of Exile? May the immortal Gods inſpire thee with ſuch a Purpoſe! Though ſhouldſt thou indeed prove ſo terrified with my Diſcourſe, as to reconcile thy Spirit to Baniſhment, I clearly foreſee with what a Tempeſt of Party Rage I am threatened, if not during the preſent Conjuncture, whilſt the Impreſſions of thy Crimes are ſtill freſh, yet, ſurely, in Times to come. Yet even the Rage of Party is worth incurring on ſuch Terms, if upon myſelf only I draw all the Woe and Smart, without involving the Public in them. But to bring thee to Compunction for thy Wickedneſs, to be awed by the Frowns and Coercion of the Laws, to comply with the Exigencies of the Commonwealth, are Conditions not to be required of thee! For thou art not ſo formed, *Catiline*, as to be reclaimed by Shame from infamous Courſes, or by Fear from deſperate ones, or by right Reaſon from Madneſs and Fury.

To repeat, therefore, what I have already ſo often ſaid, *Depart*. If I be thy Enemy, as thou doſt loudly aver, and if thou wouldſt load me with public Indignation, go directly into Exile: If thou doſt, I ſhall ſcarce be able to bear all the popular Cenſures attending it. The Weight of public Indignation upon me, if thou retireſt into Baniſhment, by my Order, as Conſul, will be ſuch, as I ſhall hardly ſupport. But, if thou ſtudieſt rather to advance my Glory and Fame, march forth at the Head of thy fell Band of Profligates; proceed to join *Manlius*; rouſe all the abandoned Subjects of the State to take Arms againſt it; ſeparate thyſelf from all worthy Citizens; make War upon thy Country in Perſon; glory in thy unhallowed Depredations and Havock. It will then fully appear, that, inſtead of being doomed by me an

Exile to Nations unknown, thou art only invited out to join thy Fellow Conſpirators.

Indeed, what Occaſion have I to incite thee to this Choice? when I know, that thou haſt already ſent forward a Number of Accomplices, as far as the *Aurelian* Village, there, under Arms, to await thy coming? When I know the Day of Conjunction fixed, by Conſent, between thee and *Manlius*? When I know, that thou haſt conveyed before thee, to *Manlius*, that boaſted ſilver Eagle, ſo much revered by thee, as to be kept conſecrated at home in a peculiar Sanctuary, where thou waſt wont devoutly to recommend and hallow all thy crying Enormities; whence I truſt, that that Standard will prove pernicious and fatal to thee, and all thy Followers? How canſt thou be ſo long bereft of ſuch a precious Pledge? Thou, who art always wont firſt to pay thy Devotions to it, juſt when thou art going about any bloody Undertaking? Nay, thou haſt often laid thy impious Hands ſolemnly upon that thy domeſtic Altar; then inſtantly employed them to butcher *Roman* Citizens.

Thus thou wilt, at laſt, repair to a Scene, whither thy deſperate and raging Spirit hath been long hurrying thee: There, far from feeling any Anguiſh, thou wilt find Delight inexpreſſible. For ſuch wild Adventures as theſe, Nature hath formed thee, thy Inclinations hardened thee, thy Fate reſerved thee. Quiet and Receſs thou haſt never ſought; nay, thou haſt never longed even after any War, but ſuch as was murdering and baneful. The Forces thou haſt amaſſed are guilty and profligate Men, Sons of Perdition, abandoned by Fortune, nay, even by Hope. Amongſt theſe, with what Joys muſt thou be filled! What Pleaſure muſt raviſh thee! How voluptuouſly muſt thou revel! For in ſo huge a Multitude, all thy own Creatures, thou wilt be ſafe from ſeeing, ſafe from hearing, any one worthy Man. To qualify thyſelf for this kind of Life, thou haſt performed the ſurpriſing Exploits, called, proverbially, *Catiline's Labours*; ſuch as, lying in wait upon the Ground, not only to ſeize impure Pleaſures, but to compaſs Acts of Rapine; ſuch too as watching Opportunities to diſhonour the ſleeping Huſband, and to ſpoil the wealthy and ſecure Citizen.

There, likewiſe, an Occaſion preſents for diſplaying at large thy diſtinguiſhed Talent, of bearing Hunger and Cold, with the Want of all the Neceſſaries of Life; Diſtreſſes with which thou wilt quickly perceive thyſelf overwhelmed. It was a great Point that I gained, when I defeated thy Endeavours to obtain the Conſulſhip: Inſtead of afflicting the Commonwealth, as Conſul, thou canſt now only aſſail it as an Exile: So that what thou haſt impiouſly undertaken, is not, ſo properly, to be named a War, as the Effort of a Robber.

Here, Conſcript Fathers, that I may avert and extinguiſh a Complaint, which my Country might exhibit againſt me, upon probable Grounds, attend cloſely, I beſeech you, to what I am going to advance, and rivet it deeply in your Hearts and Thoughts. For were my Country, I ſay my Country, ever much dearer to me than my Life, were all *Italy*, and the whole Commonwealth, to accoſt me in the following Strain; '*Cicero*, what art thou doing? Wilt thou then ſuffer *Catiline* to eſcape out of *Rome*? him whom thou haſt diſcovered to be a public Enemy? him whom thou ſeeſt juſt about to conduct the War againſt the State? him whom thou knoweſt to be expected as Commander in chief in the Camp of our Foes? the Author of all this Treaſon and Revolt? the Head and Manager of the Conſpiracy? the Traitor who debauches, and enliſts, every abandoned Citizen and Slave? Wilt thou indeed ſuffer him to eſcape, when, by doing it, thou ſeemeſt not ſo much to drive him out of *Rome*, as to furniſh him with Forces to enter it? Wilt thou not order ſuch a one to be thrown into Irons, not adjudge him to preſent Death, not doom him to the moſt rigorous Execution? What is it that hath thus long reſtrained thee? Was it the

‘ Inſtitutions of our Anceſtors, when it is known, that, in this our City, private Perſons have frequently inflicted capital Vengeance upon peſtilent Citizens? Was it the Law which limits the corporal Chaſtiſement of *Roman* Citizens, when, in this our City, they who proved Traitors to the Commonwealth, were never intituled to the Rights of Citizens? Art thou afraid of incenſing Poſterity againſt thee? Surely thou makeſt glorious Retribution to the *Roman* People, who, having carried thee thro' all the Stages of public Dignities, raiſed thee ſo ſuddenly to the higheſt of all, tho' known to them only by thy perſonal Qualities, recommended by no Luſtre or Merit of thy Anceſtors; If, yet, from Fear of public Cenſure, or from any Fear or Danger whatſoever, thou foregoeſt the Care and Protection of thy Fellow-citizens. Now, if there be any Danger of ſuch Cenſure, is it more terribly to be apprehended from a Conduct full of Juſtice and Magnanimity, than from Timidity and Deſertion of Duty? When *Italy* ſhall be laid waſte by the Ravages of War, her municipal Cities oppreſſed, her Dwellings all on a Blaze, thinkeſt thou to eſcape the conſuming Flames of public Indignation?’

To all this Reaſoning, ſo hallowed and venerable, from the Commonwealth, as, likewiſe, to all ſuch particular Perſons who are under the ſame Impreſſions, I ſhall return a ſhort Anſwer: Had I once judged it the wholſomeſt Courſe to have ſubjected *Catiline* to the Pains of Death, I ſhould not have ſpared, no, not for an Hour, the Life of this Son of Blood. Indeed, if *Roman* Citizens, of the higheſt Rank and Dignity, derived not only no Stain, but even notable Luſtre, upon their Characters, from ſhedding the Blood of *Saturninus*, *Flaccus*, and the two *Gracchi*, with many others, in former Times; I too, doubtleſs, ought to have reckoned myſelf ſecure from any Share of Reproach from Ages to come, for having adjudged to Execution this Traitor, the common Aſſaſſin of *Roman* Citizens. But, ſuppoſe I were ever ſo ſeverely expoſed to ſuch Reproach, it has been always my Principle, To eſteem popular Cenſure procured by righteous Actions, to be rather Glory than Cenſure.

But we have amongſt us, in this Aſſembly, ſome, who either perceive not our impending Deſtruction, or diſown that they do; ſome, who have fed the Hopes of *Catiline* by too tender Notions and Overtures about him; nay, have added Strength to the Conſpiracy, from the very Beginning, by giving no Credit to it. Their Authority is blindly followed by many others, not only the Vicious and Corrupt, but the Weak and Credulous, who would readily join in a heavy Charge upon me, of terrible Cruelty and Tyranny, ſhould I paſs Sentence even upon this Criminal. Hence I am convinced, that, when once he has conveyed himſelf, whither he is bent, into the Camp of *Manlius*, none will be ſo ſtupid, as not to ſee, that the Conſpiracy is formed and exiſting, none ſo abandoned as not to confeſs it. I am likewiſe convinced, that, by the Execution of *Catiline* alone, this peſtilent Malady in the State might, indeed, be ſomewhat checked, but never finally cruſhed and eradicated. But if he relinquiſh *Rome*, if he carry with him his Followers here, and with them draw together, into one Body, all his other forlorn Caſtaways from every Quarter; this direful Diſtemper in the State, however inveterate, will not only be quelled and extirpated, but with it the Seeds and Materials of all our public Diſorders and Misfortunes.

For, ſurely, Conſcript Fathers, we have been long ſurrounded with all the Terrors, and dark Devices, of this deadly Conſpiracy; though I know not by what means it hath happened, that all theſe Treaſons, with other furious and deſperate Deſigns, long before concerted, have been reſerved to appear in their full Light and Maturity during my Conſulſhip. Now if, out of ſo formidable a Hoſt of Robbers, this ſingle one only were ſnatched away, we ſhould, perhaps, for ſome ſmall Interval, ſeem releaſed from our preſent Anxiety and Dread: But the dangerous Diſeaſe would ſtill purſue us, as it is intimately attached to the very Blood and Vitals of the Commonwealth; like the Condition of Men in the Rage of a Fever, who, under the Pangs of Heat and Thirſt, if they drink cold Water, appear at firſt refreſhed, but are thenceforward more keenly and more cruelly tormented. It is thus with the Commonwealth, under her preſent Diſorder: For, ſhould it abate upon the Execution of *Catiline*, it would rage with freſh Ardour, as his Accomplices would be ſtill left alive.

For theſe Reaſons, Conſcript Fathers, let the Guilty retire; let them ſeparate themſelves from the Innocent and Worthy; let them aſſemble in one Place. In ſhort, to repeat what I have already often ſaid, let the Walls of *Rome* ſtand between us and them; let them drop their bloody Snares againſt the Conſul in his own Houſe; let them no longer beſet and inſult the Tribunal of Juſtice, no longer inveſt the Senate with their armed Emiſſaries, and employ themſelves no longer in amaſſing Firebrands and Combuſtibles to deſtroy the City by Flames. In a Word, let it be read in the Face of every Citizen, what are his Thoughts, what his Wiſhes, concerning the Commonwealth. Thus much I undertake, Conſcript Fathers; that ſuch ſhall be the Vigilance found in us the Conſuls, ſuch the Authority of your Proceedings in the Senate, ſo much Reſolution in the Equeſtrian Order, with ſuch hearty Unanimity in all good Citizens, that, immediately upon the Departure of *Catiline*, the whole deteſtable Scheme will appear under Evidence as glaring as the Day; nay, will prove fully defeated, and even fully puniſhed.

From all theſe Conſiderations, *Catiline*, Be-gone: Go; and conduct that impious, that inhuman War: Go, for the certain Preſervation of the Commonwealth; for thy own Curſe and Perdition, and for the final Deſtruction of thoſe, who have combined with thee in all thy black Treaſons, and unnatural Attempts to deſtroy their Common Country.

It is then, O *Jupiter*, that Thou, who waſt choſen Guardian of this City by *Romulus*, as early as its Foundation; and, under the ſame Auſpices, Thou, whom We truly call the Preſerver of our City and Empire; it is then that Thou wilt defend our public Walls, our private Dwellings, with the Lives and Fortunes of all our Citizens, againſt the Cruelty of this Parricide, and thoſe aſſociated with him: Thou wilt then alſo inflict dreadful Chaſtiſement upon all who afflict the Juſt, upon all the Enemies of their Country, upon all barbarous Free-booters throughout *Italy*, ſuch as are combined together by the Ties of brutal Crimes, and ſtill ſubſiſt by that guilty Union: All theſe, O *Jupiter*, thou wilt doom, both Living and Dead, as proper Victims, to preſent and eternal Vengeance.

THE

THE SECOND ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST CATILINE.

Addreſſed to the PEOPLE.

AT length, Citizens, we have freed ourſelves from *Catiline.* However raging he be with deſperate Deſigns, however breathing Cruelty and Vengeance, labouring to bring Perdition upon his native State, threatening you with Maſſacre, your City with Flames; yet we have driven him out of *Rome*; at leaſt conſtrained him to go, or haſtened his going, though by no other Power than that of Speech. He is departed; he is withdrawn; he has fled; he has ruſhed away.

We ſhall no longer have this mighty Monſter, this prodigious Parricide, employed within our Walls in Schemes for public Deſtruction. We have, without Diſpute, already conquered this Leader, this great Leader of our Tumults and Inſurrections in *Rome*;

ſince we ſhall not, now, ſee our Breaſts daily expoſed to his murdering Dagger: We ſhall not have him henceforth to alarm us in the Field of Elections, nor in the Place of public Buſineſs, nor in the Senate, nor, finally, in our private Dwellings. He was then deprived of his moſt formidable Situation, when he was forced out of the City. We ſhall thus be able to make regular War againſt the Enemy, openly in the Field, ſince he remains not now to obſtruct us in the City.

Doubtleſs we confounded the Man, and glorioully defeated him; when, from his treaſonable Devices in ſecret, we drove him hence into the avowed Practice of a public Robber. He has miſſed his Aim, of leaving *Rome* behind him in Aſhes, the Citizens bereft of their Lives, and the Conſul murdered: He could not firſt brandiſh, as he intended, his Sword beſmeared with my Blood; nay, he ſaw his Sword wreſted out of his Hands: Judge, therefore, what infinite Mortification and Anguiſh muſt have aſtoniſhed and overwhelmed him: He now lies proſtrate and groveling, O Citizens; he perceives himſelf cruſhed and forlorn: Surely he looks back, often, and wiſhfully, to this City, and bewails to ſee it ſnatched from his ravening Jaws: Whilſt the City, in her turn, ſeems to exult, that ſhe has diſgorged, and, finally, caſt out, ſo peſtilent a Citizen.

Now, if any one, poſſeſſed with a Spirit becoming every *Roman*, brings a Charge againſt me, in the Warmth of his Zeal, that I thus triumph and rejoice in the Style of Victory, for having rather forced away ſuch a peſtilent Enemy, than ſecured him in Bonds; know, Citizens, that ſuch Blame is not imputable to me, but to the Temper of the Times. It has long ſince become a Duty to the Public to have doomed *Catiline* to the moſt exemplary Pains and Death; nay, this Duty was incumbent upon me, as what the primitive Inſtitutions of our State, what the Severity of the Conſular Power, what the injured Commonwealth, all at once require of me. But can you conjecture how many, how very many there were, all ready to disbelieve whatever Charges I had to produce againſt him? how many ſo ſilly, as not to conceive it probable? how many bent even to vindicate and defend him? how many miſchievouſly diſpoſed to eſpouſe his Cauſe?

If, indeed, I had conceived, that, by ſentencing him to die, I could have perfectly delivered you from the impending Peril, I ſhould have long ſince ſo ſentenced him, at the Peril not only of popular Cenſure, but even of my own Life. Now when I perceived, that tho' I had even firſt convinced you all of his Guilt, yet, were I to order him to Execution, as he deſerved, the Conſequence would be ſuch a Weight of Hate and Deſpite falling upon me, as to diſable me from bringing his Aſſociates to Judgment; I therefore directed all my Meaſures to this Point, that, when you once ſaw him an Enemy declared, you would then openly attack him. How formidable an Enemy I eſteem him abroad, you may infer, my Countrymen, from hence, that I am ſincerely concerned to ſee ſo ſmall a Train of Followers accompanying him out of *Rome*: I wiſh from my Soul, that he had drawn forth with him his whole Force. I muſt own, he hath deprived us of *Tongillus*, (the Darling of his unnatural Paſſion, when yet a Boy) together with *Publicius* and *Munatius*; Men, whoſe long Reckonings, due at Brothels, could have involved the Commonwealth in no dangerous Inſurrections. Behind him he hath left, what Men indeed! how oppreſſed with Debts! how puiſſant! how illuſtrious!

Whilſt, therefore, we are furniſhed with ſuch an Army, conſiſting of the Legions from *Gaul*, of Detachments from the Troops under *Quintus Metellus* in the Territory of *Picenum*, and of the Recruits daily raiſed for our Defence, I utterly deſpiſe all his Forces whatſoever; ſome of them antient Men, deſperate and undone; ſome of them Debauchees from the Country; ſome vagabond Ruſtics; ſome Spendthrifts, and Runaways from their Creditors and Sureties: ſuch who would rather follow this medley Hoſt, than return and be juſt; ſuch too, who, the Inſtant I preſent them with the Sight not only of our Army, but even of an Order from the Prætorian Tribunal, will ſhrink and fly.

I wiſh he had rather taken along with him for Soldiers many whom I ſtill behold here at *Rome*, behold hurrying about the *Forum*, haunting the Court before the Senate, nay, ſome of them taking their Place in the Senate itſelf: I behold them beſmeared with ſweet Ointments, and glaring in all the Pride of the Senatorian Purple. If theſe continue here, remember my Warning! they, who thus live as Deſerters from their Army, are more to be dreaded, than their Army itſelf. Another Conſideration too renders them the more dreadful; for that they know me to be perfectly acquainted with all their ſecret Purpoſes, yet are not in the leaſt diſmayed. I behold their ſeveral Leaders, and Men of Truſt; I perceive to whom it is that *Apulia* is aſſigned, to whom *Etruria*, to whom the Territory of *Picenum*, to whom the neighbouring Diſtrict of *Gaul*; I behold the Men, who, for their Share, have beſought the Direction of the Deſign to commit *Rome* to Maſſacre and Flames.

They are aware, that all their Deliberations, on the Night before laſt, were minutely recounted to me: I communicated them Yeſterday to the Senate: Dread ſeized even *Catiline*, ſuch Dread as drove him to fly. To what do theſe Aſſociates truſt? They are grievouſly deceived, if they preſume, that I ſhall ſtill perſevere in the ſame Strain of Tenderneſs. My Views in it are now fully anſwered; namely, to have made it as clear to you as the Light of the Sun, that a Conſpiracy is notoriouſly carried on againſt the Commonwealth; unleſs there be any, who imagine, that ſuch as in all things imitate and reſemble *Catiline*, concur not with the Deſigns of *Catiline*.

There now remains no room for gentle Dealings. Our Situation, as it is full of Danger, exacts Methods full of Severity. One Conceſſion there is, which I will ſtill make them; namely, To leave us, to go hence, and not ſuffer *Catiline* to pine in

Wretchedneſs for their Company. I will direct them the Way: He went along the *Aurelian Road*: If they travel ſpeedily, they will overtake him in the Evening.

Oh happy *Roman* State, if ſhe had once finally purified herſelf from ſuch a baneful Sink of Nuiſances! Verily to me the Commonwealth ſeems to have derived Vigour and Refreſhment from the Expulſion only of *Catiline*: For, indeed, what Inſtance of Wickedneſs and Enormity can be feigned or deviſed, that he hath not purſued? Where, where through all *Italy*, is there to be found one Poiſoner, one infamous Fencer, one Robber, one Murderer, one Parricide, one Forger of Wills, one common Cheat, one Voluptuary, one extravagant Heir, one Adulterer, one Harlot, what one given to debauch Youth, what one Youth debauched, or what one abandoned Criminal whatſoever, who will not acknowledge, that he has lived in a Courſe of the higheſt Familiarity with *Catiline*? What one Aſſaſſination hath been committed for ſome Years paſt without him? What heinous Act of Lewdneſs, but by him?

I aſk further, did ever mortal Man employ ſo many and ſuch powerful Incentives as he, to gain and debauch young Men? He, who, with ſome of them, committed beaſtly Defilements, and bore withal ſuch beaſtly Defilements from others? To many of them he promiſed Recompences for their Proſtitution; to many the ſudden Death of their Fathers, not only prompting, but even aiding them, in Perſon, to procure it. At preſent how incredibly ſoon hath he amaſſed together an immenſe Band of deſperate and abandoned Men, not out of the City only, but alſo from the Country! For was it poſſible to find, not only in *Rome*, but in any one Corner of *Italy*, one Individual oppreſſed with Debts, whom *Catiline* hath not linked faſt with him in this marvellous Bond of Treaſon? As a Proof of his various Talents in different Purſuits, there is not a Fencer in any of the public Schools, who, if he be but reſolute in Miſchief, avows not himſelf a cloſe Intimate of *Catiline*; not a Retainer to the Stage, remarkably impudent and profligate, but proclaims himſelf *Catiline*'s Boſom Friend: Yet this very *Catiline*, however immerſed in Habits of Lewdneſs and Cruelty, has been by theſe his Companions always extolled as a Man very hardy and brave, able to bear Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold, with Want of Sleep and Reſt; though they ſaw him waſting in Debauchery, and Acts of Violence, whatever Abilities he had for Affairs, whatever Genius for brave Actions.

Such is the Man! and were all his Partizans to follow him, would but this guilty and implacable Herd relinquiſh the City, O how happy ſhould we all be! how fortunate the Commonwealth! what deathleſs Glory crowning my Conſulſhip!

For, ſurely, the vicious Sallies and Paſſions of Men are no longer confined to any Bounds or Reſtraint, but are grown too monſtrous for human Nature to produce, or, indeed, to bear. They breathe nothing but domeſtic Slaughter, public Conflagration, univerſal Havock and Spoil. Some have laviſhed their Eſtates, others their Money, all ſacrificed to Senſuality and Riot. Firſt their Means failed them; anon their Credit: Yet ſtill the ſame Spirit of Debauchery and Waſte, which poſſeſſed them during Affluence, prompts them in Poverty.

In truth, though, during the Courſe of their Intoxication with Wine and Gaming, they had only purſued Objects of Lewdneſs, and voluptuous Repaſts, they would even then have been loſt to all Hope, yet ſtill to have been borne withal. But it is beyond all bearing, that the Sons of Sloth and Voluptuouſneſs ſhould be thus deviſing deadly Snares againſt the Warlike and Brave; the Raſh and Fooliſh againſt the Sagacious and Wary; Drunkards againſt the Sober; Sluggards againſt the moſt Vigilant: that ſuch as they, whilſt reſigned to Banquets, lolling in the Arms of Harlots, enervated by Wine, ſurfeited by Gluttony, effeminately decked with Flowers, reeking with ſweet Ointments, and utterly enfeebled with impure Pleaſures, dare yet loudly bellow their Threats, to butcher all worthy Citizens, and to commit the City itſelf to Flames.

Over them, I firmly truſt, there hangs ſome terrible Fate: I truſt, that the direful Vengeance ſo long due to their flagitious Dealings, to their Perfidiouſneſs, their Barbarities, their ſenſual Purſuits, is actually falling upon them; at leaſt, juſt about to fall. Now, if, by my Conſular Power, I can exterminate theſe Men, whom by it I cannot cure, I ſhall not only ſave the Commonwealth for a ſhort Period, but prolong it for many Ages. No Nation now ſubſiſts, that we need to dread, no Monarch able to attack the *Roman* People. Abroad univerſal Tranquillity is eſtabliſhed by Sea and Land, all through the Valour and Conduct of one Man: Only inteſtine Commotions remain to be quelled: A Conſpiracy againſt the State ſubſiſts in the Bowels of the State; within our own Walls Ruin threatens us; within our Walls the Enemy aſſails us. It is againſt domeſtic Riot, againſt lawleſs Phrenſy, againſt civil Violence, and Outrages, that we muſt arm.

In this War I preſent myſelf to you, Citizens, for your Leader: I frankly undertake to incur all the Enmity and Rage of deſperate Traitors. Whatever is poſſible to be cured, I will employ any Means to cure; whatever muſt be cut off, ſhall be cut off, rather than ſuffered to ſpread, to the utter Extinction of the State.

Upon the Whole, therefore, let them either leave us, or ceaſe to annoy us: Or, if they will needs remain in this City, and breathe the ſame hoſtile Spirit, let them prepare to ſuffer the Doom which they deſerve.

I know, Citizens, there are thoſe who allege, that *Catiline* hath been, by me alone, driven into Baniſhment. My Anſwer is; Were I able, by Words only, to procure ſuch an Event, I would baniſh theſe very Perſons, who make ſuch Declarations. Probable, indeed! that *Catiline*, in his Nature ſo very ſhy and over-modeſt, could not reſiſt the Language of the Conſul; but, as ſoon as, by it, he heard himſelf ordered to depart into Exile, inſtantly obeyed and departed! How ſuits this, O Citizens, with what happened but Yeſterday; when, having, with great Difficulty, eſcaped being murdered in my own Houſe, I aſſembled the Senate in the Temple of *Jupiter the Guardian*, and there laid open the whole Conſpiracy? Upon *Catiline's* Entrance, what one Senator deigned to ſpeak to him? What one Senator to ſalute him? Which of them all did not behold him, not only as a Member of the State altogether deſperate and forlorn, but rather as a raging and implacable Enemy and Parricide? Nay, the ſeveral Senators of principal Dignity, quitting their Seats where he advanced, left all the Benches round him empty.

It was then that I, that very impetuous Conſul, who, by juſt uttering a Word, force *Roman* Citizens into Baniſhment, examined *Catiline*, whether or not he had held a Meeting, the preceding Night, at the Houſe of *Marcus Lecca?* As he, who, of all Men, is the moſt hardened in Boldneſs and Front, hitherto anſwered nothing, (for his guilty Conſcience ſmote him) I proceeded to diſcloſe the Particulars of my Diſcovery; to diſcloſe where-ever elſe he had been that Night, whatever elſe he had tranſacted, with what was reſerved for the Night following: To all this I added, how minute a Plan had been drawn, and then exhibited, for conducting the War in all its Parts. When he ſtill pauſed, ſtruck dumb, indeed, with Conviction, I asked him, what retarded him from proceeding to the Place, where he had ſo long purpoſed to go, when he had, already, to my Knowlege, conveyed thither before him Quantities of Arms, nay, Rods and Axes, nay, Trumpets and Enſigns of War, and even that ſilver Eagle, to which he had aſſigned a Sanctuary in his Houſe, a Sanctuary, where he conſtantly conſecrated all his barbarous Exploits?

Was it I, who forced this Man into Baniſhment? a Man whom I ſaw already invading us at the Head of an Army? But if he be truly an Exile, then I muſt own, that it is only *Manlius*, a ſmall Centurion, who has encamped the Forces in the Territory of

Feſulæ; it is this Centurion, who, acting for himſelf, hath, in his own Name, declared War againſt the *Roman* People; that theſe Forces by no means await the Arrival of *Catiline* to aſſume the ſupreme Command; for that he, they ſay, thus thruſt out as an Exile, will retire to *Marſeilles*, without entering that Camp.

O the miſerable Terms, not only of adminiſtring the State, but even of ſaving it from Perdition! If *Catiline*, by ſeeing himſelf quite entangled and diſabled by my Counſels, by my unwearied Efforts, by my conſtantly expoſing my Life, had been ſeized by ſudden Dread, changed his Purpoſe, forſaken his Followers, dropped all his Schemes of War, and even now, at laſt, deſerting his uſual Purſuits of Arms and Outrages, had choſen to retire into Baniſhment; what would be the Cry, and common Conſtruction, then? Not that he was bereft by me of all Means of advancing his deſperate Enterprize, nor overcome with Aſtoniſhment and Diſmay, by my Vigour and Vigilance, nor driven by Force from all his Machinations, and even from all his Hopes: On the contrary, it would be aſſerted, That, only by the Threats and Violence of the Conſul, he was caſt into Baniſhment, altogether innocent, becauſe not formally convicted, and condemned: Yes, there will be theſe, who, if he ſhould yet take this Courſe, will conſider him as a Man not juſtly puniſhed, but unjuſtly perſecuted; and me, not as a vigilant Conſul, but as a barbarous Tyrant.

It is an abundant Recompence to me, Citizens, for expoſing myſelf to a Torrent of Reproach ſo groundleſs and injurious, if, by it, I can reſcue You from the Calamity of ſo tragical and deteſtable a War. Let it be reported, that I drove him hence: I agree to it, on condition, that he withdraw into Baniſhment. But, thither, believe me, he intends not to go. I ſhall never petition the Gods to eaſe me of popular Reproach, at the Price of any Surprize to you, Citizens, from the Tidings of *Catiline*'s furiouſly advancing to aſſail you at the Head of a hoſtile Army. Yet, within Three Days, this is what you will ſee: So that what

I dread at preſent moſt, is, that, in a ſhort time, I ſhall be rather upbraided for ſuffering, than for forcing, him to depart.

Now, ſince there are ſuch Men, who, becauſe he withdrew, alledge, that I obliged him to withdraw; what would the ſame Men ſay, if he had been doomed to die? The Truth is, they who are loudeſt in averring, that *Catiline* is proceeding to *Marſeilles*, do not ſo much lament his going, as fear that he will go: And, of all theſe Men profeſſing this great Compaſſion for him, there is not one, who has ſo much real Compaſſion, as not to wiſh, that his Progreſs may be rather to *Manlius*, than to *Marſeilles*. Such, too, is the Spirit of the Man, that, tho' he had never before entertained a Thought of what he now purſues, yet, rather than live an Exile, he would prefer the Fate of being ſlain as a Traitor and Robber. As Things are, ſince nothing hath hitherto befallen him, inconſiſtent with his own Schemes and Purſuits, except that we ſurvive his Departure from *Rome*, let us rather wiſh, that he may go into Baniſhment, than complain, that he is gone.

But why do I beſtow ſo much Diſcourſe upon one Enemy? ſuch an Enemy too, as owns himſelf to be one? nay, an Enemy whom I fear not; ſince our City-Walls now ſtand, as I ever wiſhed they might, between us and him? Concerning the reſt, who diſſemble their Enmity, who ſtill continue in *Rome*, and are interſperſed amongſt us, do we attempt to ſay nothing? Theſe are ſuch, upon whom, truly, I aim not ſo much to take Vengeance, as to recover them from their Diſaffection, if, by any Remedy whatſoever, it could be accompliſhed; and, finally, to reconcile them to the Commonwealth: Neither can I conceive, why it ſhould not be accompliſhed, if they will liſten to what I ſay. I therefore proceed, firſt, To repreſent to you, Citizens, of what different Sorts of Men theſe Forces conſiſt: Next, I ſhall offer to each Sort ſome Cure; ſuch as my Reaſoning, my Counſel, and Perſuaſion, is able to recommend.

The firſt Claſs is of thoſe, who, under great Debts, are yet Maſters of greater Poſſeſſions; but Poſſeſſions, of which they are ſo inordinately fond, as on no Account to diminiſh them. This Claſs, as they are abundantly wealthy, bear the Face of more honourable Debtors than the reſt; but, in their Principles and Conduct, are, doubtleſs, the moſt ſhameleſs of all. Art thou, indeed, furniſhed with large Demeſnes? Thou with many Villas? Thou abounding in Money? Thou in numerous Slaves and Attendants? Art Thou covered with Splendor? Doſt Thou riot in the Affluence of all Things? Yet, doſt Thou heſitate to pare off any Portion of thy Affluence, thence to retrieve thy plighted Faith, and to purchaſe Eſteem? What, indeed, haſt thou in View? Is it War? How! Doſt Thou conclude, that, during univerſal Uproar and Deſolation, Thy Poſſeſſions will eſcape, as if they were ſacred and inviolable? Doſt Thou hope for new Regulations about Debts and Uſury? They deceive themſelves, who expect ſuch from *Catiline*. It is by my Intereſt and Procurement, that new Regulations will be propoſed: But mine will be limited Regulations, and attended with public Auctions; ſince they, who have Poſſeſſions, can never be ſecured by any other means whatſoever. If they would have conſented to it ſooner, and not, through extreme Blindneſs, ſtruggled, abſurdly, with the Uſurers, about the Rents of their mortgaged Lands, the State would have been happy in many richer, as well as in many better Members. However, from all this Claſs of Men, in my Opinion, very little Danger is to be apprehended: For they may be either weaned from their preſent Bent and Impreſſions; or, if they perſiſt, they ſeem, to me, rather qualified to aſſault their Country with Imprecations, than with Arms.

A ſecond Sort is compoſed of ſuch, who, however oppreſſed with Debts, aſpire to ſupreme Rule, and will needs ſway the State: They conjecture, that, during the Convulſions of the

Commonwealth, they ſhall be able to obtain ſuch public Dignities, as they deſpair of in its Calm. Upon theſe, and, indeed, upon all the reſt, this Principle is, chiefly and ſingly, to be over and over inculcated, that they muſt for ever deſpair of thus gaining what they labour after; firſt, Becauſe I am always in their Way; I, who inceſſantly watch over the Commonwealth; I, who am ever preſent to aſſiſt her; I, who am ever ready to provide for her in every Exigency. Next, All worthy Men are combined to oppoſe them; a mighty Multitude, all of undaunted Reſolution, all firmly united! We abound too in military Forces. Finally, The immortal Deities will not fail powerfully to aid this invincible People, this Empire, ſo glorious and renowned, this City, ſo fair and flouriſhing beyond all others, againſt an Attempt ſo deſtructive and bloody.

But what would it avail them, if they gained what they purſue with ſuch headlong Fury? Do theſe Men hope, that, in the Ruins of *Rome*, and in the Maſſacre of the Citizens, they ſhall find their black and inhuman Wiſhes accompliſhed? ſuch Wiſhes, as they had ever foſtered? Find themſelves raiſed to Conſular, or Dictatorial, and even to Royal Sway? They perceive not, that they are earneſt for a Thing, which, if obtained, they would be forced to ſurrender to ſome upſtart Fugitive or Fencer.

The third Claſs is that of Men, indeed, ſtricken in Years, but trained in War, and ſtill robuſt: *Manlius* himſelf is one of them; he, whoſe Place *Catiline* has now aſſumed. Theſe are Men derived from the Colonies founded by *Sylla* at *Feſulæ*; Colonies, which I really think to have been filled with the beſt Citizens, and braveſt Men: Theſe are, however, ſuch Members of thoſe Colonies, as, being tranſported with ſudden and unexpected Riches, fell into all Courſes of Vanity and Extravagance: Whilſt, from a Perſuaſion, that their Wealth and Happineſs would never end, they raiſed fine Manſions, rioted in their Villas, in the

Luxury of Litters, in mighty Trains of Slaves, in magnificent Banquets, in gay Equipages, and Splendor, they became involved in Debts, ſo mighty, and ſo many, that no poſſible Method is left to diſcharge them; unleſs they can recal *Sylla* from the Manſions of the Dead. Theſe, too, have tempted over to their Party ſome ſtarving and beggarly Ruſtics, by the Hopes of a common Share, when the late Courſe of public Rapine ſhall be revived. I, indeed, Citizens, range both Sorts under the ſame Claſs of Thieves and Plunderers. This Admonition, however, I will give them, To drop their outrageous Views, with all Dreams of future Proſcriptions and Dictatorſhips: Since, ſuch is the Horror of thoſe terrible Times, ſtill cleaving to the Hearts of Citizens, that, in my Opinion, even the Beaſts of the Field would not endure, much leſs would Men, the ſame Outrages repeated.

The fourth is a Claſs ſtrangely various and diſſimilar; Sons of Sedition and Deſpair; all long undone; all doomed never to recover; Men, who, partly through Idleneſs, partly through ill Management, partly, too, by Profuſion, are cruſhed with old and immoderate Debts; Men worried with judicial Proceſs and Decrees, their Perſons threatened with Durance, their Effects condemned to Sale, and all ſaid to be repairing, in great Numbers, both from *Rome*, and the Country, to the ſame Camp. Theſe I conſider not as brave Soldiers, but rather as impotent Fugitives from Debts and Juſtice. Such Men, ſince they cannot ſupport Life, let them agree to fall; but ſo, as their Fall diſturb not the State, nor even their next Neighbours. For I cannot conceive, when they cannot ſubſiſt with Honeſty, why they will loſe their Lives with Infamy; or fanſy it leſs painful to periſh with many, than to periſh by themſelves.

The fifth is a Band filled with Parricides, with Murderers; in truth, with Criminals of every Kind and Degree. Theſe are ſuch as I urge not to return from *Catiline*: For, beſides that nothing can wreſt them from him, it is fit, that they periſh in the Exerciſe of their public Felony; ſince they are ſo many, that the Priſons cannot hold them.

The laſt Sort, not only in Courſe, but even in Character and Demeanour, are *Catiline*'s peculiar Train; a Troop of his own raiſing; nay, nurtured in his Boſom, and even enured to his fond Embraces; ſuch as you ſee with their Locks curiouſly ſprinkled, and combed; ſome ſoft and beardleſs; ſome with Beards nicely trimmed; all arrayed in long flowing Veſts; not in Robes, but in Veils; Soldiers theſe, who beſtow the Labour of their Lives, all their Fatigue and Watchings, upon nightly Banquets, always prolonged till Day!

With this Herd are mixed all Gameſters, all Adulterers, all Pathics, all the Proſtitute and Lewd. Theſe Boys, ſo blithe and engaging, of a Frame ſo lovely and tender, have not been confined to the common Inſtructions, how to love, and be beloved; how to dance, and how to ſing: They are formed to higher Strains; to wield the Aſſaſſins Knife, and to adminiſter Poiſon with Addreſs. Now, be aſſured, that theſe evil Inſtruments, unleſs they all retire from us, nay, unleſs they all periſh, will prove a Seminary of *Catilines* in the State, though *Catiline* himſelf ſhould periſh.

In the mean time, what Courſe do theſe Wretches mean to take? To carry their Harlots along with them to the Camp? Indeed, how can they ſuffer themſelves to be bereft of them? eſpecially during theſe cold Winter Nights? Yet how will they themſelves bear the Rigours of the *Apennine* Mountains, the keen Froſts, and mighty Snows there? Unleſs they imagine themſelves qualified more eaſily to ſupport the Fierceneſs of Winter, becauſe they have learned to dance naked at their nocturnal Banquetings.

O what a formidable War we have to apprehend, when *Catiline* is to have for his Guard ſuch a Prætorian Band, all choſen out of Brothels, and taken from the Arms of Harlots!

Strait apply yourſelves, therefore, Citizens, to array your powerful Forces, your ſeveral Armies, againſt this hopeful and renowned Hoſt of *Catiline*. Firſt, direct your Two Conſuls, direct the Leaders of your Troops, to encounter that traiterous Fencer, already ſunk and maimed: Then lead forth the Flower and Strength of all *Italy* againſt the caſt-away and impotent Crew, his Followers; for, to defeat all his Crouds of Ruſtics, our Colonies and municipal Cities will furniſh abundant Force. Your other Reſources of Strength, your other Marks of Superiority and Grandeur, your many Guards, and Means of Defence, it becomes me not to ſet in Oppoſition to the Wants and Weakneſs of that deteſtable Robber.

But, were we to omit to mention all the Advantages, which he wants, and in which we, by enjoying them, ſurpaſs him, namely, the Senate, the *Roman* Knights, the City of *Rome*, and the *Roman* People, the Treaſury, the public Revenue, all *Italy*, all the Provinces, and all foreign Nations; I ſay, were we to drop this whole Detail, and try both Parties by the particular Merits of each, by this alone we may perceive, how low and forlorn they lie. On one Side Modeſty ſtruggles againſt Inſolence on the other: Here is chaſte Behaviour; there all Pollution: Here ſtrict Faith; there Treachery: Here Mercy; there Cruelty: Here Fortitude; there Fury: Here Honour; there Infamy: Here Reſtraint; there unbridled Paſſion: In ſhort, Juſtice, Moderation, Magnanimity, Prudence, all in a Conteſt with Iniquity, with Debauchery, with Effeminacy, with Raſhneſs; that is, every Virtue with every Vice. To conclude, it is a Quarrel between Wealth and Penury, right Reaſon and Phrenſy; ſound Senſe and Extravagance; laſtly, between ſure Hope, and Fortunes utterly deſperate. This is a Conflict, this a Battle, of ſuch a Kind, where, though the Ardour of Men ſhould cool, would not the immortal Deities impower all theſe divine Virtues to triumph over ſuch a deteſtable Train of Vices?

Under theſe Circumſtances, Citizens, be it your Care, as I have before ſaid to you, to watch and defend your ſeveral Dwellings. For the City in general, I have taken all due Precautions, all proper Meaſures, by guarding her effectually, without leaving you ſubject to any Commotion or Alarm. As I have ſent to acquaint all the Colonies, and municipal Cities, with *Catiline*'s ſudden Departure from hence in the Night, their Inhabitants will eaſily defend them. I ſhall, by my Authority, ſecure the Gladiators from moving; a Force upon which he has reckoned as the moſt powerful, and moſt ſurely attached to him; though they be, in reality, better affected than ſome of the Patricians. *Quintus Metellus*, whom, in View of *Catiline's* withdrawing, I diſpatched before him into the Territory of *Picenum*, and Limits of *Gaul*, will either at once cruſh the Traitor, or, at leaſt, fruſtrate all his Motions and Attempts. In order to concert, and haſten, and execute further Meaſures, I am now going to take the Advice of the Senate, whom you perceive to be called together.

Concerning his Accomplices, who remain in the City, and were by him left in it, on purpoſe to bring Perdition upon it, and upon you all, though they be Enemies, yet, as they are born Citizens, my Intention is, kindly to adviſe and warn them, again and again. The Purpoſe of my Lenity paſt, though, to ſome, it may ſeem rather Remiſſneſs, was, whilſt the Plot was yet dark, to await a full Diſcloſure. It is now time to conſider, what I never can forget, that is, my Country; that I am chief Magiſtrate of theſe Citizens; and that I muſt either live with them, or die with them. If there be any, who want to retire from amongſt us, they are free to take their own Courſe: There is not a ſingle Guard at the Gates to obſtruct them; not a Man lying in wait upon the Road to ſurpriſe them: But if any, ſtaying here, try to raiſe any Commotion whatſoever in the City, the Moment I detect them, not only in actual Practices againſt their Country, but even in any Deſign to diſturb it, they ſhall effectually feel, that *Rome* is ſupplied with Conſuls full of Vigilance; with admirable Magiſtrates in general, with a magnanimous Senate, with Store, too, of Arms, nay, with Irons and Dungeons, ſuch as are derived to us from our Anceſtors, who inſtituted them for taking Vengeance on notorious Criminals and Traitors.

Moreover, Citizens, the Whole ſhall be ſo conducted, that, in executing the higheſt Counſels of State, not the leaſt popular Conſternation ſhall happen; in quelling the moſt terrible Conſpiracy, no Sort of Uproar enſue; nay, a Civil War, the moſt powerful, and moſt cruel, that has been known within the Memory of Men, ſhall be extinguiſhed, by me alone, without once putting off my Civil Robe: I will quell it, Citizens, in ſuch a manner, that not even a ſingle guilty Man in *Rome* ſhall incur the Penalty of his Treaſon, if there be any Poſſibility of preventing it. If, by their own daring and open Inſolence, if, by the Dangers threatening my Country, I am driven to forego this Gentleneſs of Temper, thus much, ſurely, I ſhall bring to paſs, that not an innocent Man ſhall periſh; an Exemption ſcarce to be hoped in a domeſtic War ſo widely extended, and ſo cloſely conducted! So that, by the Execution of a few guilty Men, you may ſtill be all ſecure.

Theſe are Things, O Citizens, which I engage not to you to accompliſh from a Confidence in my own Wiſdom, or, indeed, in any human Counſel whatever, but only in the propitious Purpoſes of the immortal Deities, manifeſted to me by many and ſure Preſages: It is by them that I am inſpired with ſuch high Aſſurance, by them with this my Determination. They are not now at a Diſtance, as formerly they were wont, aiding us againſt Enemies foreign and remote; they are, at this very time, in *Rome*, by their own divine Preſence and Aid, defending their own Temples; as alſo the Dwellings of the City: It is to them, Citizens, that you ought to pay your Veneration, and your Vows; to them addreſs your Complaints and Petitions; that, ſince, by their own Decree, this City ſhould be thus of all others the faireſt, the moſt flouriſhing, and the moſt puiſſant, they will defend her againſt certain of her abandoned Citizens, execrably combined to deſtroy her, even when ſhe had, every-where, routed and ſubdued all the Armies of her Enemies both by Land and by Sea.

THE THIRD ORATION OF CICERO AGAINST CATILINE.

Addreſſed to the PEOPLE.

TO-DAY, Citizens, you behold the Commonwealth, with all your Lives, your Eſtates and Fortunes, your Wives and Children, nay, *Rome* itſelf, the Seat of this reſplendent Empire, a City the moſt flouriſhing and fair, reſcued from the Fury of Fire and Sword, ſnatched from the Jaws of Perdition, and intirely ſecured and reſtored, through the ſuperlative Love of the immortal Deities towards you, and by the Succeſs of my Counſels, and Perils, and Efforts. If the Days from whence we date our Preſervation, be diſtinguiſhed with no leſs Joy than the Days which give us Birth, becauſe Life ſaved yields certain Joy; but when we are born, our Lot of Life is uncertain; add, that, though we receive our firſt Breath without Reflection, we feel Delight in our Deliverance from Death; ſurely, therefore, when our Zeal for *Romulus* was ſuch, as to rank and adore him amongſt the Deities, for founding this City, ſignal Reſpect from you, and your Deſcendants, is due to the Man who hath preſerved the City ſo founded, and, ſince, ſo gloriouſly inlarged. When the Flames had ſurrounded you, when they were ſeizing, and ready to devour, the whole City, with all her Temples and Sanctuaries, all her Bulwarks and Dwellings, I quenched thoſe Flames: I foiled the Arms wielded againſt the Commonwealth: I repelled the Weapons ready to pierce your Hearts.

As I have diſcloſed the Whole to the Senate, and there amply proved and explained it, I will now preſent you, Citizens, with a ſhort Account of it, that you may learn what you yet know not, but claim to know, what dreadful, what manifeſt Deſtruction threatened you; as alſo by what Methods it was diſcovered and laid open.

When *Catiline* was fled from *Rome*, as I found ſome Days after, that there yet remained behind him the Accomplices of his Treaſon, and the City ſtill harboured the keeneſt Champions of this impious War; I conſtantly watched, and ſtudied, by what means we could poſſibly ſecure ourſelves againſt a Train of Machinations ſo deſperate, yet ſo dark. For, that I drove *Catiline* out of the City, is an Imputation which I fear not ſo much, as that he was ſuffered to leave it alive: I, indeed, preſumed, that, upon his Expulſion, either the reſt of his Brethren in the Conſpiracy would depart with him; or, at leaſt, the Efforts of ſuch as remained, if they made any, would, without Him, be faint and fruitleſs: But, when I perceived the moſt Outrageous, the moſt Ardent for Blood and Miſchief, ſtill remaining in the City, ſtill intermixed with us; I then bent my intire Care, Night and Day, to trace and diſcover all their Tranſactions and Devices: For, as no Speech of mine might be powerful enough to convince you of a Treaſon

ſon ſo ſhocking and incredible, I meant ſo fully to ſift and illuſtrate the whole Proceeding, that, when your own Eyes beheld the Doom which threatened your very Lives, you would then, at laſt, employ your Thoughts how to preſerve them.

When, therefore, I had diſcovered, that the Deputies of the *Allobrogians* had been ſuborned by *Publius Lentulus*, to excite a War beyond the *Alps*, and Inſurrections in thoſe Parts of *Gaul*; that they were withal charged with Letters to thoſe of their own Community, with other Letters and Inſtructions to *Catiline*, to be delivered to him in their Way home; that *Volturcius*, too, was appointed to accompany them, and intruſted with more Letters for *Catiline*; I inferred, that an Opportunity offered to do what hitherto ſeemed of inſuperable Difficulty, (ſuch as I had ever beſought the immortal Gods to remove) namely, to unravel and diſplay the whole Combination to the ample Satisfaction not of myſelf only, but of the Senate, and of You the *Roman* People.

For this Purpoſe, I, Yeſterday, had called to me the Two Prætors, *Lucius Flaccus*, and *Caius Pomptinus*, gallant Men, and zealous for the Commonwealth: To them I recounted the Whole, and explained what Courſe I judged beſt to be taken: The Prætors, whoſe Notions concerning the Public are all noble and diſintereſted, complied without Scruple; nay, undertook the Execution without Delay. When the Evening began to cloſe, they reached, unobſerved, to the *Milvian* Bridge: There they parted, and poſted themſelves in the Villages on each Side the *Tiber*, ſo that the Bridge ſtood between them; for they had led along with them, too, and lodged in the ſame Stations, ſeveral brave Men, without the leaſt Alarm or Suſpicion. Beſides, in order to ſtrengthen them, I had diſpatched, from the Precinct of *Reate*, a Number of choſen young Men well armed; ſuch as I myſelf never fail to employ upon all public Exigencies.

Towards the End of the third Watch, as the *Allobrogian* Deputies, with a great Train, and accompanied by *Volturcius*, began to paſs the Bridge, ſuddenly an Onſet was made upon them, and, on both Sides, Swords were drawn. The Prætors only were truſted with the Deſign; to all their Followers it was a Secret. Preſently, as *Pomptinus* and *Flaccus* advanced and appeared, the Conflict, thus begun, was at once appeaſed: Whatever Letters were found amongſt the Retinue of the Deputies, were conſigned, unopened, into the Hands of the Prætors; the Deputies themſelves were brought before me, at the Dawn of Day. I forthwith ſent for *Gabinius Cimber*, a peſtilent Manager in their Treaſon, but now under no Apprehenſions. Then I ſent for *Lucius Statilius*; next, for *Cethegus*: *Lentulus* came too, but much ſlower than the reſt; for, I preſume, he paſſed the Night, contrary to Cuſtom, without Sleep, in diſpatching Letters to his Correſpondents.

Now, though Numbers of the firſt and moſt illuſtrious Perſons in the Commonwealth, having heard what paſſed, came early to me, and offered their Opinion, ‘That the ſeveral Letters ſhould be firſt opened, before I preſented them to the Senate; leſt, if nothing of Moment were found in them, I ſhould appear to have too precipitately raiſed ſuch a terrible Alarm in the State;’ yet I refuſed to take any other Courſe, than, in a Matter of public Danger, to refer the Whole to the Senate, which was the public Council. The Truth is, Citizens, though the Informations brought to me ſhould have failed, I ſtill ſuppoſed, that I needed not fear being over-ſedulous, when ſuch Perils threatened the Commonwealth.

Immediately I aſſembled, as you ſaw, a full Senate. In the mean time, from a Hint given me by the *Allobrogian* Deputies, I ſtrait diſpatched *Caius Sulpicius* the Prætor, a brave Man, to bring away what Arms he could find in the Houſe of *Cethegus*. From thence *Sulpicius* brought great Store of Swords and Daggers,

gers. I introduced *Volturcius*, without the *Gauls*, into the Senate; and, for his Security, by their Order, gave him the public Faith: I encouraged him, without all Fear, to reveal whatever he knew: He, hardly yet able to recover himſelf from his great Affright, declared, that he had received, from *Publius Lentulus*, Letters for *Catiline*; as alſo verbal Inſtructions, ‘To ſtrengthen himſelf, by arming the Slaves; as alſo to advance as faſt as poſſible with his Army towards *Rome*; that, when they had ſet the City on Fire in all its Quarters, agreeably to the Plan, and the ſeveral Aſſignments already ſettled, and when they had made withal an infinite Slaughter of Citizens, he might be at hand, not only to intercept all who ſtrove to eſcape, but to join the Leaders there.’

The *Gauls*, when they were introduced, declared, that *Publius Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, and *Statilius*, had delivered Letters to them, for their Nation; together with an Oath of Fidelity, with Orders added by the ſame Three, in Conjunction with *Lucius Caſſius*, to diſpatch a Body of Horſe, as ſoon as poſſible, into *Italy*; for of Infantry they ſhould find no Scarcity: That *Lentulus* had given them Aſſurances, from the prophetic Records of the Sibyls, and from the Reports and Interpretation of the Augurs, that he was the Third of the *Cornelian* Race deſtined by Fate to ſway the Sovereignty of this City and Empire; for *Cornelius Cinna* had already done it; ſo had *Cornelius Sylla*: For Confirmation, he had alledged, that this Year of *Rome* was to prove fatal to her Government, as it was the Tenth Year ſince the Acquittal of the polluted Veſtals, the Twentieth ſince the Burning of the Capitol. They added, that there was a Conteſt between *Cethegus* and his Accomplices; for *Lentulus*, and the others, choſe to have the general Maſſacre, and Firing of *Rome*, executed during the Feſtival of *Saturn*; and this ſeemed, to *Cethegus*, to be too great Delay.

Not to be tedious, O Citizens, I ordered the Letters to be produced ſeverally, according to the Hands from whence they were ſaid to have come. Firſt, I ſhewed *Cethegus* his Signet: He owned it. I then cut the Bandage, and read the Letter. It was written with his own Hand, directed to the *Allobrogian* Senate and People: In it he confirmed his Aſſurances to their Deputies, to fulfil whatever he had promiſed them; and beſought them to perform, in their turn, whatever the Deputies had undertaken in their Name. *Cethegus*, who, a little before, had accounted for the Swords and Daggers ſeized in his Poſſeſſion, and alledged, that he had always been fond of fine Arms, was now, upon hearing his Letter read, quite diſpirited and caſt down; he was ſmitten by his guilty Conſcience, and inſtantly ſilent. *Statilius*, who was next introduced, owned both his Signet and his Hand. When his Letter, written almoſt in the ſame Strain with the former, was read, he readily acknowleged all.

I then applied to *Lentulus*, and ſhewed him his: I asked him, If he avowed the Signet? He aſſented. It is, in truth, ſaid I to him, a very noted Signet; the Head of thy Grandfather, a celebrated *Roman*, who cordially loved his Country, and his Fellow-citizens; a Picture which, however mute it be, ought to have reſtrained thee from ſuch horrible Iniquity. Then his Letter to the Senate and Community of the *Allobrogians* was recited, in the ſame Style. I gave him leave to make his Defence, if he had any to make: He, at firſt, refuſed: Preſently, when the whole Evidence was opened, and appeared undeniable, he roſe up, and asked the *Gauls*, What Commerce he had ever had with them? and for what Cauſe they had come to his Houſe? He propoſed the ſame Queſtions to *Volturcius*. As ſoon as they had given him a ſhort and reſolute Anſwer, how often they had been there, and by whom introduced, and then deſired him to anſwer, whether he had never entertained them with the Sibylline Oracles in his

Behalf? And as he was now, on a ſudden, confounded with Remorſe, he ſhewed an Example of the mighty Power of Conſcience over the Soul of Man! For, when he might have confidently denied any ſuch Converſation, in a Moment, he diſappointed the Opinion of all Men, and confeſſed it: So intirely was he forſaken, not only by his great Talents, and that Habit of Eloquence in which he always excelled, but even by his bad Heart, and that inimitable Impudence, in which he ſurpaſſed all Men: Such was the Effect of conſcious Guilt expoſed!

Now *Volturcius* ſtrait cauſed to be preſented and opened the Letter, which, he ſaid, had been given him by *Lentulus* for *Catiline*. This proved a dreadful Shock to *Lentulus!* yet he owned the Signet, and his Hand-writing. It was ſubſcribed by no Name, in the following Style: ‘ Who it is that ſends thee this, thou ‘ wilt learn from him who brings it. Conſider thy own deſperate Situation, and be ſure to acquit thyſelf like a Man. Recollect what thy Circumſtances demand, and ſeek Aſſiſtance ‘ from All, even from the Loweſt and Baſeſt.’

Gabinius was next introduced. At firſt he began to anſwer with notable Aſſurance: At length he denied not a Tittle of whatever the *Gauls* accuſed him.

The Truth is, Citizens, though, to me, their Letters, their Signets, their Hand-writing, nay, the voluntary Confeſſion of each, appeared glaring Proofs of their Treaſon; yet I found Demonſtrations of their Guilt ſtill more ſure, in their Eyes, in their changing Colour, in their Looks, and Silence: Indeed, ſuch was their Stupefaction, ſuch their downcaſt Looks, ſuch the guilty Glances, which, from time to time, they ſtole at one another, that they appeared not ſo much to be detected by others, as to detect and arraign themſelves.

When all this Evidence was thus exhibited, and appeared thus clear, I applied to the Senate, O Citizens, to know what Reſolutions they would pleaſe to take, for the Preſervation of the

State. The leading Senators ſtrait offered ſeveral Propoſitions full of Vigour and Magnanimity; ſuch as the Senate received without any Variation.

Now, ſeeing that Ordinance of theirs is not yet inrolled, I will, upon Memory, recount to you, O Citizens, all that they then ordained. Firſt of all, they decree their public Thanks to be preſented to me in the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſolemn Terms; for that, by my undaunted Conduct, by my Foreſight and Counſels, the Commonwealth was reſcued from the higheſt Perils. Next, they heap juſt and well-merited Commendations upon the Prætors *Lucius Flaccus* and *Caius Pomptinus*, for the brave and faithful Aſſiſtance which they had given to me. Moreover, they extol the Merit of *Caius Antonius*, my valiant Collegue, for having kept the Aſſociates in the Conſpiracy from all Part in the public Meaſures, and in his own Meaſures for the Public. Then they proceed and ordain, that *Lentulus* (having firſt diveſted himſelf of the Dignity of Prætor) ſhould be committed to Cuſtody; as alſo *Caius Cethegus*, *Lucius Statilius*, and *Publius Gabinius*, all Three then preſent.

The like Sentence was paſſed upon *Lucius Caſſius*, the Man who had required to himſelf the Task of ſetting *Rome* on Fire; upon *Marcus Cæparius*, who, as it was proved, had *Apulia* aſſigned to him, in order to engage the Boors there to revolt; upon *Publius Furius*, a Member of the diſaffected Colonies tranſplanted to *Feſulæ* by *Sylla*; upon *Quintus Manlius Chilo*, who had a conſtant Share with this *Furius* in ſuborning the *Allobrogian* Deputies; laſtly, upon *Publius Umbrenus*, the Son of a Freedman, who plainly appeared to have firſt introduced theſe Deputies to *Gabinius*.

Such, O Citizens, was the extreme Lenity now exerciſed by the Senate, who, under a Conſpiracy ſo mighty, threatening ſuch Outrage and Deſolation, judged, that out of ſuch a Multitude of inteſtine Enemies, by puniſhing Nine only, and theſe the moſt deſperate and abandoned of all, they ſhould be able to ſecure the Commonwealth, and reclaim the Hearts of all the reſt. The ſame Decree likewiſe injoined the Celebration of public Thankſgiving, in my Name, to the immortal Deities, for their ſingular Benignity towards the Republic; a Diſtinction, Citizens, which, as I ſtill wore the Civil Robe, fell to me to reap, the firſt of all *Romans* ſince the Founding of *Rome*: It was expreſſed in theſe Words: *Becauſe I had ſaved the City from Flames, the Citizens from Slaughter, and* Italy *from War*. The preſent public Thankſgiving, Citizens, compared with others paſt, claims this Difference, that theſe were appointed for ſuch *Romans* as had well adminiſtered the Commonwealth; this for me, for having preſerved the Commonwealth itſelf.

The Senate alſo, adhering to ſtrict Rules, ſaw the Step which required Precedence, firſt taken. For, though *Publius Lentulus*, thus convicted by full Evidence, as well as by his own Confeſſion, had, by the Determination of the Senate, not only loſt his Right to the Prætorſhip, but even that of a *Roman* Citizen; yet he in form diveſted himſelf of his Magiſtracy: So that, in puniſhing *Lentulus* as a private Perſon, we of the Senate ſcrupulouſly acquitted ourſelves of a Ceremony quite ſlighted by *Caius Marius*, a *Roman* of very high Luſtre, who cauſed *Caius Glaucia* to be ſlain whilſt yet Prætor, although againſt his Perſon in particular no judicial Sentence had paſſed.

At preſent, Citizens, ſince you have thus ſeized and ſecured in Bonds the execrable Leaders of a moſt ſanguinary and moſt dreadful Civil War, you ought to conclude, that all the Forces of *Catiline*, all his Hopes, all his Reſources, are vaniſhed, now that the Dangers threatening the City are repreſſed. Indeed, whilſt I was labouring to drive him from *Rome*, the Advantage which I foreſaw from it, Citizens, was, that when he was gone, there remained to me no Cauſe of Dread from the vain Dreams of *Publius Lentulus*, nor from the unwieldy Bulk of *Lucius Caſſius*, nor from the frantic Rage of *Cethegus*. *Catiline* alone, of all of them, deſerved to be dreaded, but only ſo long as he reſided within our Walls. He was acquainted with all Things, and all Men; he had ſecured himſelf Acceſs every-where; he knew how to apply to Men, how to try them, how to tempt and rouſe them: All this he knew, all this he dared. He had ready Schemes to facilitate every Enterprize; with Eloquence and Activity to execute every Scheme. Beſides, he had ſeveral Claſſes of Men, all properly choſen and qualified for performing ſeveral Tasks. Nor did he, therefore, reckon a Thing done, becauſe he had ordered it to be done; there was nothing which he did not attend to in Perſon, puſhing this, obviating that, ſtill vigilant, ſtill making new Efforts. He too had Vigour to undergo Cold, and Thirſt, and Hunger.

Such was the Man! and had I not driven this Man from his treaſonable Machinations at *Rome*, into his Camp of Free-booters, a Man ſo keen, ſo quick, ſo determined, one ſo artful, ſo vigilant to do mighty Miſchief, ſo indefatigable in his deſperate Purſuits, I will tell you what I ſincerely think, Citizens, that I ſhould not eaſily have averted a Calamity ſo tragical from falling upon your Heads. He, had he been here, would not have fixed the Execution of his Deſign on the Feſtival of *Saturn*, nor aſſigned a Day for the final Perdition of the State, ſo long before it was to take place; neither would he have ſo managed, that his very Signet, that a Letter written with his own Hand, nay, that living Evidence againſt him, ſhould be all ſeized and ſecured, thus undeniably to manifeſt his Guilt: But ſuch hath been the Management of his Party without him, that no Theft in any private Family was ever ſo notoriouſly detected, as this mighty Conſpiracy againſt the Commonwealth has been detected and expoſed.

Now, ſuppoſe *Catiline* had continued in the City to this time; though, as long as he continued in it, I ſtill obviated, ſtill marred all his Devices; yet, to ſay the leaſt that can be ſaid, we muſt have been engaged in a conſtant Conflict with him; nor, ſo long as he remained in *Rome*, could we have relieved the Commonwealth from ſuch mighty Perils, in a Manner ſo peaceable, or with ſo much Leiſure, or in ſo much Silence.

Aſſuredly, Citizens, upon all my Proceedings on this Occaſion, there appear ſuch Traces of divine Direction, as if the Whole had been concerted and executed by the Premonition and Counſel of the Deities; ſince we cannot conceive how any human Wiſdom could be able to controul Tranſactions of ſuch infinite Darkneſs and Difficulty. Indeed, during all this Conjuncture, the Gods have been ſo manifeſtly with us, that we might almoſt behold them in Perſon encompaſſing us with their Aid and Protection. For, to omit what has been lately perceived, blazing Meteors by Night from the Weſt, the Firmament all on Fire, roaring Thunder, Earthquakes, and all the other Prodigies which happened under my Conſulſhip, in ſuch Numbers, that thence the immortal Deities ſeemed prophetically to reveal to us all that is now in Agitation amongſt us; ſurely, what I am now about to recount to you, Citizens, is neither to be ſuppreſſed nor ſlighted.

In truth, you cannot but remember, how, during the Conſulſhip of *Cotta* and *Torquatus*, divers Towers upon the Capitol were ſhattered with Lightning, the Figures of the Gods overthrown, the Statues of antient Heroes caſt down, the brazen Tables of the Laws diſſolved; nay, the Image of him who founded this our City, was ſtruck, even the Image of *Romulus*, whoſe gilt Figure you remember, placed in the Capitol, repreſenting him as a Child ſucking a Wolf. When, upon this Occaſion, a Conſultation was held of Soothſayers aſſembled from all Parts of *Etruria*, they foretold public Slaughter and Conflagration, the Extinction of the Laws, Civil Diſcord, inteſtine Wars, with the intire Overthrow of this our State and Empire; Calamities all ripe and approaching, unleſs the immortal Deities could be, by all Sorts of

Means and Applications, ſo appeaſed, as to interpoſe their Almighty Power, and divert even the Courſe of Fate itſelf.

In Compliance with theſe their Reports, public Games were ſolemnized during Ten Days, nor was aught omitted which tended to pacify the Gods. Theſe Soothſayers likewiſe ordered the Statue of *Jupiter* to be made larger than before, to be placed on high, and, contrary to his former Poſition, with his Face to the Eaſt. They declared withal their Hopes, if his Statue, which you yonder perceive, O Citizens, ſtood ſo as to behold the riſing Sun, the Place of public Reſort, and Court of the Senate, the Effect would be, that all Machinations ſecretly framed againſt the Well-being of this City and Empire, would be ſo effectually brought to Light, as to be clearly perceived by the Senate and People of *Rome*: The then Conſuls, therefore, undertook ſo to place it; but ſuch has been the Slowneſs of the Work, that it was neither executed under the late Conſulſhip, nor under mine, till this very Day.

Now, Citizens, can there be a Man here ſo prejudiced againſt Truth, ſo abandoned, ſo bereft of Reaſon, as to deny this whole viſible World, particularly this State, to be controuled by the Pleaſure and Power of the immortal Deities? For, as the Report of the Soothſayers was expreſs, that public Slaughter, Conflagration, and the utter Overthrow of the Republic, were at hand, all concerted by Members of the Republic, (Events, which, from the amazing Size of ſuch Iniquities, ſeemed to ſome incredible) you have yet beheld theſe Iniquities to be not only deviſed by deteſtable Citizens, but even puſhed towards Execution.

Is it not, therefore, apparent to you, that the ſovereign Will of *Jupiter*, all-great, all-good, interpoſes in your Behalf; when, as the Conſpirators, and the Diſcoverers of the Conſpiracy, were this very Morning led, by my Order, through the *Forum* to the Temple of *Concord*, during that very Juncture, his Statue was erected and fixed? By its being thus placed with his Face turned towards you and the Senate, both the Senate and you have ſeen all the ſecret Miſchiefs, deviſed for the Perdition of you all, diſcovered and expoſed to open Day. Hence the Guilty merit the greater Abhorrence, and ſeverer Doom, they who endeavoured to ſubject, not only your Houſes and Dwellings, but even the Temples and Seats of the Deities, to diabolical and devouring Flames. Were I to tell you, that I alone quenched thoſe Flames, I ſhould aſſume too much, and my Vanity would be inſupportable. It was He, it was *Jupiter* himſelf, who quenched them: It was He, who interpoſed to ſave the Capitol; He, to ſave all theſe Temples; He, to ſave this City; He, to ſave you all. By the Inſpiration of the immortal Gods only, I gained ſo much Spirit, and ſuch Reſolution: By their Guidance only, Citizens, I procured ſuch ſurpriſing Diſcoveries. *Lentulus* and his Accomplices could not have thus ventured to tempt and corrupt the *Allobrogian* Deputies; nor could Deſigns of ſuch infinite Moment have been by them wildly imparted to Strangers and Barbarians; nor ſurely would Letters, under their Hands, have ever been truſted to ſuch Conveyance, unleſs the immortal Gods had purpoſely bereft theſe daring Traitors of all Underſtanding and Precaution. Who indeed can gainſay it? When warlike *Gauls*, Men of a Nation ſcarce yet reduced to Terms of Peace; and the only People left, who ſeem at once able, and not averſe, to wage War with the *Romans*, yet rejected the Temptation of independent Rule, with all the Baits of Affluence and Grandeur offered them, without aſking, by powerful Patricians; when theſe *Gauls* thus preferred your Safety to their own Eaſe and Abundance; can you judge all this to proceed from aught but a Power altogether divine; eſpecially as they might have vanquiſhed us, without Arms, only by keeping Silence?

Now, therefore, Citizens, as public Thankſgiving is appointed at the Shrines of all the Gods, zealouſly ſolemnize the Feſtival; you, and your Wives, and your Children. For, though many Solemnities have been frequently performed to the Deities, all juſtly due, therefore all very reaſonable; ſurely none were ever more reaſonable than now: Since by them you are ſnatched from the moſt mercileſs and moſt tragical Doom; ſnatched from it without Slaughter, even without Bloodſhed; without an Army, nay, without one Conflict. Whilſt you were yet cloathed in the peaceable Habit of Citizens, you proved Conquerors, with me only for your Leader, a Conqueror too, ſtill wearing the City Robe!

Here, O Citizens, take a Review of all our civil Ruptures and Diſſenſions paſt, not only thoſe of which you have heard, but ſuch too as you yourſelves remember, and have ſeen. *Lucius Sylla* ſubdued *Publius Sulpicius*, drove *Marius* out of *Rome*, (*Marius*, who had been the Preſerver of this our State) forced many other brave *Romans* into Exile, and ſlaughtered many. *Cneius Octavius*, when Conſul, by Force of Arms, expulſed *Cinna* his Collegue out of the City; and all this great Space, where we now ſtand, was filled with Piles of Carcaſes, and flowed with the Blood of Citizens. Next, *Cinna* proved Conqueror, aided by *Marius*; a Revolution accompanied with the Butchery of ſo many *Romans* of principal Luſtre and Fame, that the great Luminaries of the State were thence extinguiſhed. For this cruel Victory of theirs, *Sylla* took Vengeance; with what infinite Havock of Citizens, and what crying Calamity to the State, I need not recount. *Marcus Lepidus* quarrelled with *Quintus Catulus*, that very illuſtrious, very magnanimous *Roman*; and met his Fate, a Fate not ſo deplorable to the Commonwealth, as that of others, who periſhed with him.

Yet all theſe civil Broils, O Citizens, were ſuch as tended, not ſo much to aboliſh the State, as to change the Government of the State. The Authors meant not, that there ſhould be no Commonwealth, but that, the Commonwealth continuing, they ſhould controul it; not to burn *Rome* to Aſhes, but to bear Sway in *Rome*. The Reſult, however, of all ſuch Diſſenſions was, that, though none of them aimed at the Overthrow of the Republic, yet they never terminated in the Reconcilement and Union of Parties, but ever in the Maſſacre of Citizens.

It is far otherwiſe in this preſent War againſt the Public; a War the moſt tremendous and mercileſs ever remembered; ſuch a War as the greateſt Barbarians never once waged with thoſe of their own Nation; a War, where it was an eſſential Rule, ſettled by *Lentulus*, *Catiline*, *Caſſius*, and *Cethegus*, that all, who for their own Safety were intereſted in ſaving the City, were deemed to be Enemies. In this War, Citizens, I have ſo acquitted myſelf, as to have preſerved you all: At a Conjuncture when theſe your Enemies had concluded, that no more of you ſhould ſurvive, than could eſcape their unlimited Maſſacre; and that juſt ſo much of *Rome* ſhould remain as univerſal Flames could not devour; I have preſerved both City and Citizens ſafe and intire.

For all theſe ſignal Services, I aſk of you, Citizens, no Compenſation, as due to the Merit of them; no other Diſtinction of Honour, no other Monument of Applauſe, than the perpetual Remembrance of this Day. It is in your Affections I ſtudy to found and eſtabliſh all my Triumphs, all the Trappings of my Glory, all my Fame and Splendor. No Monument void of Life, nothing paſſive and mute, indeed nothing of this ſort attainable by Men of mean Merit, can bring me Delight. My Story and Deſerts ſhall be for ever cheriſhed in your Memories, O Citizens; be for ever flouriſhing in popular Fame, and confirmed and eternized in your Annals. I conſider, therefore, this Anniverſary, which I hope will prove eternal, as the joint Commemoration of the Deliverance of the State, and of my Conſulſhip; together with the Merit of two Citizens contemporary in the Commonwealth; one who carried the Limits of your Empire as far as thoſe of the Earth, and left it bounded only by the Skies; another who preſerved the Seat and Capital of that very Empire.

But, ſince the ſame Lot and Advantages, attending thoſe who have conducted foreign Wars, attend not my Conduct and Proceedings at home; becauſe I am obliged to live amongſt Men whom I have overcome and reduced; whilſt the former leave the Enemy either utterly cut off, or utterly cruſhed; it is your Part, Citizens, to provide, that, as the worthy Services of others turn to their Benefit, mine may at no time tend to my Detriment. It has been my Care, that the bloody and execrable Purpoſes of the moſt determined Criminals ſhould not poſſibly annoy you: It reſts upon you to take care, that they hurt not me. In truth, to me in particular, Citizens, no Hurt can accrue from theſe Men. For, ſurely, powerful is the Protection of worthy Men, a Protection which is for ever aſſured to me; powerful is my Authority in the Commonwealth, ſuch as, without uttering a Word, will always defend me; powerful is the Controul of Conſcience; ſo powerful, that they, who deſpiſe it, when they would aſſault me, will betray themſelves. Such, too, Citizens, is the Vigour of my own Spirit, that I not only never ſhrink in my Purſuit of the moſt deſperate Criminal, but even voluntarily purſue all the Guilty to Juſtice.

Now, ſuppoſe the whole Rage of our domeſtic Enemies, after I have diverted it from you, ſhould recoil upon me alone; it will belong to you, Citizens, to conſider, in what Situation you will, for the future, leave thoſe, who, for your Preſervation, expoſe themſelves to perſonal Hate, and all kinds of Danger.

To myſelf, what further remains to be now attained, to heighten the Enjoyment of Life? For, when you have thus honoured me with this high Dignity, when ſuch Glory too crowns the Merit of my Adminiſtration, can I poſſibly behold any thing yet nobler to tempt me to aſpire ſtill higher?

One thing, Citizens, I ſhall certainly do; I ſhall in a private Station maintain and dignify all my Proceedings in the Conſulſhip; that if I have incurred any Rancour by preſerving the Commonwealth, it may only ſerve to gall the Rancorous, and to heighten my Praiſe. To ſum up all; in all my future Conduct in the State, I ſhall ever have before my Eyes my paſt Services to it, and ſo behave, that they may appear to have been the Effects of public Spirit, and not produced at random.

As it is now Night, Citizens, be it your Part to pay your Adorations to *Jupiter*, (yonder repreſented) the Guardian of this City, and your Guardian; then depart to your ſeveral Abodes; and, though all Danger be already averted, yet ſecure them with the ſame Watch and Guard as on the Night paſt. That you be not longer obliged to that Task, nay, that, for the future, you continue in uninterrupted Repoſe, I, Citizens, undertake to provide.

THE FOURTH ORATION OF *CICERO* AGAINST *CATILINE*.

Spoken in the SENATE.

I PERCEIVE all your Faces turned towards me, Conſcript Fathers, all your Eyes fixed upon me. I perceive you all anxious, not only for your own and the public Peril, but, though that were already diſſipated, ſtill anxious for mine alſo. Such Affection to me exhilarates me even in Diſtreſs, and yields me Pleaſure under Anguiſh. But, by the immortal Gods I beſeech you, diveſt yourſelves of ſuch partial Concern; think not of my Security; ſtudy your own, and that of your Children. Since, by the Terms and Circumſtances of my Conſulſhip, I am expoſed to bear all Adverſities, all Afflictions, and the keeneſt Sufferings, I will bear them all, not only undauntedly, but frankly, if by all my Labours I can but aſcertain the Dignity of the *Roman* State, and your particular Safeties. Such, Conſcript Fathers, hath been my Lot as Conſul, as to have been no-where exempt from deadly Snares, and the Purſuits of Aſſaſſins; not amidſt the Tribunals, where all Right and Juſtice is diſpenſed; not in the Field of *Mars*, a Place hallowed by ſolemn Auſpices for the Election of Conſuls; not in the Senate, the higheſt and common Refuge of all Nations; not at Home, the common Retreat of all Men; not in my Bed, ever ſacred to Repoſe; nor, finally, in this Vehicle of Dignity, the Chair of State.

In many Inſtances I have diſſembled what I knew; in many I have exerciſed Patience; in many, Compliance; and in many, to eaſe you of your Fears, I have undergone real Pain myſelf. If, indeed, the immortal Deities have determined, that I ſhall conclude my Conſulſhip by reſcuing you, Conſcript Fathers, and the whole *Roman* People, from tragical Carnage; your Wives and Children, and the venerable Veſtals, from Barbarity and Woe; the Temples and Tabernacles of the Gods, nay, this our glorious Country, alike intereſting to us all, from horrible Conflagration, with all *Italy* from War and Deſolation; I am ready to yield to any Lot, which Fortune ſhall aſſign me. For, if *Publius Lentulus*, convinced by the Augurs, believed that his Name was deſtined to bring Perdition upon the Commonwealth; have not I Cauſe to rejoice to find my Conſulſhip reſerved, as it were, by Fate, for the Preſervation of the Commonwealth?

Take care, therefore, of yourſelves, Conſcript Fathers; ſtudy the Welfare of your Country; ſecure your own Lives, your Wives, your Children, and your Fortunes; defend the Perſons and Dignity of the *Roman* People; and relinquiſh your Tenderneſs, drop your Anxiety, for me. For, firſt, I have Cauſe to hope, that the Gods, who preſide over this City, will all concur to reward me according to the Meaſure of my Services to it. Next, if any Fate unforeſeen ſhould befal me, I ſhall die with a Spirit altogether firm and reſigned. Indeed, no brave Man can ever die ignominiouſly; no Man, who has borne the Conſulſhip, prematurely; no wiſe Man, meanly. Not that I am hardened againſt Nature; far otherwiſe: I am ſenſibly touched with the Sorrow of a very dear, a very affectionate Brother here preſent; and with that of thoſe, whom you now behold, all in Tears, ſurrounding me. My Soul, too, is often dragged back to my Family, by a Wife expiring under Pangs, by a Daughter cruſhed with Dread and Woe, by a little Son, whom, methinks, I ſee the Commonwealth claſping in her Arms, as a Pledge for my faithful Miniſtry; as alſo by my Daughter's Husband, now ſtanding in my View, and awaiting here the Iſſue of this Day. All theſe Thoughts affect me: Yet I yield to the better Choice, that all theſe Objects of my Tenderneſs eſcape ſafe with you, though I ſhould fall a Victim to Violence; rather than that they, and all of us, be ſwallowed up in the final Overthrow of the Republic.

Exert, therefore, Conſcript Fathers, your Endeavours for the Safety of the Commonwealth: Caſt your Eyes around you; watch on every Side againſt approaching Storms, ſuch as, without your ſpecial Precaution, will overwhelm you. For the Objects of your preſent Deliberations you have not a *Tiberius Gracchus* aiming to be a ſecond time choſen Tribune of the People; not a *Caius Gracchus*, ſtriving to excite Commotions, in order to carry the *Agrarian* Law; not a *Lucius Saturninus*, under Proſecution for killing *Caius Memmius*, and ſubjected to the Severity of your Judgment. Higher Criminals await your Sentence, Criminals already in Bonds, Accomplices of *Catiline*, ſuch, who remained here behind him, on purpoſe to reſtore him, by reduceing *Rome* to Aſhes, and by butchering you all. The Proofs againſt them are in your Poſſeſſion, their Signets, their Letters under their own Hands, and indeed their ſeveral Confeſſions, that they had urged the *Allobrogians* to revolt, animated the Slaves to rebel, preſſed *Catiline*, with his Army, to advance;

and formed a Scheme ſo effectually to murder all without Exception, that not a Soul ſhould be left to mourn over the Aſhes and late Grandeur of the Commonwealth; none to bewail the dreadful Cataſtrophe of ſo glorious an Empire.

All theſe Facts the Witneſſes have verified, all theſe Facts the Parties have owned; and upon them you have already founded many Determinations. Firſt, you have unanimouſly preſented me your Thanks in ſolemn Strains; nay, you have teſtified, that, by my Courage, and unwearied Pains, a Conſpiracy formed by abandoned Men was diſcloſed. Next, you have compelled *Publius Lentulus* to relinquiſh the Office of Prætor. Then you have given Orders to have him and the reſt, whom you tried, committed to Cuſtody: What likewiſe is chiefly remarkable, as it is an Honour which never was beſtowed upon any *Roman* in Civil Office before me, you have ordained Days of public Thankſgiving to be ſolemnized in my Name. Laſtly, you Yeſterday awarded grand Recompences to the *Allobrogian* Deputies, and to *Titus Volturcius*. All which Proceedings tend directly to ſhew, that thoſe, whom you have by Name ordered into Durance, are already judged by you, without any Scruple, worthy of Condemnation. I determined, however, to repreſent it to you anew, Conſcript Fathers; that you may both comprehend the Fact, and aſcertain the Meaſure of Puniſhment. What Information is due from me as Conſul, I will freely give you.

I long ſince perceived many Inſtances of raging Licentiouſneſs in the Commonwealth; theſe, too, daily increaſed, and inflamed by an Acceſſion and Mixture of freſh Corruptions and Violence; But that a Conſpiracy ſo dreadful, ſo deadly, was framed againſt *Rome* by *Roman* Citizens, I never once conjectured. Time and Danger preſs you: Which Way ſoever your Inclinations and Propoſitions tend, you muſt finally determine and declare them before Night. By the Evidence produced before you, you perceive the prodigious Strength and Size of the Treaſon. If you ſuppoſe, that in it there are but few Co-operators, you are grievouſly deceived. The Source of this Evil is ſpread beyond all Conception: It hath not only flowed over all *Italy*, but even paſſed over the *Alps*, and, by ſilently gliding into many Provinces, ſtill prevails in them. It is an Evil not to be cruſhed by a Courſe of Sufferance and Procraſtinations. Whatever Method of Puniſhment you determine, the Puniſhment itſelf muſt be forthwith inflicted.

Hitherto I ſee but two Propoſitions offered, one by *Decius Silanus*, for dooming to Death thoſe who endeavoured to deſtroy the Commonwealth; the other by *Caius Cæſar*, exempting them from Death, but ſubjecting them to all the Rigour and Anguiſh of every other terrible Puniſhment. Both of them, acting ſuitably to their great public Dignity, and to the Importance of the Queſtion, contend for a Sentence extremely ſevere. *Silanus* judges, that it behoves us not to allow the Conſpirators a Moment to live, and breathe common Air; Conſpirators, who laboured to bereave us all of Life, us and the *Roman* People; Conſpirators, who ſtrove to extinguiſh the Empire and Sovereignty of *Rome*, nay, the Name and Memory of *Romans*. He recounts, too, how frequent a Practice it was in this Commonwealth to inflict ſuch Doom upon guilty Citizens.

Cæſar conceives, that the immortal Deities have not inſtituted Death as a Puniſhment, but either as the neceſſary Condition of Nature, or as an everlaſting Deliverance from all Fatigues and Woe: Hence wiſe Men never encounter it with Regret; brave Men frequently with Pleaſure. He, therefore, conſigns the Criminals over to Chains, nay, to endleſs Chains; and, under ſuch, to be committed apart to the municipal Cities: A new Chaſtiſement, yet, in truth, ſuitably grievous for their diabolical Crimes.

This Scheme, however, infers Violence offered to theſe Cities, if you oblige them to be anſwerable for the Priſoners; at leaſt, infers a Difficulty upon them how to ſecure the Priſoners, if you make it but a Requeſt to the Cities. You may determine this Point how you pleaſe: For I will undertake to convince *Cæſar*, by ſuch Arguments as, I hope, will weigh with him, that it ſuits not with his great Figure in the State, to oppoſe what you think proper to ordain for the common Preſervation of all Men.

To his Propoſition he adds a heavy Penalty upon the Citizens of theſe municipal Towns, if any of the Priſoners eſcape. He adjudges them to be dreadfully guarded, and offers rigorous Sanctions, (all worthy of ſuch blood-thirſty Profligates) that no Man may be able, by Application either to the Senate, or to the People, to alleviate their Sufferings. He even diveſts them of Hope, the ſole, the common Conſolation of Men under the moſt Miſery. He likewiſe adviſes their Eſtates and Fortunes to be confiſcated, and publicly ſold, and leaves theſe guilty Men their Life only; ſince, were he to bereave them of that, he ſhould, by one ſhort Pang, deliver them from a Train of Afflictions, both in Body and Spirit, and from all the laſting Sufferings due to their Cruelties. Thus it was, that, to awe and reſtrain wicked Men in the Courſe of their Lives, the Antients contended, that future Torments were ordained for the Impious; as they conceived, that, if the Dread of ſuch were taken away, Death itſelf would not be dreaded.

Here, Conſcript Fathers, I perceive which Way my own particular Advantage lies. If you take the Propoſition of *Cæſar*, who in it has taken what is reckoned the popular Part in the Commonwealth; I perhaps have leſs to apprehend from any popular Outrage, after he ſhall be known to have offered and defended ſuch a Propoſition: Whereas, if you take that of *Silanus*, I doubt I ſhall incur great Difficulty. But let all Conſiderations of Dangers to myſelf yield to the Intereſt of the Commonwealth. For, from *Cæſar* too we have had, what well became his own Dignity, and the great Luſtre of his Anceſtors, ſuch a Propoſition, as abundantly aſſures us of his unalterable

Zeal for the Commonwealth. It is, in truth, well known, what Difference there is between the Lenity affected in popular Harangues, and a Spirit truly anxious for the People, and employed for their Preſervation. Some, I obſerve, are now abſent; ſuch, who, aiming at a popular Character, would avoid joining in Judgment againſt the Life of a *Roman* Citizen.

He, *Cæſar*, the other Day, declared for committing *Roman* Citizens to Priſon, declared for ſolemnizing Days of Thankſgiving, in Honour of me; nay, Yeſterday declared for diſtinguiſhing the Witneſſes with grand Recompences. It, therefore, can be a Myſtery to none, what Sentiments he has all along entertained concerning this Proſecution, and the whole Affair; He, who hath already adjudged Impriſonment to the Criminals, public Thanks to the Impleader, and Rewards to the Witneſſes. Yet ſtill *Cæſar* is aware, that the *Sempronian* Law ſecures the Lives of *Roman* Citizens: But he is likewiſe aware, that whoever is an Enemy to the *Roman* Commonwealth, can by no means be a *Roman* Citizen; nay, that the Author of the *Sempronian* Law paid his Life as an Atonement to the Commonwealth, even by an Ordinance of the People.

Neither can ſuch a Man even as *Lentulus*, however ſignal for Largeſſes, and profuſe Expence, paſs with *Cæſar* for a popular Man, eſpecially when, with a Spirit ſo peſtilent and blood-thirſty, he had deviſed to butcher the *Roman* People, and reduce *Rome* itſelf to Aſhes. Thus *Cæſar*, the mildeſt and moſt moderate of all Men, never once pauſes about conſigning *Publius Lentulus* to Bonds and Darkneſs, without Redemption or End; nay, he annexes a penal Reſtriction, without Limitation of Time, that no Man ſhall venture to mitigate ſuch Puniſhment, leſt ſuch a Man may thence boaſt his popular Merit, or hereafter grow popular by a Step ſo ruinous to the *Roman* People. Beſides, he ſubjoins the Confiſcation of their Poſſeſſions, whence, as their Souls may be gnawed with Torments and Anguiſh, ſo may their Bodies with Want and Beggary.

Thus, therefore, it is; if you adopt this Propoſition of *Cæſar's*, I ſhall, in recounting it to an Aſſembly of the People, be furniſhed by you with a Companion, who is very amiable and dear to them: If you prefer that of *Silanus*, you will ſtill find it eaſy to defend yourſelves and me from the Imputation of Cruelty; nay, I will procure it to be approved, as implying the lighter Puniſhment. Though, to ſay Truth, Conſcript Fathers, how is it poſſible to commit Cruelty in puniſhing ſuch black and ſtupendous Treaſon? For, my declared Judgment about it, is what my Spirit really dictates. Neither doth my Ardour on this Occaſion ariſe from any Barbarity of Heart, (for who is more humane than I?) but even from uncommon Mildneſs and Mercy, from pure Zeal to ſecure our Commonwealth, that I may continue to enjoy, with you, all its Bleſſings and Privileges.

For, methinks, I behold this Imperial City, the Light and Glory of the Earth, the Refuge of all Nations, finally ſwallowed up in one ſudden Blaze. My Soul preſents me with a View of my Country buried under her own Ruins; with the deplorable Piles of Citizens butchered and unburied! Full in my Eye appears *Cethegus*, flaming with frantic Vengeance, and quenching it in your Blood. When my Imagination, next, repreſents *Lentulus* exerciſing lawleſs Sway, a Lot for which he avows to have truſted to the Fates; under him, the Traitor *Gabinius*, adorned with Purple; then *Catiline*, arrived with his Army; I ſhrink with the Horror of what follows; Matrons wailing, Virgins and tender Youths frighted and flying, and even the holy Veſtals violated.

Theſe are affecting Calamities, and full of Woe; and, becauſe they appear very ſenſibly ſuch to me, I therefore act with Acrimony and Fervour towards the Men, who laboured to introduce theſe affecting Calamities. Suppoſe the Father of a Family found his Children butchered, his Wife murdered, and his Houſe burnt by a Slave; whether would he, in adjudging that Slave to the moſt rigid and painful Doom, be accounted merciful and tender, or very inhuman, and very barbarous? To me he would appear altogether ſavage and abſurd, if he forbore to mitigate his own Pangs and Sufferings, by the Sufferings and Pangs of his guilty Slave.

Thus, in our Proceedings with theſe Criminals of State, Criminals, who purpoſed to ſlaughter us all, us, our Wives, and our Children; Criminals, who ſtrove utterly to raze our ſeveral Dwellings, without Exception, and this our City, the great Head and Centre of our Commonwealth; Criminals, who intended to have ſettled the Nation of the *Allobrogians* upon the Ruins of *Rome*; to have brought Barbarians into their native Country, firſt laid deſolate by Fire; if we treat them with the utmoſt Rigour, we ſhall be eſteemed compaſſionate; if we be ſparing of Rigour, we can never eſcape the everlaſting Reproach of the moſt comprehenſive Cruelty, in expoſing to Perdition our native State, and all our Fellow-Citizens.

Will any one impute Cruelty to *Lucius Cæſar*, that very brave Man, and very affectionate to the Commonwealth, for publicly declaring the other Day, in the Senate, that *Publius Lentulus*, though Huſband to his Siſter, a Lady of ſhining Character, ought unqueſtionably to ſuffer Death; nay, for declaring it in the Preſence and Hearing of *Lentulus*? He alledged the Example and Fate of his own Grandfather, ſlain by Order of the Conſul, who cauſed even his Son, yet a Youth, to be executed in Priſon, though purpoſely ſent to him on Commiſſion from his Father. What Offence had they committed, reſembling the preſent? In what Scheme had they engaged for the utter Deſtruction of the Commonwealth? There then prevailed in the Commonwealth a Spirit of Popularity for courting the People by public Grants: Thence followed a Struggle of Parties; and, upon that Occaſion, the Grandfather of this very *Lentulus*, an illuſtrious *Roman*, took Arms,

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and fell upon *Gracchus*; nay, was even grievouſly wounded; all to prevent the leaſt Concuſſion to the State. The preſent *Lentulus* applies himſelf to extirpate the very Foundations of the State, invites an Invaſion from the *Gauls*, rouſes the Slaves to rebel, calls home *Catiline*, conſigns us Senators to be butchered by *Cethegus*, all the other Citizens to be maſſacred by *Gabinius*, the City to be ſet on Fire by *Caſſius*, all *Italy* to be ravaged and plundered by *Catiline*.

Here is Barbarity indeed, tremendous in its Nature, prodigious in its Size! Nor can I conceive, how, in your Proceedings againſt it, you ſhould poſſibly fear to have paſſed any Reſolution too rigorous. Surely, you have much more Cauſe to fear having appeared cruel towards our common Country, by too tender a Puniſhment, than thought unrelenting by the Aſperity of whatever Doom we paſs upon ſuch determined and implacable Enemies. I cannot, however, ſmother what I hear: A Rumour which flies abroad, hath reached my Ear, raiſed by ſuch as ſeem to apprehend, that I am not furniſhed with ſufficient Power and Aſſiſtance to execute what you are this Day about to ordain.

All Precautions, Conſcript Fathers, are taken, all neceſſary Strength provided, all Meaſures of Safety concerted, not only with my utmoſt Circumſpection and Vigilance, but rather by the ſuperior Ardour of the *Roman* People, all zealous to preſerve the *Roman* Empire in its intire Splendour, and their own Perſons and Fortunes in full Security. All Men attend to aſſiſt us, thoſe of every Rank, and every Age: They throng all the great *Forum*; throng all the Temples round the *Forum*; nay, all the Avenues to this very Quarter, and this Temple. Indeed, ever ſince the Founding of *Rome*, this Cauſe is the only one yet known, where the Opinions and Wiſhes of all intirely agree: I except thoſe Men, who, finding themſelves deſtined to periſh, were reſolved rather to involve the whole Community in their Doom, than periſh by themſelves. Such Men I freely except, and diſtinguiſh from the reſt; ſince I am perſuaded, that they are not to be numbered even amongſt bad Citizens, but only amongſt the moſt cruel and peſtilent Enemies. As to all the others, immortal Deities! in what Multitudes, with what Zeal, with how much Vigour, do they all concur to maintain the public Dignity and Welfare!

What need is there to mention the *Roman* Knights, Men, who, whilſt they conſent, that you preſide in the public Councils, and excel in Rank, yet vie with you in Affection to the Commonwealth? They are now, after many Years, recovered, from their antient Rupture, to Union and Reconcilement with this our Body; and, on this Day, by this intereſting Cauſe, unanimouſly attached to us. This is a Conjunction of ſuch Moment, that, if we can but always maintain it, as it is now confirmed under my Conſulſhip, I here undertake to you, that no inteſtine or domeſtic Harm ſhall henceforth, in any Inſtance, embroil the State.

I perceive, that the ſame Zeal hath animated theſe very brave Men, the Tribunes of the Exchequer, to aſſemble for the Defence of the Commonwealth; with the whole Body, too, of Scribes, who, happening to meet in great Numbers there, forſook their Purſuit of Debts, and Attendance for Gain, all watchful for the common Safety. We have here, with all the reſt, to aid us, the whole Body of ſuch as are free-born *Romans*, even the moſt young and tender. In truth, who is the Man, to whom theſe Temples of the Gods, the Aſpect of the City, the Enjoyment of Liberty, nay, the common Light and Air, and even the very Soil, of our common Country, do not prove, not only very dear, but even lovely and delightful?

What, next, deſerves our Conſideration, Conſcript Fathers, is the public Spirit of ſuch as were not born, but made free; Men, who, having, by their Merit, obtained the Right of Citizens, ſincerely hold this to be their native Country; a Country, which ſome, who were born in it, nay, born to all the Luſtre and ſuperior Privileges in it, hold, not for their Country, but for a State full of Enemies.

But why need I recount the ſeveral Ranks of Men, who, either from their private Fortunes, or from their common Engagements to the Public, or for their Love of Liberty, (a Bleſſing ſo charming!) are all rouſed to exert themſelves, in Defence of their Common Welfare? There is not a Slave, who, if his Lot of Servitude be but ſupportable, does not ſee the bold Diſloyalty of natural Citizens with Abhorrence; does not wiſh the Continuance of our Eſtabliſhment; does not manifeſt as much Zeal as he dares, and is allowed, towards the public Security.

If, therefore, any of you chance to be alarmed with the Report, that a proſtitute Inſtrument of *Lentulus* is running from Shop to Shop, in hopes, by Bribes, to corrupt the Minds of the Indigent and Unwary; this Expedient is, indeed, deviſed and tried: But none are found, either ſo wretched in their Condition, or ſo utterly depraved in their Inclinations, as to comply: They are, on the contrary, deſirous to preſerve their humble Habitations, their ſlender Fare, the Product of their daily Earnings and Labour, with their mean Lodging, and little Bed; and, finally, their preſent Courſe of Life, endeared to them by Freedom and Indolence. Indeed, by far the greateſt Part of ſuch who live in Shops, or, rather, as we muſt needs own, all of them in general, are zealous for public Tranquility: Since their whole Stock, their whole Induſtry and Gain, is ſupported by the Reſort of Citizens; the Whole thrives by public Quiet. Now, if ſuch their Gain be ſubject to be reduced and impaired by keeping their Shops ſhut, what muſt be the Conſequence, if they were burnt?

From the *Roman* People, therefore, Conſcript Fathers, no Aid or Defence will be wanting. To You it belongs, ſo to act, that you may not ſeem wanting to the *Roman* People. You have a Conſul, who, ſurviving numberleſs Dangers, and bloody Snares, nay, delivered out of the very Jaws of Death, is ſtill reſerved for your Preſervation, rather than that of his own Life. All Orders of Men agree to ſecure and protect the Commonwealth: To this great End they all contrive; all exert their beſt Zeal and Wiſhes; all expreſs their Vigour and Teſtimony. Your Common Country, beſet by diabolical Conſpirators, armed with Fire and Sword, applies to You in a ſuppliant Poſture: To You, as her Protectors, ſhe recommends herſelf; to You the Lives of all the Citizens; to You the Caſtle and Capitol; to You the Altars of the Houſhold Gods; to You the Fire of the Veſtals; that holy Fire, never to be extinguiſhed; to You all the Temples and Tabernacles of the Deities; to You the Walls of *Rome*, and all her Dwellings.

You are, moreover, this important Day, to paſs Judgment upon your own Lives, upon thoſe of your Children and Wives, upon the Fortunes of all, upon your Manſions, and domeſtic Hearths. You have a Leader, intirely vigilant for you, intirely thoughtleſs about himſelf; a Qualification which does not always occurr. You have all Ranks, all Men, indeed, the *Roman* People, univerſally concurring in the ſame Sentiment; a Union, ſuch as, in any public Proceeding, was never ſeen, till this very Juncture.

Recollect what a Tragedy one ſingle Night had well-nigh produced, even the final Overthrow of this Empire, founded by ſuch a painful Succeſſion of Struggles and Fatigues; the Extinction of public Liberty, eſtabliſhed by a long Courſe of heroic Actions; with the utter Diſſipation of all Wealth and Treaſure, all procured and accumulated by the ſignal Bounty of the Gods! That no room be henceforth left, not only for accompliſhing ſuch dreadful Treaſon, but even for deviſing it, is the Buſineſs of your preſent Deliberations. Obſerve, that I have not offered theſe Conſiderations to fire your Zeal, (for, in Zeal, you almoſt ſurpaſs me) but to let my Voice, which ought to be the foremoſt in the State, teſtify, that I had ſpoken what became the Duty of a Conſul.

Here, Conſcript Fathers, before I come to my concluding Inference, I ſhall offer a few Particulars concerning myſelf. You perceive the Band of Conſpirators to be extremely numerous; as I do, that, let their Number be ever ſo great, I have incurred the mortal Enmity of juſt ſo many Men, as there are Conſpirators; a Band, however, which I hold for baſe, impotent, contemptible, and forlorn. But, ſuppoſe, that, in time to come, theſe Conſpirators, animated by the Fury and Villainy of ſome ſucceſsful Parricide, ſhould prevail againſt your Authority, and that of the State; ſtill, Conſcript Fathers, I ſhall never be ſorry for the Courſe of my Conduct and Counſels. Perhaps they threaten me with Death; a Lot appointed to all Men: And, in this Life, no Man ever attained to ſo much Applauſe, as, by your Decrees, you have honoured me withal. To others you have decreed public Feſtivals, for having well ſerved the Commonwealth; To me, for having ſaved it.

Let *Scipio* be ſtill renowned; He by whoſe Conduct and Bravery *Hannibal* was driven out of *Italy* into *Africa* again; Let the other *Scipio*, called the Second *Africanus*, be complimented with high Fame; He who overthrew *Carthage* and *Numantia*, Two Cities bearing implacable Enmity to this our Empire. Let the Praiſe of a ſignal Commander ever follow *Lucius Paulus Æmilius*; who, to honour his Triumph, made King *Perſes*, in Chains, accompany his Chariot; a Prince, formerly, ſo very powerful, and ſo very ſplendid. Let *Marius* be covered with eternal Glory; he, who twice delivered *Italy* from Invaſion, and the Dread of Thraldom. Be *Pompey* yet preferred to all others whomſoever; a *Roman* whoſe Virtues and Atchievements are bounded only by the utmoſt Regions viſited by the Sun.

Surely, amidſt the Praiſes of all theſe, ſome room will be left for mine! Unleſs it be judged a nobler Task to conquer diſtant Provinces, whither we may afterwards have recourſe, than ſo to guard the State, whilſt they are abſent, that, the City being ſafe, they may have a Place whither to bring back their Laurels. One

Advantage, indeed, attends conquering Abroad, more than at Home: for foreign Enemies, when quite ſubdued, either become *Slaves*, or, when received into Grace, judge themſelves under the Tie of Gratitude: But when thoſe of the ſame Community are ſo ſmitten with any Phrenſy, as once to entertain Enmity againſt their Country, though you may defeat their Purpoſes to deſtroy the Commonwealth, you can never after reſtrain them by Force, nor pacify them by Favours.

Hence I perceive myſelf involved in an everlaſting War with reprobate Citizens. Their utmoſt Violence, however, I truſt eaſily to repulſe from me and from mine: Such is my Confidence in your Support, and that of all worthy Men, and in your and their remembring what dreadful Perils ſurrounded us; Remembrance which will for ever cleave to the Minds and Converſation, not only of this People, who have felt the Deliverance, but even to thoſe of all Nations. Neither will any Violence, whereſoever, be able to break the Union between You and the *Roman* Knights, or diſſolve the Conjunction of all good Citizens.

In this Situation, Conſcript Fathers, all that I requeſt of you, in place of the Command of the Army, in place of the Province, both which I ſlighted and reſigned; in place of the Triumph, which, with the other Diſplays of Honour, I rejected, purpoſely here to guard the City, and your Lives; in place of all Dependencies, and Claims of Hoſpitality in the Provinces; Advantages, which, as Conſul, I employ the public Aid to maintain, with as much Labour as I do to acquire: For all theſe Conſiderations; for all the Inſtances of my ſingular Attachment to you; for all the Proofs which you ſee of my indefatigable Aſſiduity to ſave the State; I requeſt nothing elſe of you, but only to retain the Impreſſion of this Period of Time, and of the Tranſactions throughout my Conſulſhip. As long as ſuch Impreſſions continue rivetted in your Minds, I ſhall think myſelf ſurrounded with a Bulwark. Should the Violence of wicked

Men fruſtrate my Hopes, and prevail againſt me, to You I recommend my little Son: It will prove abundant Security to him, not only to his Perſon, but even to his Reputation, that you remember him to be the Son of that Citizen, who, at his own ſingle Peril, preſerved this our whole City and Empire.

As you, therefore, tender your very Lives, Conſcript Fathers, with thoſe of the *Roman* People, your Wives and Children; as you tender your Sanctuaries, your Temples, and holy Places, your Habitations, and all the Dwellings in *Rome*; as you tender your Empire, the public Liberty, and the Preſervation of *Italy*, and, indeed, the whole Commonwealth; attend to what you do, and decree, as you have determined to decree, with Circumſpection, and with Vigour. You have a Conſul, who, without pauſing, will not only fulfil your Decrees, but, whilſt his Life laſts, will ſet himſelf, with all his Might, to maintain and execute whatever you ſhall decree.

THE

WAR

AGAINST

JUGURTHA.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Earl of *CHOLMONDELEY*.

MY LORD,

WHEN I have told the World, as I now do, that the Whole of this Work lay long under Your Eye and Examination, You will pardon me, for leaving the World to preſume, that You did not diſapprove it. From the ſame Motive, a Motive, perhaps, ſelfiſh enough, I chearfully inſcribe to Your Lordſhip the following Part of it, the famous *Jugurthine* War. It is thus that I am encouraged to preſent the Whole to the Public; and even frankly to leave all my Readers to take, what all my Readers will take, the Liberty of judging for themſelves, in ſpite of all that I, or, even all that Your Lordſhip can ſay, in Defence of Your Judgment againſt Theirs. One Thing I preſume confidently to hope, That moſt of my Readers will like it the better, for being informed, that Your Lordſhip did not diſlike it. You will do me the Juſtice to own, that where-ever You propoſed any Alterations, I was always ready to make them: Had You propoſed many more, I fanſy both my Readers and I ſhould have found our Account in it.

If I do an injudicious Thing, in thus directing the Thanks of the Reader, where he finds Cauſe for any, not to myſelf, but to Your Lordſhip; by doing it, I ſtill reap one Advantage; I think, a ſuperior Advantage; that my Writings will appear to all my Readers to ſtand well in Your Opinion; at leaſt, that I myſelf do. What Writer could deſire a better Patent for general Approbation? Perhaps ſome of my Readers may think, that I am now pleading that Patent. I own I am; and claim the Benefit of it.

Fine Diſcernment, and juſt Taſte, great Vivacity, much Reading, great Acquaintance with Buſineſs, and with Men, all joined to natural Candour, are the great Qualifications for judging of Books and Style; and ſuch Writings as pleaſe a Judge ſo qualified, come before the Public with a competent Recommendation; and claim a Right to pleaſe All ſuch Readers as are equally qualified to judge, and equally diſpoſed to be pleaſed. Let me add, that he who is the quickeſt at diſcerning Faults, is often the leaſt forward to expoſe them; and they who are moſt forward, are not always the moſt ſagacious. Which of theſe Two Characters is moſt to be deſired by a Reader, I leave every Reader to determine; and, for his further Inducement, as well as Encouragement, refer him to that of Your Lordſhip.

I knew a Man, who, at the Age of Forty, was learning *Greek*, on purpoſe to tranſlate *Thucydides*; becauſe he knew, without knowing *Greek*, that Mr. *Hobbs* had not tranſlated that *Greek* Author well. It is probable, that the Perſon who told him ſo, if he were in earneſt, knew as little as himſelf, either of *Thucydides*, or of Mr. *Hobbes*, who has moſt excellently tranſlated that celebrated Hiſtorian; though his Language, in that Tranſlation, be not ſo free as in his other Writings; a Fault (if it be one) intirely owing to his adhering to the Manner, as well as to the Senſe, of the Original.

Your Lordſhip knows, that there is nothing ſo abſurd, nothing ſo ſpiteful and ſtupid, as the Cenſure frequently paſſed upon Writings. The groſſeſt Ignorance often ſets up for Cenſure; the fouleſt Language often pronounces it: Yet ſuch Groſſneſs, and ſuch Stupidity, are not more offenſive than falſe Delicacy, and a Mind wrongly turned; nor are they half ſo ridiculous. A late celebrated and gentle Doctor of *Greſham* uſed to give it as his Opinion of Archbiſhop *Tillotſon*, and Mr. *Dryden*, (both very excellent Writers of *Engliſh*, beſides their other Merit) "That, indeed, they were *able*; "but not *delicate* Writers:" And then, to explain himſelf, added, "That they had Strength, but wanted "*Saftneſs*." As if Strength excluded Elegance, or Elegance availed any thing without Strength.

My Lord, I venture to aſſert, what Your Lordſhip can ſo well demonſtrate, That Sprightlineſs of Expreſſion is Beauty of Expreſſion. Eaſe and Force are ſo far from hurting, that they help and recommend each other; and have the leaſt Influence when apart. So juſt, ſo natural, and neceſſary it is, to join Vigour to Elegance, and Elegance to Vigour! A harſh Style is unpleaſing and tireſome: A ſmooth Style, without Life, is nauſeous.

How many Volumes lie cheap and undiſturbed in Stalls, without one Blemiſh in them, either in Fluency or Grammar? The laſt Qualification, particularly, is the great Boaſt, and conſtant Refuge, of dull Men and Pedants; though often wanting in the nobleſt Writers, Lord *Clarendon*, Mr. *Locke*, Mr. *Trenchard*, and many other great Men, ſubject to Inaccuracies in Grammar, and even in Spelling; as I have often found in their Manuſcripts, ſome of them ſtill to be ſeen.

Your Lordſhip is perfectly acquainted, how much the ſame Obſervation holds in public Speeches; ſome very ſtrong, as well as very elegant, without being very correct; many very elegant, and very correct, but without Force, and without Uſe.

The great Difficulty in imitating *Horace* and *Tacitus*, ſeems to ariſe from the Rapidity of their Thoughts and Expreſſion, as well as from their curious Choice of Phraſes. For theſe Two, amongſt the ſeveral *Latin* Claſſics, appear, to me, to have the moſt glowing Style.

There is great Force in that of *Salluſt*; but, I think, a Force not equal to Theirs. There is a great deal of it in *Pliny* the Elder. It is the great Talent of *Demoſthenes*; and by it he fired and governed his Hearers. In it no Writer, antient or modern, no Poet, no Orator, ever exceeded *Shakeſpear* or *Milton*. There are admirable Strains in *Otway* and *Rowe*. *Fontenelle* is full of lively and ſtriking Images; and no Man more ſo, than *Savil* Marquis of *Halifax*. Mr. *Trenchard* excels in ſtrong Thoughts, and ardent Expreſſion: And Biſhop *Atterbury*'s Style hath great Elevation and Fire.

It may here, perhaps, look invidious, either to mention, or to omit, Mr. *Addiſon*, ſo juſtly admired for his beautiful Imagination, and polite Expreſſion; and for his Works, ſo univerſally read, ſo deſervedly applauded, many of them inimitable: A glorious Character, and abundant Merit! though, in Tragedy, and ſome other Subjects, his Style ſhould not be found ſo powerful as that of ſome few Others. Whether it be ſo, or not, Your Lordſhip can tell.

By ſaying ſo much of ſo many Writers, I had, indeed, almoſt forgot, that I am writing to Your Lordſhip, who have read ſo many, and judge ſo juſtly of all. Permit me, however, to add, for the ſake of my leſs-obſerving Readers, that, to recommend Dignity by Eaſe, Eaſe by Dignity, both by Force, is the great Per-ſection of Speaking and Writing. I could give Inſtances of each Sort; but, in doing it, I ſhould be tempted to produce one, which, I fear, Your Lordſhip would not like to ſee produced, however others might like, and may even expect it. To withdraw myſelf, therefore, from the pleaſing Temptation, I here ceaſe to write. I ſhall never ceaſe to be, with high and ſincere Regard,

My Lord,

Your moſt Humble,

Auguſt 30th, 1743.

and moſt Obedient Servant.

THE
WAR
AGAINST
JUGURTHA.

It is unjuſt in Men to complain of human Nature, as if it were frail, fleeting, and rather actuated by Chance, than by Virtue. For, by different Reaſoning, you will find nothing more noble, nothing more perfect; and that Men fail more in exerting their Talents, than doth human Nature in her Continuance and Power.

The Soul alone forms and controuls the Lot of human Life; and, where it travels to Renown by the Paths of Virtue, is always found ſufficient, prevailing, and even rewarded with Glory, and far from needing the Aid of Fortune; ſince Integrity of Life, Aſſiduity, and Addreſs, with other worthy Accompliſhments, are out of her Reach, either to beſtow or take away. But when the Soul is depraved by vicious Paſſions, and, reſigning itſelf to Effeminacy, and ſenſual Delights, plunges into a fatal Courſe of Debauchery, and has thus waſted, in Sloth, all its Vigour, Time, and Parts, the Frailty of Nature is blamed. For it is the Cuſtom of Men, to impute all the Evils of their own earning to Occurrences, and the Courſe of Things.

Now if Men would engage in righteous Purſuits, with the ſame Zeal which they exert in ſuch as are unintereſting, unavailing, nay, ſuch as portend their Ruin, they would be no more ſubject to be ruled by Fortune, than Fortune to be ruled by them; nay, they would then ſoar to ſuch Elevation, as, from a Condition of Mortality, to become, through Glory, immortal.

Indeed, as Man is framed of a Body and a Soul, it follows, that all our Actions, all our Purſuits, participate of one or the other. Hence Beauty of Perſon, abundant Wealth, with bodily Strength, and every Endowment of the ſame Sort, ſoon paſs away; whilſt all illuſtrious Productions of the human Soul are, like the Soul itſelf, eternal. I add, that the Advantages of the Body, and of Fortune, as they had certainly a Beginning, have as certain an End: Indeed, whatever hath a Riſe, hath likewiſe a Fall; and whatever hath the Faculty of Increaſing, contains alſo the Principles of Decay. The Soul, ever immortal, nor ever ſubject to periſh, is the Controuler of human Kind; actuates and compriſes all Things; yet is itſelf compriſed by nothing. Hence the greater Cauſe of Wonder at the Frowardneſs of ſuch who waſte their Life in Luxury and Sloth, abandoned to ſenſual Joys; and ſuffer their Reaſon, the moſt ſublime and god-like Faculty cleaving to mortal Men, to deaden in Indolence, neglected and unimproved; eſpecially, ſince the Mind is capable of ſo many, and ſuch various Accompliſhments, whence the higheſt Fame is to be obtained.

But, by ſuch Purſuits, I mean not Magiſtracy, or public Sway, or, in a Word, any Share in the Government of the State; Stations which ſeem to me, at this Conjuncture, far from eligible: Since neither do our Preferments follow Virtue, nor are they who have gained them by baſe Means, the more ſecure, or the more honourable, for poſſeſſing them. Indeed, to rule over your Country, or your Parents and Kindred, againſt their Inclination, however you may ſucceed, and though you could even reform Abuſes, is an invidious Situation, and full of Danger; eſpecially, when all public Innovations ever threaten public Slaughter, Exile, and every hoſtile Calamity. Beſides, to ſtruggle for Power without Succeſs, and to reap, by continual Fatigue, nothing but public Abhorrence, is Infatuation beyond meaſure; unleſs we ſuppoſe any Man poſſeſſed with a Spirit ſo infamous and frantic, as to ſacrifice his Honour, and his Liberty, only to gratify the impotent Luſt of a Few to govern All.

Now, amongſt other Functions which employ the Talents of Men, the Regiſtry of Things is of high Moment; though I forbear to inlarge upon its Excellency, ſince many have already ſhewn it; nor would I be thought vain, in extolling an Employment in which I myſelf am ingaged. I, however, expect, that there will be ſome, who, becauſe I have determined to ſpend my Days far from any Share in the Adminiſtration, will call this my Undertaking, in itſelf ſo great and important, a lazy Vocation: It will be, at leaſt, ſo called by thoſe who account it the higheſt Task in Life, to ſalute the Multitude by their particular Names; and, court, by feaſting them, their Favour. But if theſe Men will recollect, firſt, during what Conjunctures I obtained Promotion in the State; next, What great Men then failed in their Purſuit of it; then, What ſort of Men have been ſince admitted into the Senate; they will ſurely conclude, that it was upon juſt Ground, and from no Want of Spirit, that I changed my Deſign; and that higher Benefit will accrue to the Commonwealth from my Receſs, than from all the popular Efforts and Caballings of others.

For I have often heard, that *Quintus Maximus*, and *Publius Scipio*, with other illuſtrious Chiefs of our State, were wont to declare, that, when they beheld the Images of their Progenitors, they found their Minds paſſionately fired to Acts of Virtue and Renown. Not that the Wax, or any Figure formed of it, could produce ſuch powerful Emotions: It was only the Recollection of the famous Exploits done by their Forefathers, which rouſed, in the Breaſts of theſe excellent Perſons, ſuch Ardour as they could never ſubdue or extinguiſh, till, by virtuous Deeds, they had gained equal Applauſe and Immortality.

A different Character belongs to the preſent Race. Amongſt them all, who is found otherwiſe to vie with his Anceſtors, than in Wealth and Profuſion? But never in Acts of Probity and Praiſe. Even Men, originally obſcure, ſuch as formerly uſed, by ſuperior Merit, to anticipate Nobility, at preſent graſp at public Dignities and Command, rather by dark Devices, and by Money lawleſly got, than by any fair Recommendations: As if the Conſular Authority, that of Prætor, and all the other great Offices, did, of themſelves, convey Glory, and great Name, and derived not their Eſtimation from the Ability of ſuch as adminiſter them. But, whilſt I am reviewing, with Regret and Shame, the depraved Habits of my Country, I have rambled too far, and too freely. I now return to my Undertaking.

I am going to give the Hiſtory of a War, which the *Roman* People maintained againſt *Jugurtha* King of the *Numidians*: A Subject which I chuſe, becauſe, in the firſt place, it was in itſelf raging and tragical, and the Victory long wavering; next, becauſe the haughty Sway of the Nobility was then firſt checked: A Struggle which produced univerſal Confuſion of all Things, divine and human; with ſuch Party-rage as ended in a domeſtic War, and the Deſolation of *Italy*. But, before I enter directly upon my Task, I ſhall go ſomewhat backwards, and trace certain Events; whence all that follows will derive Clearneſs, and additional Light.

During the Second *Punic* War, in which *Hannibal*, Commander of the *Carthaginians*, waſted the Strength of *Italy*, beyond what had been known, ſince the *Roman* Power had become formidable, *Scipio*, afterwards, for his noble Atchievements, ſurnamed *Africanus*, received *Maſiniſſa*, King of the *Numidians*, into the Friendſhip and Alliance of the *Romans*; a Prince who performed, on their Behalf, many glorious Exploits; for which, when *Carthage* was ſubdued, and *Syphax* taken Priſoner, whoſe Dominions in *Africa* were vaſt, and his Sway mighty, whatever Cities and Territories of his had been taken by *Maſiniſſa*, were confirmed to him, by the *Roman* People, as their Gift: Inſomuch that our Alliance with him always continued very honourable on his Part, and very beneficial on ours. When Death put an End to his Reign, his Son *Micipſa* ſucceeded him; at that time his only Son, as his other Two *Manaſtabal*, and *Guluſſa*, had been carried off by Diſtempers. *Micipſa* had Two Sons, *Atherbal* and *Hiempſal*; but entertained, in his Court, and bred up, upon the ſame Foot with his own, a Son of his Brother *Manaſtabal*, called *Jugurtha*; one whom *Maſiniſſa* had left in a private Condition; for that he was born of a Concubine.

This *Jugurtha*, when he grew up, with all the Advantages of a graceful Perſon, great Strength, and, above all, a ſuperior Genius, ſuffered not himſelf to be impaired by the Baits of Indolence and Luxury; but, following the Bent of the Nation, enured himſelf to ride, to draw the Bow, to vie with his Companions in the Race; yet ſtill continued dear to All, though, in Glory, he ſurpaſſed All. Add, that he was aſſiduous in the Chace, always foremoſt, or with the foremoſt, in wounding the Lion, and other wild Beaſts; and continually performing Deeds of Praiſe; but never boaſting of ſuch Deeds.

Though *Micipſa*, at firſt, rejoiced in all this, from an Opinion, that the Merit of *Jugurtha* would prove to the Glory of his Reign; yet, when he beheld him, in the Prime of Life, improving daily more and more, himſelf now ſtricken in Years, together with the tender Age of his Children, he was terribly alarmed, and his Mind torn with many Perplexities. He conſidered, with Dread, the Mind of Man, ever thirſting after Power, and headſtrong in the Gratification of Ambition; as alſo the Temptation ariſing from his own great Age, and from the tender Years of his Children: A mighty Temptation! ſuch as even tranſports Men otherwiſe moderate and calm: Beſides the flaming Zeal of the *Numidians* towards *Jugurtha*; whence, were he, by Artifice, to take away his Life, he feared, leſt an Inſurrection, or even a Civil War, might enſue.

Whilſt he was thus preſſed with Difficulties on every Side, perceiving himſelf unable, either by Force or Guile, to deſtroy a Man ſo dear to his People, he purpoſed to expoſe him to the Hazards of War, and thence try what Fortune would produce; ſince *Jugurtha* was daring in his Perſon, and paſſionate for military Glory. *Micipſa*, therefore, who was diſpatching Succours of Horſe and Foot to the *Romans*, then engaged in the Siege of *Numantia*, ſent him, as their Commander, over to *Spain*; in hopes, that, either from an Oſtentation of his Bravery, or the Rage of that deſperate Enemy, he could not fail to periſh. But the Iſſue wholly contradicted his Conjecture: For *Jugurtha*, who had a Genius full of Vivacity and Diſcernment, as ſoon as he had learned the Temper of *Publius Scipio*, General of the *Romans*, as alſo the Character of the Enemy, exerted ſuch infinite Vigour, with ſuch infinite Attention and Care, added to his extreme Modeſty in obeying Orders, and his Readineſs to face all Dangers; and thence acquired, on a ſudden, ſuch high Eſteem; that he was adored by our Army, and an Object of Dread to the *Numantians*. He was, doubtleſs, at once brave in Battle, and ſage in Council; Qualities extremely hard to be found in the ſame Man; ſince Precaution uſually falls into Timidity, and Boldneſs into Raſhneſs.

Hence the *Roman* General chiefly employed *Jugurtha* to execute all his moſt perilous Attempts, held him amongſt his intimate Friends, and cheriſhed him daily more and more, as one who, in all his Projects, in all his Undertakings, never failed of Succeſs. With theſe Advantages there concurred great Liberality of Heart, and a Spirit very able and artful: Whence he had gained a great Number of *Romans* to a cloſe Friendſhip with him. There were, indeed, then in our Army, many, (ſome of them amongſt the old Nobility, others Perſons newly raiſed) with whom Wealth was preferable to Virtue and Honour; all of factious Behaviour, very powerful at *Rome*, and more diſtinguiſhed by their Figure, than by their Integrity, amongſt our Confederates. Theſe Men inflamed the Mind of *Jugurtha*, (of itſelf nowiſe indifferent to Power) by ſtrong Aſſurances, 'That, were *Micipſa* to die, He alone would enjoy the Kingdom of *Numidia*; it was He who poſſeſſed the higheſt Worth; and, at *Rome*, all Things whatever were to be obtained by Money.'

Now, after the Sacking of *Numantia*, when *Scipio* determined to ſend back the auxiliary Troops, and to return himſelf to *Italy*, he diſtinguiſhed *Jugurtha* with magnificent Preſents, and equal Compliments, before the whole Army aſſembled; then led him into his own Pavilion, and there, ſecretly, warned him, 'Rather publicly to court the Favour of the *Roman* People, than by private Application to particular *Romans*. It were, therefore, beſt, to forbear humouring ſuch Men by his Bounties. It was a perilous Attempt, to purchaſe from a Few what appertained to All. If he would but perſiſt in the Exerciſe of his own fine Accompliſhments, both Glory and Royalty would fall, of courſe, to his Share; whereas, if he unduly hurried to graſp them, his very Largeſſes would puſh him headlong into Deſtruction.'

When *Scipio* had ſo ſpoken, he diſmiſſed him with a Letter to *Micipſa*, in the following Strain: 'Thy Nephew *Jugurtha* hath manifeſted the higheſt Merit, during the Siege of *Numantia*; an Information which, I am well aware, will yield Thee much Joy. To me he is very dear, for his ſignal Services: I ſhall 'uſe my beſt Endeavours that he be ſo, likewiſe, to the Senate and People of *Rome*. In truth, I congratulate with Thee on this Occaſion, according to the Meaſure of my Friendſhip for Thee. In him Thou poſſeſſeſt a Man worthy of Thee, as alſo of his Grandfather *Maſiniſſa*.'

The King, therefore, when he found the Contents of *Scipio*'s Letter to agree with all that he had learned from common Fame, was ſo affected with the great Merit, as well as with the great Credit, of the Man, that he dropped all his former Purpoſes towards him; and, henceforward, ſtrove to ſecure him by the Force of Favours: He even ſtrait adopted him; and, by his Will, appointed him Joint-heir, with his Sons, to the Kingdom. A few Years afterwards, when, waſted with Age and Diſtempers, he perceived his Life near its Cloſe, he is ſaid to have diſcourſed to *Jugurtha*, in the Preſence of his Kindred and Friends, as likewiſe of *Atherbal* and *Hiempſal*, to this Purpoſe:

'When thou wert yet a tender Infant, bereft of thy Father, without Hope, deſtitute of Means, I took thee, as my own, under my Care, and brought thee up in Royal State; as I conceived, that, in return for ſuch Benefits, I ſhould prove equally dear to thee, as if I were thy own Father. Neither haſt thou fruſtrated theſe my Hopes: For, without recounting thy other Exploits, which are many and memorable, thou haſt lately brought with thee, from *Numantia*, ſuch abundant Glory, as derives Honour upon me, and even upon all *Numidia*. By thy brave Conduct thou haſt made the *Romans*, before our Allies by Treaty, now our Allies in Affection. Thou haſt reſtored in *Spain* the former Renown of our Family there. To ſay all (what is the moſt arduous Task amongſt the Sons of Men) by the Luſtre of thy Merit thou haſt even vanquiſhed Envy. In the mean time, ſince the Courſe of Nature is putting a Period to my Life, I requeſt, I adjure thee, by this Right-hand, which I here preſent thee, and by the inviolable Faith of a Prince, to ſhew Ten-

‘ derneſs to theſe my Sons, by Blood thy near Kinſmen; by my ‘ Favour in adopting thee, thy Brethren; nor to beſtow thy ‘ Affections upon Strangers, preferably to thoſe who are united ‘ to thee by Blood.

‘ Monarchies are ſuſtained, not by Armies, nor by Treaſures, ‘ but by the Aſſiſtance of Friends cordially attached to the Monarch; Friends whom you cannot acquire by the Force of Arms, ‘ or of Gold: They are, indeed, only produced by a Courſe of ‘ Kindneſs and Fidelity. Now, upon whom can the Tie of ‘ Friendſhip be ſtronger, than upon one Brother to another? ‘ Or what Stranger can be found faithful to one, who proves an ‘ Enemy to his own Blood? I, in truth, bequeath you a Kingdom, well-eſtabliſhed and ſtrong, if you prove virtuous and ‘ agree together; but weak and tottering, if you act unworthily, ‘ and differ. For ſmall Communities increaſe by Coalition; the ‘ mightieſt periſh by Diſunion.

‘ It is, however, more incumbent upon Thee, *Jugurtha*, than ‘ upon theſe thy Brethren, ſeeing thou ſurpaſſeſt them in Years, ‘ and in Wiſdom, ſo to concert Meaſures, that no ſuch Diſſention happen: For, in all Quarrels whatever, the Strongeſt, even ‘ where he has ſuffered Wrong, is ſtill reckoned to have done ‘ it, merely becauſe he is moſt able. Now, for your Parts, *Atherbal* and *Hiempſal*, mark well, and reverence, this extraordinary ‘ Perſon: Imitate his brave Character; and be it your conſtant ‘ Endeavour, to avoid the Reproach that will follow you, if I ‘ ſhould appear to the World to have been more happy in adopting Sons, than in begetting them.’

To all this, *Jugurtha*, acting a Part ſuitable to the Occaſion, replied with Profeſſions full of Duty; though he was appriſed, that thoſe of the King were all feigned; and he himſelf had conceived Purpoſes widely different from his Words. In a few Days after, *Micipſa* died; and the Princes, having celebrated his Funeral with great Magnificence, ſuitable to the Royal Mode there, had an Interview to regulate all public Affairs.

There *Hiempſal*, the Youngeſt of the Three, of a Spirit naturally violent, and before accuſtomed to manifeſt his Scorn of *Jugurtha*'s mean Birth by his Mother, ſeated himſelf on the right Side of *Atherbal*, to hinder *Jugurtha* from ſitting between them; a Place eſteemed the moſt honourable amongſt the *Numidians*: Nay, it was with great Difficulty that he removed to the further Side, in Compliance with his Brother's preſſing Repreſentations, that he ſhould yield to ſuperior Age. Then, as they fell into various Reaſonings about the Direction of the State, *Jugurtha*, amongſt other Overtures, made one, To reſcind all the public Acts and Regulations of *Micipſa* for Five Years backwards; for that, during all that Space, he was under Dotage, and his Faculties utterly impaired. To this *Hiempſal* immediately anſwered, 'That he 'was intirely of the ſame Sentiments; ſince it was but within 'theſe Three Years, that *Micipſa* had, by Adoption, intitled '*Jugurtha* to a Partnerſhip in the Sovereignty.'

This Expreſſion ſunk deeper into the Breaſt of *Jugurtha*, than any then apprehended: So that, from thenceforward, as he was under the conſtant Agitation of Rage and Fear, he was continually ſtudying the Deſtruction of *Hiempſal*, and employing all his Thoughts, by what deadly Snares to effect it. But, as inſidious Methods were found to operate ſlowly, and as his implacable Spirit felt no Remiſſion, he determined to execute his Purpoſe by any means whatſoever. The Princes, at their firſt Meeting, which I have juſt mentioned, agreed, as a Remedy againſt mutual Conteſts, to divide the public Treaſure; and to aſcertain to each, by fixed Limits, his Portion of Empire: Inſomuch that, for executing both theſe Deſigns, certain Times were ſettled; but the Diſtribution of the Treaſure was to take place firſt.

In the mean time, the Princes retired ſeverally to certain Towns neareſt to that where the Royal Treaſure lay: *Hiempſal*, particularly, to *Thirmida*, where he happened to lodge in the Houſe of one who was principal Mace-bearer to *Jugurtha*; nay; one who had ever been been far in his Confidence and Favour. *Jugurtha*, therefore, finding this Man preſented to him by Chance as a proper Inſtrument, loaded him with mighty Promiſes, and, by Force of Perſuaſion, engaged him to repair thither, feigning only to ſee his Houſe, and then procure counterfeit Keys to the Gates; for the true Keys were conſtantly carried to *Hiempſal*. He concluded, that, whenever Matters were ripe, he would come himſelf, accompanied with a powerful Band.

The *Numidian* ſoon fulfilled his Orders; and, agreeably to the Scheme, introduced the Soldiers of *Jugurtha* by Night. They, the Moment they had Poſſeſſion of the Houſe, ran in Parties to ſearch for the Prince; ſlew all whom they found aſleep, with all ſuch as they met; examined every obſcure Place, forced open all that were faſt, and filled the Whole with Uproar and Affright. *Hiempſal*, the while, was diſcovered, lurking in a Loft belonging to a Servant-maid; whither he had fled upon the firſt Tumult, full of Dread, and unacquainted with the Place. The *Numidians* carried his Head to *Jugurtha*, according to their Orders from him.

The News of a Murder ſo enormous inſtantly flew over all *Africa*. Terror ſeized *Atherbal*, with all who had lived under the Sovereignty of *Micipſa*: The *Numidians* formed Two Parties; the greater Number adhered to *Atherbal*, but all the beſt Soldiers to his Rival. The latter, therefore raiſed an Army as numerous as poſſible, ſubdued ſeveral Cities, ſome by Force, others by Conſent, and puſhed for the intire Monarchy of *Numidia*. *Atherbal*, though he had diſpatched Ambaſſadors to *Rome*, to appriſe the Senate of the Murder of his Brother, and of his own diſtreſſed Situation; yet, confiding in the Number of his Men, would riſque a Battle; but, upon the firſt Encounter, he was routed;

and fled for Shelter to our Province, and from thence proceeded to *Rome*.

When *Jugurtha* had thus accompliſhed his Views, and was Maſter of all *Numidia*, as ſoon as he pauſed, and reviewed his Miſdeeds, he began to dread the Wrath of the *Roman* People: Neither conceived he any Hope againſt their Vengeance, but in the Avarice of the Nobility, and in his own Treaſure. He, therefore, in a few Days, ſent Ambaſſadors to *Rome*, with great Sums of Money. To them his Orders were, firſt, By ample Preſents, to ſecure his former Friends; then, To engage new: In a Word, To ſpare no Coſt to purchaſe whoever could be purchaſed.

Now, when the Ambaſſadors were arrived at *Rome*, and, in purſuance of the King's Orders, had conveyed mighty Preſents to ſuch with whom he had lived in Intimacy and Hoſpitality; as alſo to others who then bore chief Sway in the Senate; ſo vaſt a Change enſued there, that *Jugurtha*, lately an Object of Abhorrence, was ſuddenly grown into ſpecial Favour and Regard amongſt the Nobility; inſomuch that many of theſe, ſome gained by Bribes, others in Hopes to be bribed, applying to every Senator apart, laboured to prevent any rigorous Reſolutions againſt him. Then, when the Ambaſſadors were ſufficiently ſecure of their Cauſe, a Day was aſſigned for the Senate to hear both Parties. It is related, that before them, *Adherbal* ſpoke in this manner:

'Conſcript Fathers, it was my Father's Orders to me, in his laſt Moments, that I ſhould conſider myſelf as veſted only with the Adminiſtration of *Numidia*, ſince the Title and Sovereignty were, indeed, Yours. He added, that I ſhould endeavour to render all poſſible Aid to the *Roman* People, whether in Peace, or in War; ſhould eſteem you as my Kindred, conſider you as ſupplying the Place of Relations and Affiances. If I obſerved theſe Conditions, he ſaid, that, in your Friendſhip, I ſhould find Armies and Wealth, with every Stay and Support to my

‘ Monarchy. Whilſt I was ſetting myſelf ſtrictly to perform theſe injunctions of my Father, *Jugurtha*, a Man, of all that the Earth bears, the moſt barbarous and ſanguinary, deſpoiled me of my Kingdom, with whatever elſe I poſſeſſed, in utter Defiance of your Authority, nor regarding, that I am the Grandſon of *Maſiniſſa*, and, from my Birth, a Friend and Confederate of the *Roman* People.

‘ The Truth is, Conſcript Fathers, ſeeing I was to fall to this Degree of Wretchedneſs, I earneſtly wiſh I could have ſought your Aid, rather on account of my own Merits, than thoſe of my Forefathers; eſpecially, that I could have merited ſuch Aid from the *Roman* People, without wanting it; or, at worſt, have received it as my Due. But, ſince Innocence proves rarely its own Defence, and as it lay not in my Breaſt to direct the Heart of *Jugurtha*, to You, Conſcript Fathers, I have fled for Refuge.

‘ What is my ſevereſt Miſery, I am conſtrained to be burdenſome to you, without ever having been ſerviceable. Other Kings, your Confederates, have been either ſubdued by your Arms, and then received into your Alliance, or, urged by Perils at Home, have implored your Friendſhip. Our Family commenced Allies to the *Roman* People during the War with *Carthage*; a Period, when the *Roman* Honour was more to be courted, than the *Roman* Fortune.

‘ Conſider me, O Conſcript Fathers, as ſprung from that Family; nor ſuffer the Grandſon of *Maſiniſſa* to apply in vain for Succour from you. If, in order to obtain it, I had no Argument to urge, beſides my deplorable Fortune, that I, very lately a King, redoubtable in my Deſcent, in my Wealth, and in Royal Renown, am now covered with Variety of Wretchedneſs, beggarly, forlorn, and waiting for Aſſiſtance from others; it ſtill became the Majeſty of the *Roman* People, to curb Oppreſſion, and to ſuffer no Man to extend his Dominion by

‘ Iniquity and Violence. Conſider me in yet a ſtronger Light, driven out of the very Poſſeſſions, which the *Roman* People conferred, as their Gift, upon my Anceſtors; thoſe very Poſſeſſions, from whence my Father, and his Father, joining their Forces to yours, expulſed *Syphax* and the *Carthaginians*. They are the Effects of your Bounty, that are rent from me, Conſcript Fathers: In my Sufferings you are inſulted.

‘ Alas! my deplorable Fate! Is this the Return to thy Generoſity and Favour, O my Father! that *Jugurtha*, He, whom thou didſt place upon the ſame Foot with thy own Children; He, whom thou didſt leave equal Partner with them in thy Kingdom, is, of all others, the bloody Inſtrument to extinguiſh thy Race for ever? Shall our Houſe never enjoy Tranquillity and Reſt? Shall we be for ever viſited with a bloody Lot; with the murdering Sword, with Flight and Expulſion?

‘ Whilſt the Power of *Carthage* ſubſiſted, we were of courſe expoſed to Hoſtility and Violence. The Enemy was at our Doors; You, our Friends, were far from us; our whole Reliance upon our Arms. After *Africa* was reſcued from that peſtilent Tyranny, we chearfully enjoyed a State of Peace: For, indeed, we had no Enemies, though ſtill diſpoſed to treat as ſuch, whomſoever you ſhould command us; when, on a ſudden, *Jugurtha*, hardening his Heart to Cruelty, and glorying in Pride and Butchery, murders my Brother, who was alſo his near Kinſman, and ſeizes his Principality, as the Prize of the Murderer. Then, ſeeing he could not circumvent me by the ſame bloody Snares, he attacked me openly, whilſt I, confiding in your ſupreme Power, apprehended any thing, rather than Violence and War; drove me from my Houſhold, and my Country; reduced me to be an Exile, and a Wanderer; ſuch as you behold me, deſtitute of all Comfort, and ſo overwhelmed with every Species of Wretchedneſs, as to find more Safety any-where, than in my own Dominions.

‘ My own Judgment was, Conſcript Fathers, what I have often heard my Father declare, that whoever applied themſelves with Zeal to merit your Amity, undertook, indeed, a heavy Taſk, but, by it, rendered themſelves ſecure, beyond all others. Whatever lay in the Power of our Family to do for you, we have done, ſo as always to aſſiſt you in all your Wars. It is in your Power, Conſcript Fathers, to ſettle our Family in a State of Security. Our Father left behind him us Two Brothers, and, adopting *Jugurtha* for a Third, thought to engage him to us inviolably by ſuch high Acts of Favour. One of the Two he has already butchered: I, who remain, have, with Difficulty, eſcaped his accurſed Hands.

‘ What ſhall I do? Or whither, thus forlorn, had I beſt have recourſe? I am deprived of all Succour and Defence from thoſe of my Lineage. Old-age has ſubjected my Father to the Lot of Nature: *Jugurtha*, againſt every Tye of Duty and Nature, has traiterouſly ſhed the Blood of my Brother. The reſt of my Kindred, my Friends, and the Allies of my Houſe, he has cauſed, where-ever he took them, to periſh by various Dooms, all very tragical; ſome nailed to the Croſs, ſome thrown to ſavage Beaſts. Such of them, as are left to breathe, (very few in Number) are ſhut up in Dungeons, dark and hideous, there, in utter Woe, and Anguiſh, to protract a Life worſe than Death.

‘ Indeed, if I yet poſſeſſed intire whatever I have loſt; if ſuch Perſons and Fortune, as now perſecute me, proved now, as formerly, all ſmiling and friendly; I ſhould ſtill have recourſe, for Help, to You, Conſcript Fathers, whenever any public Diſaſter unawares befel me; to You, whom it behoves, as poſſeſſing ſuch infinite Puiſſance and Empire, to protect the Cauſe of Juſtice every-where, and to remove all Oppreſſion. In my preſent Diſtreſs, to whom ſhall I repair, or what other Aſſiſtance implore; a ſolitary Vagabond, driven an Exile from my native

‘Country and Abode; a wretched Prince, deſtitute of all princely Fortune? Shall I apply to ſuch People and Potentates, as are, to a Man, the ſworn Enemies of our Houſe, ever ſince we became your Friends? Can I poſſibly ſeek Relief from any Quarter, where there are not ſtill remaining numberleſs Monuments of the Ravages committed by my Forefathers, warring on your account? Or, can any of thoſe, who were once your Enemies, ſhew the leaſt Compaſſion to me?

‘Add to all this the conſtant Documents of *Maſiniſſa* to us his Deſcendants, that, poſtponing all other Nations whatſoever, we ſhould cultivate Union only with the *Roman* People, nor admit of any other Engagements, or any other Confederacies; that in your Friendſhip we ſhould ever find abundant Protection; and, if evil Fortune ſhould haſten the Downfal of your Empire, we, too, muſt periſh with you. You are ſtill, by your own Magnanimity, and the Appointment of the Deities, mighty and opulent. All things tamely yield to your Power; all your Undertakings proſper: Whence you are able, with great Eaſe, to redreſs and avenge the Wrongs done to your Friends.

‘One Thing only I fear; leſt ſome here, too little knowing the Spirit of *Jugurtha*, may be miſguided by their Favour for him. Such, I am informed, are employing indefatigable Pains in his Behalf, forming Intrigues in the Senate, and importuning particular Senators, that you may decree nothing againſt him, whilſt he is abſent, and before you have heard his Defence; for that my Grievances are all forged, and that I only feign a Neceſſity for flying, when I might have remained with Security at home.

‘O that I could ſee *Jugurtha* here, juſt ſo circumſtanced, and practiſing juſt ſuch Fiction; him, by whoſe inhuman Iniquity I am expoſed to theſe extreme Miſeries! O that, in time, either You, or the immortal Gods, would manifeſt ſuch Regard for the Affairs of Men, that the Parricide, who triumphs and flouriſhes in his Guilt and Enormities, may be doomed to ſuffer every racking Woe; and atone, by a Courſe of Agonies, for his unnatural Behaviour to his adopting Father; for ſpilling the Blood of my Brother; and for all the deplorable Calamities, which he has brought upon me!

'Here, O my Brother, ever dear to my Soul! what though thou wert bereft of Life, even in thy Youth, by one, too, from whom, of all Men, it was never to have been apprehended; ſtill I eſteem thy Fall rather Matter of Joy, than of Wailing; ſince, by it, though thou haſt loſt thy Kingdom, thou haſt likewiſe eſcaped Expulſion, Exile, Poverty, and all the various Miſeries under which I groan. Behold me, who ſurvive thee, plunged, forlorn, into a Sea of Affliction! driven from my paternal Throne! expoſed a ſad Spectacle of the Mutability of all Things human! perplexed, and uncertain what Courſe to take; whether I ſhall proſecute Vengeance for thy crying Wrongs, whilſt I myſelf want Help to redreſs my own; or whether I ſhall try to recover my Kingdom, when my own Lot of Life or Death lies yet in the Breaſt and Power of others. What I wiſh for myſelf, is, by a voluntary Death, to find an honourable Iſſue to all my Evils and Sorrows; ſince I cannot live amongſt Men without Scorn, ſhould they ſee me deſpairing under my Misfortunes, and tamely ſubmitting to Oppreſſion.

'Under this Difficulty, therefore, when I cannot live, but with Regret, nor die, but with Reproach, I adjure you, Conſcript Fathers, by Yourſelves, by your Children and Parents, by the Majeſty of the *Roman* People, to ſuccour the wretched *Atherbal*; to oppoſe Oppreſſion; and not to ſuffer the Kingdom of *Numidia*, which is your own, to be contaminated by Uſurpation, and by the total Slaughter of our Royal Houſe.'

As ſoon as the King had done ſpeaking, the Ambaſſadors from *Jugurtha*, relying more upon the Force of their Preſents, than upon the Righteouſneſs of their Cauſe, returned a ſhort Anſwer, that ‘ *Hiempſal* was ſlain, by the *Numidians*, for his Cruelty: ‘ *Atherbal*, who had recourſe to War, unprovoked, after he was ‘ vanquiſhed in it, complained, that his oppreſſive Purſuits had ‘ failed him. *Jugurtha* only requeſted the Senate, not to believe ‘ him changed from what he had approved himſelf at *Numantia*, ‘ nor lay more Streſs upon the bare Words of his Enemy, than ‘ upon his own Actions and Conduct.’ Then both *Atherbal* and the Ambaſſadors withdrew; and the Debate immediately began.

All the Patrons of *Jugurtha*, as alſo a great many corrupted by their Influence and Authority, treated with Scorn whatever had been alleged by *Atherbal*; but exalted, with high Strains of Praiſe, the Bravery of *Jugurtha*, ſolicited for him, pleaded for him, and, indeed, exerted all their Endeavours, every way, to defend the Crimes and Infamy of another, as if they had been vindicating their own Character and Fame. In Oppoſition to theſe, there were ſome few, who, preferring Juſtice, and good Conſcience, to Money, propoſed it, as their Advice, To ſuccour *Atherbal*, and ſeverely to revenge the Murder of his Brother. He who urged this with the greateſt Keenneſs, was *Marcus Æmilius Scaurus*, a Man of high Quality, of a reſtleſs Spirit, full of Faction, paſſionate for Power, and Honours, and Riches; but, withal, very dextrous in concealing his Vices. *Scaurus*, obſerving the King's Treaſures to be diſtributed to the Senators, in a way ſo open and ſhameleſs, as to be publicly infamous, apprehended, what uſually happens on the like Occaſion, that ſuch proſtitute Venality would rouſe popular Indignation; and, therefore, now reſtrained his natural Paſſion for Money.

In the Senate, however, that Party prevailed, who hearkened to Price and Influence, rather than to Right. A Decree was made, appointing Ten Commiſſioners to divide the whole Dominions poſſeſſed by *Micipſa* between *Jugurtha* and *Atherbal*. The leading Man in the Commiſſion was *Lucius Opimius*, one highly diſtinguiſhed, and, then, of prevailing Credit in the Senate; becauſe he had, when Conſul, ſlain *Caius Gracchus*, and *Marcus Fulvius*; and, by furious Havock amongſt the Populace, terribly avenged the Nobility upon the Plebeians. *Jugurtha* well knew *Opimius* to be one of his Patrons at *Rome*, yet received and courted him anew, with the moſt ſtudied Careſſes, preſented him liberally, promiſed him copiouſly, and, indeed, gained him ſo effectually, that he came to prefer the King's Intereſt to his own Reputation and Conſcience, and to every near Concern. *Jugurtha* accoſted the other Commiſſioners with the ſame Arts, and gained moſt of them: To ſome few their Faith and Honour proved dearer than Money. In dividing the Kingdom, that Part of *Numidia* which is bounded by *Mauritania*, and excels in Men and Soil, was aſſigned to *Jugurtha*. *Atherbal* had the other Share; indeed better provided with Harbours, and more improved with Buildings, but of much more Shew than of Strength and Importance.

My Undertaking ſeems here to require me briefly to deſcribe the Situation of *Africa*, and to preſent a ſhort Account of ſuch Nations there, with whom we have ever maintained Amity or War. Of the other Countries and People, ſuch as exceſſive Heat, or the Rigour and Pain of Travelling, or even mighty and unhoſpitable Deſarts, have rendered leſs acceſſible and frequented; as I want ſufficient Information about them, I ſhall attempt no Account at all. What I have to ſay of the reſt, I ſhall diſpatch very ſuccinctly.

In the Partition of the Globe, moſt Writers conſider *Africa* as a third Part of the Whole. There are but very few who divide it into Two Parts only, namely *Aſia* and *Europe*, and in *Europe* include *Africa*. It is bounded, on the Weſt, by the Streights which join the Ocean to our Sea; on the Eaſt, by immenſe Plains, proceeding in a continual Slope; and called, by the Natives, *Catabathmos*. The Sea of *Africa* is tempeſtuous, and unfurniſhed with Harbours; the Soil fruitful in Corn, kindly to Cattle, barren of Trees: Here the Sky yields little Rain; the Earth few Sources of Water. The People have hale Bodies, are very fleet, and eaſily bear Fatigue: Moſt of them die only of Age; unleſs it be ſuch as the Sword or wild Beaſts deſtroy; for few are cut off by Diſeaſes. Of deſtructive Creatures they have, indeed, great Store.

Concerning the original Inhabitants of *Africa*, and ſuch as afterwards paſſed thither, with the Manner of their intermixing together, I ſhall here ſubjoin a very ſhort Account, different, I own, from the current Opinion with us, but taken from their Books, ſaid to have been thoſe of *Hiempſal*, as the ſame were explained to me, agreeably to the conſtant Perſuaſion of the Natives. For the Truth, however, of the Relation, let the Authors of it be anſwerable.

The firſt Poſſeſſors of *Africa* were the *Getulians* and *Libyans*; a Race altogether brutal and ſavage, eating the Fleſh of Beaſts, or feeding upon wild Herbs, like Cattle; ſubject to no Rules or Diſcipline, nor to ſocial Laws, nor to any Authority or Ruler whatſoever. As they lived roaming and vagabond, where-ever Night conſtrained them to reſt, there they found their Manſion. But after *Hercules* died, as the *Africans* conjecture, in *Spain*, and his Army, formed of divers Nations, now bereft of their Leader, coming ſoon to diſperſe, whilſt numerous Competitors to ſucceed him in the Command ſtarted up on all hands, ſuch of his Followers as were *Perſians*, *Medes*, and *Armenians*, ſailed over to *Africa*, and poſſeſſed themſelves of the Territory lying along our Sea; the *Perſians* ſettling more Weſterly than the reſt, and nearer to the Ocean. Theſe latter made themſelves Dwellings of their Ships turned upſide-down; For the Country yielded no Timber; nor was there an Opportunity of procuring it, by Money, or Traffick, from *Spain*; ſuch was the great Diſtance by Sea, and ſuch their Language, not underſtood there, as to reſtrain them from all Intercourſe in Trade. By degrees, they mixed, through

Intermarriages, with the *Getulians*; and, becauſe they rambled continually hither and thither, ſeeking out and trying freſh Paſture, they called themſelves * *Numidians*. Moreover, the Houſes of the *Numidian* Peaſants, by them called *Mapalia*, or Huts, are, to this Day, ſhaped like the Hulls of Ships, long and narrow, the Covering of the Roof ſwelling in the Middle, and ſloping at each End.

Now, the *Libyans*, whoſe Abode was near the *African* Sea, choſe to incorporate themſelves with the *Medes* and *Armenians*: For the *Getulians* lay more to the Sun; indeed, almoſt under his perpendicular Rays. The *Libyans* had reared Cities very early; ſince, as they were ſeparated from *Spain* only by the *Streight*, they held mutual Commerce with that Country. By little and little the Name of the *Medes* was loſt, in the barbarous Language of *Libya*, and corruptly turned into that of *Moors*.

Now the *Perſians* ſuddenly roſe to great Power and Proſperity; inſomuch that, becauſe of their mighty Numbers, the Youth left their Parents; and, under this new Name of *Numidians*, took Poſſeſſion of the Regions which border upon *Carthage*, and are ſtill called *Numidia*. Thenceforward, continuing to ſupport each other, they brought, by Force or Fear, the Nations on every Side under their Dominion. Thus they procured to themſelves high Reputation and Glory; more eſpecially thoſe of them who advanced fartheſt along our Sea-coaſt; for that the *Libyans* were found leſs warlike than the *Getulians*.

At laſt, the lower *Africa* was almoſt intirely occupied and ruled by the *Numidians*; and the Conquered, becoming all one People with the Conquerors, were called by the ſame Name. Afterwards arrived the *Phœnicians*; ſome ſent from Home, to eaſe their native Country, oppreſſed with Numbers; others, from Ambition, decoyed away the Populace, with Deſign to govern them;

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* Or *Nomades*, Paſtors.

and many were led by a Paſſion for Novelty and Change. The *Phœnicians*, founded *Hippo*, *Adrumetum*, *Leptis*, and other maritime Cities, which ſoon became powerful and flouriſhing, and proved, ſome of them, a Support, others an Honour, to thoſe from whence they ſprang. For, concerning *Carthage*, I hold it more juſt to ſpeak nothing, than to ſpeak but little; ſeeing it is alſo time to purſue another Task.

From the Plains of *Catabathmos*, (which are the Boundaries ſeparating *Egypt* from *Africa)* following the Sea-coaſt, the firſt City is that of *Cyrene*, a *Greek* Colony from *Thera*. Next are the Two *Syrtes:* Between them ſtands *Leptis*; and then the Altars, raiſed to the Two Brothers *Phileni*, which limited the Dominions of *Carthage* towards *Egypt:* Afterwards are found other *Punic* Cities. All the other Territories, quite to *Mauritania*, are occupied by the *Numidians*. The *Moors* are ſituated neareſt to *Spain*. Above *Numidia*, as I have learned, live the *Getulians*; ſome in Huts, others wild and roaming. Beyond theſe are the *Ethiopians*; and, further on, Regions utterly ſcorched by the Rays of the Sun. Now, during this War, the *Roman* People had Governors of their own, in moſt of the *Punic* Cities, and in the Territories lately belonging to *Carthage*. Great Part of the *Getulians* were ſubject to *Jugurtha*; ſo were the *Numidians*, as far as the River *Mulucha*. The *Moors* were all under the Sovereignty of *Bocchus*, who knew nothing of the *Romans*, farther than their Name; neither was He before known to Them, by any Intercourſe of War or Peace. I have now diſcourſed of *Africa*, and its Inhabitants, ſufficiently for my preſent Purpoſe.

After this new Partition of the *Numidian* Monarchy, by the *Roman* Deputies, and their Return Home, when *Jugurtha*, contrary to what he dreaded, found his Uſurpation and Parricide crowned with high Rewards, he held for certain, what he had learned from his Friends at *Numantia*, That all Things whatſoever were ſubject to Sale at *Rome*. He was alſo animated, by the

Offers of Aſſiſtance from ſuch as he had lately loaded with Liberalities; and thus determined to ſeize the Principality of *Atherbal:* He was, indeed, himſelf extremely daring, and a complete Warrior; but he whoſe Deſtruction he ſought, was meek, ſpiritleſs, of a gentle Temper, and obnoxious to Violence; more ſubject to be terrified, than to create Terror.

He, therefore, on a ſudden, invades his Territories, at the Head of a powerful Band; takes numerous Captives, Flocks and Herds, and other Booty; ſets Fire to the Dwellings; and, ſcouring with his Horſe from Quarter to Quarter, ravaged all, as an open Enemy. He then returned home, with all his Priſoners and Spoil: For he judged, that *Atherbal* would be ſo ſharpened by Reſentment, as to ſeek Redreſs by Arms, and thence furniſh Pretence for a War. But he, beſides that he thought not himſelf a Match for *Jugurtha* in War, and, withal, relying more upon the Friendſhip of the *Romans*, than upon his own Subjects, ſent Deputies to complain to *Jugurtha* of ſuch Outrages: And, though theſe Deputies returned with Anſwers full of Inſult and Scorn, yet he determined, rather to ſuffer all Things, than have recourſe to War, which he had tried before to his Loſs.

Neither thus could he allay the Luſt of Uſurpation in *Jugurtha*; as one who had, in his own Mind, already conquered the intire Dominions of *Atherbal:* Inſomuch that, ceaſing his late Incurſions by predatory Bands, and forming a great Army, he made open War at the Head of it, and, avowedly, puſhed for the Sovereignty of all *Numidia.* With this View, on every hand as he marched, he ſeized Towns, ravaged the Country, and committed univerſal Plunder; ſtriving, at once, to heighten the Courage of his own Men, and the Conſternation of his Enemy.

Atherbal, when he perceived himſelf ſo puſhed, that he muſt either abandon his Kingdom, or try, by Arms, to defend it, yielding to Neceſſity, levies Forces, and marches againſt *Jugurtha:* So that both Armies encamped by the City of *Cirta*, not far from the

Sea; but as it was very late in the Day, no Engagement immediately enſued; nor till moſt of the Night was paſt: Then, juſt upon the Dawn of Day, *Jugurtha's* Soldiers, upon a Signal given, aſſailed the Intrenchments of the Enemy; where, falling upon ſome ſcarce awake, upon others juſt betaking themſelves to Arms, they utterly vanquiſhed and routed them. *Atherbal*, accompanied with a few Horſe, eſcaped to *Cirta*; and, had not ſuch of the Citizens as were *Italians*, in great Numbers, repulſed the purſuing *Numidians* from the Walls, upon the ſame Day had been begun and concluded the War between the Two Kings.

Jugurtha, thus diſappointed, begirt the City; and, by Towers, and covered Galleries, and every other Engine of Battery, laboured to force it; as he was eager to take it, ere the Deputies, whom he had learned to have been diſpatched to *Rome*, by *Atherbal*, before the Battle, were arrived there: But, as the Senate were firſt advertiſed of the War, they ſent, forthwith, into *Africa*, Three Embaſſadors, all young Men, with Orders, to repair to each of the Two Kings; and, in ſolemn Form, declare to them the expreſs Will and Appointment of the Senate and People of *Rome*; 'That they ſhould forbear contending at Arms; and refer their 'Differences rather to the Deciſion of the Civil Tribunal, than to 'that of the Sword: Thus they would act ſuitably to the Dignity 'of *Rome*, as well as to their own reſpective Intereſts.'

The Ambaſſadors arrived in *Africa*, with great Expedition; the more, becauſe, at *Rome*, whilſt they were preparing to depart, a Report had arrived both of the Fight, and of the Siege of *Cirta*; though it was but a feeble Report, not much credited. When they had declared their Commiſſion to *Jugurtha*, he anſwered, 'That, by him, nothing was held higher, nothing dearer, than 'the Authority of the Senate: From his tender Years, he had 'bent his Endeavours to gain the Eſteem of all Men of diſtin'guiſhed Merit. He had procured the Friendſhip of that excel'lent Perſon, *Publius Scipio*, by virtuous Actions, not by baſe

Practices. *Micipſa*, from the ſame Recommendations, and no Want of Children of his own, had adopted him Coheir with them to his Sovereignty. Yet ſtill the brighter and braver his Courſe had been, the leſs could his Soul brook Inſults and Wrongs. *Atherbal* had contrived Snares againſt his Life: When he had diſcovered them, he applied himſelf to defeat the intended Parricide. The *Roman* People would act neither wiſely nor uprightly, were they to reſtrain him from purſuing the common Right of Nations. Finally, he would very ſoon ſend to *Rome* certain Deputies; ſuch as would explain and adjuſt all Affairs whatſoever.'

Thus he and the Deputies parted; nor were they allowed any Acceſs to *Atherbal*. *Jugurtha*, as ſoon as he conceived the Deputies to have left *Africa*, and ſeeing that *Cirta*, from the Strength of its Situation, could not be taken by Aſſault, inveſts it with a Trench and Paliſade, builds Towers, and furniſhes them with armed Men. He was alſo Night and Day trying all Schemes, both of Force and Artifice; now to tempt the Gariſon with great Rewards; anon to terrify them with Boaſts of his Power; ſtill rouſeing the Courage of his own Men, by pathetic Speeches. He, in truth, exerted all his Art and Induſtry in all Points.

Atherbal, finding himſelf, and all his imperial Fortune, reduced to extreme Peril, his Enemy implacable, no Hopes of Relief, and, through Scarcity of Proviſions, an Impoſſibility of protracting the War, choſe, from amongſt thoſe who had accompanied him in his Flight to *Cirta*, Two of the moſt remarkable for Activity and Spirit; and, by many high Promiſes, as well as by the ſad Repreſentation of his Sufferings, engaged them to venture, by Night, through the Enemy's Intrenchments, directly to the next Shore, and thence to *Rome*. The Two *Numidians*, in a few Days, executed their Orders: *Atherbal*'s Letter was preſented to the Senate, and there read, in the following Strain:

‘It is not my Fault, that I am thus become a frequent Suitor to you, Conſcript Fathers: The Fury of *Jugurtha* forces me; a Man poſſeſſed with ſuch a Paſſion to deſtroy me, that he regards neither your Reſentment, nor even that of the immortal Gods. It is my Blood which he ſeeks above all Things: Inſomuch that, though I am an avowed Friend and Confederate of the *Roman* People, I have been beſieged by him for near Five Months: Neither do the mighty Favours conferred upon him by my Father *Micipſa*, nor your awful Decrees in my Behalf, conduce at all to ſuccour me. I am even unable to declare, whether Famine, or the Sword, doth moſt keenly aſſault me.

‘Such, however, is my unhappy Situation, as to diſcourage me from multiplying Complaints againſt *Jugurtha*; ſince I have had already ſad Experience, what little Belief is given to the Words of the Miſerable: Yet I will add, that I perceive his Aim to be much higher than me; and that he can never hope at once to enjoy your Friendſhip, and my Kingdom: For which of theſe he is moſt ſolicitous, is a Doubt to no Man. For, firſt, he murdered my Brother *Hiempſal*; then chaſed me out of my paternal Kingdom. Suppoſe theſe Barbarities to be only intereſting to our Family, and nowiſe affecting you: He now poſſeſſes, by Violence, a Kingdom which is yours: So that I, who was, by you, eſtabliſhed Monarch of *Numidia*, am, by him, ſhut up and beſieged. What Regard he pays to an Embaſſy from you, delivered him by your own Deputies, my many Streights and Perils abundantly declare. What remains, but that you have preſent recourſe to Arms; ſince by theſe only he can be reclaimed?

‘For myſelf, I would much rather chuſe, that all theſe my preſent Repreſentations to you, with all the Complaints which I have already made before the Senate, were alike falſe and groundleſs, than have them thus verified by my own deplorable Sufferings. But, ſince I am doomed, by Fate, to be a Spectacle

'of the bloody Iniquities of *Jugurtha*, I do not now implore
'you to redeem me from Death, nor from Diſtreſs, but only to
'preſerve me from falling into the Hands of my cruel Enemy,
'and from the Agonies of the Rack. About the Kingdom of
'*Numidia*, which, indeed, belongs to you, direct ſuch Meaſures
'to be taken as you beſt approve. In the mean time, reſcue me
'from his ſavage Vengeance: To this I conjure you, by the
'Majeſty of the *Roman* State, by the ſacred Faith of mutual
'Friendſhip and Alliance, if any Veneration yet remains amongſt
'you for your antient Confederate, my Grandfather *Maſiniſſa*.'

When this Letter was read in the Senate, there were ſome Senators who propoſed, to have an Army diſpatched into *Africa*, Succours to be tranſmitted to *Atherbal*, and that the Senate ſhould forthwith proceed to paſs ſome Judgment upon *Jugurtha*, for having diſobeyed their Orders, conveyed to him by their Deputies. But the King's wonted Advocates there perſiſted, with notable Vigour, to oppoſe any ſuch Ordinance againſt him: So that it happened in this, as in moſt Inſtances, that public Utility was forced to ſubmit to private Intereſt. Ambaſſadors were, however, choſen, of Age and Dignity; ſuch as had exerciſed the higheſt Offices; particularly, *Marcus Scaurus*, whom I have already mentioned, a Perſon of Conſular Rank, and then Prince of the Senate.

Theſe, perceiving the popular Indignation raiſed, and, being, moreover, earneſtly implored by the *Numidians*, embarked within Three Days; and, quickly arriving at *Utica*, wrote to *Jugurtha*,
'To come to them, with all Speed, into the *Roman* Province;
'for that they were ſent to him by the Senate.'

He, when he had learned, that Men of ſuch ſignal Eminence, who bore high Sway at *Rome*, were purpoſely come to croſs his Purſuits, was diſtracted between Fear, and Thirſt of Power. He dreaded the Indignation of the Senate, if he obeyed not their Ambaſſadors; but ſtill his Soul, blinded by Ambition, drove him headlong to accompliſh his bloody Undertaking. In his unbounded

bounded and unrelenting Spirit the criminal Counſel prevailed: Thus he aſſaulted the Town with his whole Army, on every Side; and ſtrove, with all his Might, to force an Entrance; as he chiefly hoped, that, having thus ſeparated the Enemy's Forces, he ſhould have a Chance for Victory, either from Strength or Stratagem. As the Event diſappointed his Hopes, and as he could not effect what he had ſtudied, to get Poſſeſſion of *Atherbal*, before he met the Ambaſſadors, he would not, by more Delays, incenſe *Scaurus*, of whom he had exceeding Awe; but, accompanied with a few Horſe, proceeded into the *Roman* Province. Yet there, though he heard the high Menaces denounced againſt him, in the Name of the Senate, for ſtill perſevering in the Siege, after a long Debate, the Ambaſſadors departed without Succeſs.

When all this came to be known at *Cirta*, the *Italians* there, by whoſe Bravery only the Town was defended, perſuading themſelves, that the awful Power of the *Roman* People would procure certain Impunity to their Perſons after a Surrender, counſelled *Atherbal*, To yield himſelf, and the Place, to *Jugurtha*, ſtipulating only for his Life; for that the Senate would effectually interpoſe in whatever elſe concerned him. *Atherbal* was aware, that any Expedient of any kind was rather to be truſted than the Faith of *Jugurtha*; yet, conſidering, that they who adviſed him had Power to force him, if he refuſed, ſubmitted to what the *Italians* propoſed, and ſurrendered. The firſt Fury of *Jugurtha* fell upon *Atherbal*, whom he ſtrait put to Death upon the Rack: Then his Soldiers butchered, on all hands, all the *Numidian* Youth, and all the foreign Traders without Diſtinction.

At *Rome*, when Intelligence of this arrived there, and began to produce Debates in the Senate, the ſame Men who had been the King's former Champions in it, laboured to qualify the Horror of his Guilt, often by Intrigues, and Application to particular Senators, and often gaining Time by long Speeches and Cavilings. In truth, had not *Caius Memmius*, Tribune of the People elect, a Man of great Spirit, and a determined Foe to the mighty Sway of the Nobility, thoroughly appriſed the *Roman* People, whither all this tended; even that, by the Intrigues of a ſmall Cabal, *Jugurtha* might obtain Impunity for his crying Crimes: it is certain, that the public Horror againſt him would have vaniſhed by their ſtudiouſly protracting the Proceedings: So mighty was the Force of Favour, and that of the King's Treaſure.

But the Senate, who were ſtruck with their own criminal Omiſſion, and dreaded the Reſentment of the People, in Compliance with the *Sempronian* Law, now decreed to the enſuing Conſuls *Numidia* and *Italy* for their Provinces, the former to *Lucius Beſtia Calpurnius*, *Italy* to *Publius Scipio Naſica*; for theſe Two were already nominated to the Conſulſhip: Next, Forces were inrolled for an Army to be tranſported immediately to *Africa*; and an Ordinance made for their Payment, and for all the Appointments and Expence of the War.

Now when *Jugurtha* had Information of theſe Proceedings, ſo oppoſite to his Hopes, as an Opinion had ſtrongly poſſeſſed him, That at *Rome* all Things whatſoever were obtainable by Money, he diſpatched away his Son, accompanied with Two truſty Minions, on an Embaſſy to the Senate, furniſhed with the ſame Orders given to his former Ambaſſadors, ſent thither after the Aſſaſſination of *Hiempſal*, 'That they ſhould, with Treaſure, tempt all Sorts of 'Men.' Theſe were already advancing towards *Rome*, when *Beſtia* had recourſe to the Judgment of the Senate, 'Whether they eſ'teemed it proper to admit the Deputies of *Jugurtha* within the 'Walls?' And it was decreed, 'That, unleſs they came to deliver up 'both their King and Kingdom, they muſt quit *Italy* within Ten 'Days.' This Reſolution the Conſul ſignified, as he was ordered, to the *Numidians*. Thus they returned without any Point gained.

Calpurnius, the while, having completed his Army, choſe for his Lieutenant-Generals, ſuch Perſons as were, at once, ſignal in Quality and Caballing; Perſons of ſufficient Weight to juſtify whatever wrong Meaſures he might take: Of that Number was *Scaurus*, of whoſe Spirit and Conduct I have above given an Account. In truth, the Conſul himſelf had many valuable Recommendations, both of Mind and Body, but all rendered fruitleſs by predominant Avarice: He was a Man capable of every Fatigue, of vigorous Spirit, of abundant Forecaſt; no-wiſe untrained in War, never to be moved by Peril, nor diſconcerted by Surprize.

The Legions, marching through *Italy* to *Rhegium*, were tranſported to *Sicily*; thence to *Africa*: So that *Calpurnius*, who, indeed, had early furniſhed himſelf with all neceſſary Proviſions, invaded *Numidia* with notable Vigour, took a Multitude of Priſoners, and ſtormed ſeveral Cities. But no ſooner had *Jugurtha* begun, by his Emiſſaries, to tempt him with Treaſure, and to repreſent to him the ſevere Diſcouragements and Hazards attending the War which he had undertaken, than his Soul, frail with Avarice, quickly yielded. He, however, engaged *Scaurus* with him, as a Sharer and Adviſer in all his Meaſures: For though *Scaurus*, at firſt, even when moſt of his Faction were already corrupted, had oppoſed that King's Cauſe with all his Might; yet now, by the Force of a mighty Sum, he deſerted a Courſe of Juſtice and Honour, for one of Injuſtice and Venality.

In truth, *Jugurtha*, at firſt, aimed only at purchaſing Time, and a Ceſſation of War; as he thought, that, in the mean while, by the Aid of his Friends, or that of his Money, he ſhould find Succeſs at *Rome*: But when he learned, that *Scaurus* had engaged in the Cauſe, he entertained high Hopes of gaining a final Peace; and thence determined, in Perſon, to concert the ſeveral Articles with theſe his Patrons. In the Interval, as a Pledge for his Security in coming, *Sextus* the Quæſtor was diſpatched, by the Conſul, to *Vacca*, a Town where the King then was: For which Journey another Pretence was furniſhed, that of receiving a Quantity of Grain, which *Calpurnius* had publicly ordered the

Deputies of *Jugurtha* to provide; ſince he was to grant them a Ceſſation of Arms, till the Treaty for Surrender was concluded.

At laſt, *Jugurtha*, purſuing his Scheme, entered the *Roman* Camp; where, after a ſhort Addreſs to the Council of Officers, to extenuate the Abhorrence of his Proceedings, he propoſed to yield himſelf up to the *Romans*. The Conditions were all ſettled afterwards, in private, with *Beſtia* and *Scaurus*. Next Day, his Surrender, all ſecretly concerted, was formally accepted, as if it had been concluded, after regular Debate, by the general Concurrence of Voices. There were, therefore, delivered to the Quæſtor Thirty Elephants, a Number of Horſes, with ſome Cattle, and a moderate Sum of Money; all agreeably to the Injunction from the Council of Officers. *Calpurnius* then proceeded to *Rome*, to aſſiſt at the Election of Magiſtrates. In *Numidia*, the while, and in our Army there, abſolute Tranquillity reigned.

Now, when the Tranſactions in *Africa* were, by common Fame, divulged, as alſo under what Management they had paſſed, the Behaviour of the Conſul was loudly canvaſed in all Companies and Aſſemblies at *Rome*: The People declared their Deteſtation: The Senate was ſorely perplexed: Nor could it certainly be inferred, whether they would confirm the infamous Treaty, or condemn the Ordinance of the Conſul.

What principally obſtructed them from purſuing juſt and virtuous Counſels, was the great Sway and Influence of *Scaurus*; becauſe he was affirmed to have been the Prompter and Aſſociate of *Beſtia*. During this Irreſolution, and theſe Pauſes of the Senate, *Caius Memmius*, whom I have before mentioned, as a Man of a bold and a free Spirit, and a declared Enemy to the mighty Sway of the Nobility, had recourſe to the People; and, in their Aſſemblies, urged them, by pathetic Speeches, to vindicate their own Wrongs; warned them, never to abandon the Commonwealth, never to forſake the Cauſe of Liberty: He ſtrongly repreſented all the Acts of Power of the Nobility, many very imperious, many very barbarous; and earneſtly purſuing his Purpoſe, was daily, by all Methods, inflaming the Minds of the Populace.

Now, ſeeing the Eloquence of *Memmius* was, at this Juncture, in high Renown, and of powerful Influence, at *Rome*, I have judged it expedient, to tranſcribe one of his Speeches, out of many; and, above all, that which, upon the Return of *Beſtia*, he made to an Aſſembly of the People, in the following Strain:

‘Were not my Paſſion for the Commonweal ſuperior to all Things, there are many Conſiderations to withdraw me from this my Adherence to you, *Romans*; Conſiderations indeed! The terrible Puiſſance of the oppoſite Party; your own ſervile Patience; a ſcandalous Failure of all Juſtice; above all, Innocence and Integrity rather expoſed to Danger, than attended with Recompence and Honour. For it is painful to me to recount, how, for Fifteen Years paſt, you have proved the Scorn of a few Grandees! how infamouſly your great Champions have periſhed, firſt undefended, then unrevenged! As if your wonted Vigour were overcome by Effeminacy and Stupidity; ſince, even now, you rouſe not yourſelves to make a Stand againſt your Enemies, though thus lying at your Mercy: Nay, even now, you are awed by thoſe whom, by improving the preſent Conjuncture, you ſhould cauſe to tremble.

‘Yet, though this be the ſad Courſe of Things, ſtill my Zeal forces me to encounter all the Power of the Cabal; nor will I fail boldly to exerciſe that Liberty which my Father conveyed down to me: Indeed, in your own Hands it lies, O *Romans*, whether I exerciſe it fruitleſly, or with certain Advantage.

‘Still I mean not to perſuade you, by Arms, to remove ſo many Wrongs; though it be what your Foreſathers have frequently done. Here is no need of Violence; none of retreating out of *Rome*; ſince they muſt inevitably fall headlong in their own wild Purſuits. After the Aſſaſſination of *Tiberius Gracchus*, whom they charged to have aimed at Sovereignty, they doomed many of the *Roman* People to Executions, Racks, and Baniſhments. After the Murder of *Caius Gracchus*, and that of *Marcus Fulvius*, they doomed great Numbers of your Body to periſh in Dungeons: Neither was it the Authority of the Law, but their own good Pleaſure, that at laſt ſtayed the Progreſs of both theſe Maſſacres.

‘But be it ſo, that the reſtoring their Rights to the People, was to introduce ſingle Sovereignty; be it ſo, that it was lawful, even by ſpilling the Blood of *Roman* Citizens, to redreſs what could not be otherwiſe redreſſed: Yet, remember, with what ſecret Regret you have, for a Series of Years, beheld the public Treaſure robbed; beheld the Tribute from powerful Kings, Tribute from great independent Nations, all paid to a few of the Nobility; beheld thoſe Few, Maſters of all public Honours, of Rule without Controul, of Wealth without Bounds.

‘Nay, they hold it a ſmall Matter, to have committed ſo many and ſo high Exceſſes with Impunity: They, therefore, as their laſt Effort, have betrayed to the common Enemy the Laws of the State, the Majeſty of You the *Roman* People, with whatever is deareſt to the Gods and to Men.

‘Neither, for all theſe enormous Doings, do the Authors of them feel Remorſe or Shame: Quite otherwiſe; they paſs daily in your View with magnificent Pomp; all proudly diſplaying, ſome their Pontifical, ſome their Conſular, nay, ſome their Triumphal Dignities: As if ſuch Dignities, ſo placed, were real Marks of Honour, and not the Trappings of Uſurpation and Rapine. Slaves, purchaſed with Money, ſubmit not to the unjuſt Commands of their Maſters: Can you, that are *Romans*, born to command, tamely endure the Yoke of Slavery!

‘But who are they who have thus ingroſſed the Commonwealth to themſelves? The moſt criminal and guilty of all Men; their Hands dyed with Blood; enormouſly rapacious; of matchleſs Wickedneſs, and matchleſs Arrogance; Men who convert Faith and Honour, public Truſt, and public Spirit, in a Word, whatever is juſt or unjuſt, into Traffick and Gain. Some of them derive their Security from the Murder of your Tribunes; others from the lawleſs Arraignments of your Brethren; moſt of all from their having butchered you in a Body: Inſomuch that whoever hath done you the higheſt Miſchief, is in the higheſt Safety. Inſtead of fearing you, after ſo many Crimes, from your Want of Spirit they make you fear them. As they all agree in the ſame Objects of Hate, Avidity, and Fear, they are thence all linked together in a common Band of Union; ſuch a Union as, amongſt worthy Men, conſtitutes Friendſhip, but, amongſt guilty Men, proves only Faction and Conſpiracy.

‘ Doubtleſs, were You as zealous for your Liberty, as They are paſſionate for Tyranny, neither would the Commonwealth be rent piece-meal, as it is, nor the Honours in your Gift be conferred upon the moſt confident and aſſuming, but upon the moſt deſerving. Twice did your Foreſathers withdraw their Obedience from the Senate, and retire, under Arms, to Mount *Aventine*; in order to obtain equal Laws, and to eſtabliſh the Dignity of the People: Will not you ſtruggle, with your utmoſt Might, to maintain the Liberty which they have delivered down to you? Nay, will you not ſtruggle with the more Ardour, as it is higher Infamy to abandon Bleſſings once procured, than never to have procured them?’

‘ Here ſome of you will deſire to know my own Opinion: It is, That you puniſh thoſe who have ſacrificed the Commonwealth to a public Enemy: I do not mean by tumultuous Force, or any ſudden Violence; a Method of Vengeance, indeed, more befitting Them to ſuffer, than You to inflict; but by ſtrict Proceſs and Arraignment, and even by the Evidence of *Jugurtha* himſelf: For, if that King have really delivered himſelf up, you will find him obſequious to all your Commands; whereas, if he reject them, you will clearly diſcern, what ſort of Peace and

Submiſſion this is, from whence there accrues, to *Jugurtha*, Impunity for all his tragical Crimes; mighty Wealth to a few Grandees; and to the *Roman* State ſuch mighty Loſs and Diſgrace. But, poſſibly, you are not yet tired with the Domineering of theſe Men; nay, poſtpone any Change whatever to the late Courſe of Things; when Kingdoms, Provinces, Law, and Right, the public Tribunals, and all Deciſion of Proceſs, with War and Peace; finally, every thing, divine and human; depended upon the ſole Will of a Cabal: Whilſt You, even You, the People of *Rome*, though ſtill found invincible to your foreign Enemies, ſtill confeſſed Lords of the World, continued ſatisfied, that you were allowed to live: For, in this general Bondage, was there one of you daring enough to reſiſt it? For myſelf, though I judge it notorious Infamy in a Man, to bear an Inſult tamely; yet I ſhould, with Temper, ſee you ſpare the moſt guilty Offenders, becauſe they are your Fellow-citizens; were not your Mercy to Them manifeſtly tending to your Own Deſtruction.

‘‘ So determined, in truth, are theſe Men, that you will have gained little with them, by a Remiſſion of their Enormities paſt, unleſs you bereave them of all Power to repeat them. Nay, eternal Anxiety would abide you, when you perceived, that you muſt either remain conſtant Slaves, or be conſtantly ſupporting your Liberty by Arms. For what Hope is there of any mutual Confidence and Union between Them and You? They ſtudy to be Lords; You to be free: They to oppreſs you; You to reſtrain Oppreſſion: In ſhort, they treat your Confederates like public Enemies; your Enemies like Confederates. Can there ever be Peace and Reconciliation amongſt Minds ſo widely eſtranged from each other?

‘‘ I, therefore, warn and exhort you, never to ſuffer Iniquity ſo high and inſupportable to eſcape condign Vengeance. This is not a Charge of robbing the Exchequer, nor of Violence and Extortion upon our Confederates; Crimes very heinous, but ‘grown habitual, and thence accounted for nothing. Behold now the Authority of the Senate, behold your own ſovereign Power, both baſely betrayed to a very dreadful Foe: The Republic has been expoſed to Sale in our Aſſemblies at home, and in our Armies abroad; Crimes ſo daring, that if they be not proſecuted, if they be not puniſhed in the Perſons of the Criminals, what other Choice remains, than to live under Bondage to thoſe who committed them? For the Power of an abſolute King is no more than to do what he liſts.

‘After all, my Intention, O *Romans*, is not to raiſe a Wiſh in you, rather to find theſe your Fellow-citizens to have acted corruptly than worthily: I only warn you, that you do not, by pardoning the Wicked, expoſe the Righteous to periſh. I add, that it behoves a State, to be rather forgetful of Services than of Injuries. A worthy Man, neglected, becomes only leſs active; whilſt a bad Man, unchecked, grows daily worſe. Beſides, when Wrongs and Oppreſſion ceaſe, you will ſeldom need Recourſe to Champions and Aſſiſtance.’

By frequently repeating theſe and the like Reaſonings, *Caius Memmius* prevailed with the *Roman* People to ſend *Lucius Caſſius*, then Prætor, on a Commiſſion to *Jugurtha*; that, by pledging the public Faith to that Prince, he ſhould bring him to *Rome*; whence, by the Teſtimony of *Jugurtha* in Perſon, the Iniquity of *Scaurus* and others, who had been purchaſed with Money to betray their Truſt, might be expoſed to full Light. Whilſt theſe Meaſures were taking at *Rome*, the Officers left by *Beſtia* to command the Army in *Numidia*, imitating the Conduct of their General, committed very many and very crying Enormities. Some, bribed by the King's Money, reſtored him his Elephants; others ſold him his Deſerters; the reſt plundered Places under Compacts of Peace with the *Romans*. So violent was the Spirit of Rapaciouſneſs, which, like a Peſtilence, had ſeized them all.

Now *Caſſius* the Prætor, authorized by this popular Ordinance, gained at the Suit of *Memmius*, to the great Surprize and Abaſement of the Nobility, proceeded to *Jugurtha*; and perſuaded him, though under much Fear, and, from the Alarms of a guilty Mind, diſtruſting his own Cauſe, 'That, ſince he was already bound, by ſurrendering himſelf up to the *Roman* People, he ſhould now reſolve, rather to try their Commiſeration, than their Reſentment and Power.' He likewiſe plighted to him his own Faith; which *Jugurtha* eſteemed an equal Security to that of the Public: In ſuch high Eſtimation at that time was the Character of *Caſſius*.

Jugurtha, therefore, accompanied *Caſſius* to *Rome*; diveſted, however, of all Royal Magnificence, and in a Dreſs the moſt adapted to raiſe Compaſſion. But though he had naturally a very bold Spirit, and was hardened by all thoſe upon whoſe Guilt and Sway he had relied, in perpetrating all his Iniquities, above recited; yet, at the Expence of a mighty Sum, he purchaſed the Aid of *Caius Bæbius* Tribune of the People; as one who had Impudence to ſupport him, in ſpight of Law, and all Attacks whatſoever.

Now when the People were aſſembled by *Caius Memmius*, notwithſtanding their Rage againſt *Jugurtha* was ſo high, that ſome of them loudly doomed him to Irons, as did others to Execution, like a public Enemy, according to the rigorous Uſage of Antiquity, unleſs he diſcovered his Aſſociates at *Rome*; yet *Memmius*, more ſtudious to maintain the Dignity of the *Roman* People, than to humour their Fury, applied himſelf to calm their Uproar, and to appeaſe their Spirit: He declared himſelf determined to obſerve inviolably the public Faith plighted to that Prince. At laſt, when Silence enſued, he cauſed *Jugurtha* to be brought forth; and then, purſuing his Speech, he recounted all his black Proceedings, in *Rome*, as well as in *Numidia*; expoſed his foul Ingratitude to his adopting Father, with the Butchery of his Two Brothers: He declared, that the *Roman* People, though well appriſed by whoſe Aid, and by what Inſtruments, he had gone through the Whole, ſtill inſiſted upon particular Information from the King himſelf. If, in making it, he proved explicit and ſincere, he had much to hope from the Clemency and plighted Faith of the People of *Rome*: If he ſuppreſſed the Truth, he would not only be diſappointed in ſaving his Accomplices, but deſtroy himſelf, and all his Hopes, for ever.

When *Memmius* had concluded his Speech, and *Jugurtha* was ordered to anſwer, the Tribune *Bæbius,* whom I have mentioned to have been gained to his Intereſt by Money, injoined the King to be ſilent: Nay, though the whole Multitude, then aſſembled, were dreadfully enraged, ſo as to menace him with terrifying Looks and Cries, nay, with Efforts of Violence, and whatever elſe popular Indignation inſpires, he had the extreme Impudence to brave it all. Upon this Mockery the People ſeparated. Hence *Jugurtha, Beſtia,* and the reſt, though at firſt all terribly alarmed by this popular Proſecution, became now the more ſanguine and ſecure.

During this Conjuncture, a certain *Numidian* was found at *Rome,* his Name *Maſſiva,* Son of *Guluſſa,* and Grandchild of *Maſiniſſa:* He, having, in the War amongſt the Three Princes, joined againſt *Jugurtha,* when he afterwards ſaw *Cirta* ſurrendered, and *Atherbal* murdered, had fled out of *Africa.* This *Numidian* was perſuaded, by *Spurius Albinus,* who, with *Quintus Minutius Rufus* for his Collegue, had ſucceeded *Beſtia* in the Conſulſhip, to make Suit to the Senate for the Kingdom; as he was deſcended from *Maſiniſſa,* and *Jugurtha* was purſued by univerſal Abhorrence for his Barbarities, and under daily Dread of his Fate.

That Conſul, who had a mighty Paſſion for directing the War, ſtudied rather to promote public Commotions, than to ſee them compoſed. It was to his Lot the Province of *Numidia* had fallen; as had that of *Macedonia* to *Minucius,* When *Maſſiva* began to purſue his Suit, *Jugurtha,* who found the Succour of his Friends to fail him, ſome of them reſtrained by Guilt and Remorſe, others by public Infamy and Dread, gave ſtrict Orders to *Bomilcar*, his cloſeſt and moſt faithful Confident, 'That, by the Power of Money, whence 'he had conquered numerous Difficulties, he ſhould engage Aſ'ſaſſins to diſpatch *Maſſiva*; and to do it with the utmoſt Secrecy; 'but, if cautious Means proved ineffectual, to take any Method 'whatever to deſtroy him.'

Bomilcar forthwith complied with the King's Commands; and, employing Perſons well-skilled in ſuch dark Adventures, diſcovered the Courſe of his Rambles and Sallies, with all his ſet Times and Haunts; and, when Things were ripe, concerted the Manner of the Aſſaſſination: When, therefore, the Gang were all properly poſted to execute the Murder, one of them attacked *Maſſiva*; but ſo raſhly, that, though he effectually ſlew him, he was himſelf ſeized; and, finding himſelf preſſed by many, eſpecially by *Albinus* the Conſul, offered to confeſs all.

Bomilcar was arraigned, rather upon the Principles of eternal Reaſon and Juſtice, than according to the Law of Nations; for he accompanied a Prince who had come to *Rome*, on Security of the public Faith. *Jugurtha*, though manifeſtly guilty of this glaring Murder, ſpared no Efforts to baffle the Truth; till he perceived, that the Horror of the Crime ſurpaſſed the Power of Favour, and of all his Treaſure: Inſomuch that, notwithſtanding he had, upon the Arraignment of *Bomilcar*, engaged the Perſons of Fifty of his Friends, as Sureties, that *Bomilcar* ſhould abide his Trial, he ſent him ſecretly away to *Numidia*; as he preferred the Safety of his Crown to that of the Sureties: For he apprehended, that his other Subjects would be deterred from yielding him Obedience, were *Bomilcar* left to be executed.

In a few Days he himſelf withdrew, upon an Order to him from the Senate, *To depart out of* Italy. Upon his leaving *Rome*, it is reported, that, having caſt his Eyes frequently back thither without uttering a Word, he, at laſt, pronounced it, 'A City

‘ abandoned to Venality; and ripe for Perdition, whenever an ‘ able Purchaſer appeared.’

As the War was the while revived, *Albinus* haſtened to tranſport into *Africa* Subſiſtence and Pay for the Soldiers, with whatever elſe was neceſſary for the Uſe of an Army; and arrived himſelf preſently amongſt them, with Deſign ſpeedily to terminate the War, either by beating the Enemy, or by a Treaty of Submiſſion, or by any other Means, before the Return of the Time, then approaching, for the annual Election of Magiſtrates. *Jugurtha*, contrariwiſe, interpoſed perpetual Delays; urging now one Pretence, anon another; ſometimes made Offers of an intire Surrender; then, preſently, affected great Fear and Diſtruſt; retreated, when preſſed by the Foe; and, ſoon after, attacked, in his turn, that he might not diſhearten his Men.

Thus he deluded the Conſul, and gained Time, by a Succeſſion of Hoſtilities and Stipulations. Nay, there were thoſe, who conjectured *Albinus* to be privy to the King's Meaſures: Nor could they believe, that, after ſuch warm Preparations, the War could be ſo eaſily protracted, unleſs more through Fraud than Indolence.

Now, as the intervening Time was elapſed, and the popular Elections were at hand, *Albinus*, leaving his Brother *Aulus* to command in the Camp with the Authority of Prætor, returned to *Rome*. At this Juncture the Republic was ſorely rent, by the Turbulence and Contention of the popular Tribunes there. Two of theſe, *Publius Lucullus*, and *Lucius Annius*, though oppoſed by all their Collegues, ſtruggled to be continued in their Magiſtracy: This Conteſt prevented the holding any Aſſembly for Elections during the whole Year. From this Protraction of Time, *Aulus*, left, as has been ſaid, in the Camp with the Commiſſion of Proprætor, became inſpired with Hopes of either terminating the War, or, at leaſt, of forcing the King, by the Terror of his Army, to preſent him with great Treaſure; and, therefore, leading the Soldiers out of their Winter Quarters, undertook an Expedition in the Month of *January*.

Thus, by mighty Marches, under all the Inclemency of the Seaſon, he reached as far as *Suthul*, a City in which the King's Treaſury was placed; a City, both from the Sharpneſs of the Weather, and the Strength of its Situation, ſo ſecure, as not to be taken, nor even to admit of a Siege: For, beſides that it was founded upon the Summit of a ſteep Rock, and fortified with ſtrong Walls, the Plains that ſurrounded it were ſo flooded by the Winter Inundations, as to form an inacceſſible Marſh. But, for all theſe Difficulties, *Aulus*, whether as a Feint, to terrify the King, or, blinded by his rapacious Spirit, to maſter the Town for the ſake of the Treaſure, framed moving Galleries, raiſed Trenches, and diſpatched all other Meaſures neceſſary to ſuch an Enterprize.

Jugurtha, well apprized of the great Weakneſs and Vanity of the Proprætor, practiſed many Wiles to heighten his Phrenzy. He was continually diſpatching Envoys with humble and ſupplicating Propoſals; whilſt he himſelf, feigning Fear and Flight, roamed at a Diſtance, with his Army, through wild Foreſts, and difficult Paſſes. At length, by frequent Offers of ſurrendering upon Articles, he ſo deluded *Aulus*, that, yielding to the Snare, he abandoned *Suthul* to purſue the King; who, appearing ſtill to retreat from him, drew him into remote Territories utterly unknown to the *Romans*; that thence they might be expoſed to all his dark Devices: He, therefore, diſperſed dextrous Emiſſaries amongſt our Men; ſuch as were Night and Day debauching them from their Duty; bribing the Centurions, and Officers of Horſe, ſome to deſert directly to him; others, upon a Signal given, to abandon their Poſts.

When he had thus far puſhed his Projects, and found them ſucceſsful, he at once ruſhed upon the Camp of *Aulus*; and, during the Dead of Night, inveſted it with a great Hoſt of *Numidians*. As the *Roman* Soldiers were aſtoniſhed with the unuſual Alarm, ſome graſped their Arms; ſome ſought Places to hide in; ſome few animated ſuch as they ſaw diſmayed. In all Quarters there prevailed Surprize and Affright: The Enemy aſſaulted in mighty Numbers: Thick Clouds heightened the Darkneſs of the Night: Dreadful Peril preſſed on every Side; nor, in a Word, could it be determined, whether it was ſafeſt, to maintain their Ground, or to fly. At length, a whole Cohort of *Ligurians*, Two Troops of *Thracian* Horſe, and certain common Men, deſerted to *Jugurtha*; who had, by his Agents, ſeduced them, as I have juſt recounted: Nay, a Centurion of the firſt Rank, belonging to the third Legion, delivered up a ſtrong Poſt, which he had undertaken to defend; and thence furniſhed a Paſſage to the Enemy into the Camp; whither the whole Hoſt of the *Numidians* now furiouſly ruſhed. Our Army betook themſelves to an infamous Flight; moſt of them even threw away their Arms, and retired to a neighbouring Hill.

What withheld the Enemy from improving their Victory, was Darkneſs, and the Allurement of Plunder in the Camp. Next Day, *Jugurtha*, at a Conference with *Aulus*, acquainted him, 'That, though he held him and his Army faſt ſhut up, under the 'double Preſſure of Famine and the Sword; yet, remembering 'the Slipperineſs and Mutability of all Things human, if the Pro'prætor would enter into a Treaty of Peace with him, he would 'releaſe them all unhurt in their Perſons; only obliging them to 'paſs, like Captives, under a Gallows, and withal to retire out of '*Numidia* in Ten Days.' Conditions very grievous to undergo, and glaring with Infamy; yet, as by theſe they were all relieved from the Dread of Death, Peace was concluded upon ſuch Terms as the King preſcribed.

Now, when theſe Tranſactions were divulged at *Rome*, Fear and Sorrow ſeized the City. Many mourned for the faded Glory of the *Roman* Empire; others, unexperienced in the Events of War, dreaded Danger to their Liberty: All were incenſed againſt *Aulus*, eſpecially thoſe who had themſelves often ſerved with

Renown in War, that, at the Head of an Army, he ſought his Security rather from infamous Submiſſion, than from manly Defence.

Upon theſe Conſiderations, the Conſul *Albinus*, who, from the miſerable Miſconduct of his Brother, feared public Abhorrence, and thence much Peril to himſelf, had recourſe to the Senate for their Judgment concerning the late Treaty; yet omitted not, the while, to gather Recruits for the Army. He demanded Succours from the *Latins* and Confederates; and puſhed with Vigour all Meaſures for War. The Fathers decreed, as they ought, 'That, as neither the Senate nor the People had ever given 'any Authority to treat, no ſuch Treaty could poſſibly be made.'

The Conſul, finding himſelf reſtrained, by the Tribunes of the People, from tranſporting to *Africa* what Forces he had prepared, ſailed thither himſelf a few Days after: For the whole Army had, according to the Agreement, retired out of *Numidia*; and were now in their Winter Quarters in our Province. When he arrived there, he had, indeed, an ardent Paſſion to march againſt *Jugurtha*; and thence ſoften the popular Aſperity towards his Brother: But, having learned the Temper of the Soldiery, that, beſides their Abaſement from the late Rout, they were void of Diſcipline, and ſunk in Licentiouſneſs and Debauchery; he concluded, upon a full View of his Motives and Diſcouragements, that it behoved him to attempt nothing.

At *Rome*, the while, *Caius Mamilius Limetanus*, one of the Tribunes, recommended to the People the Form of an Ordinance, 'For arraigning all ſuch as had encouraged *Jugurtha* to diſregard 'the Decrees of the Senate; all ſuch as, in their Embaſſies to 'him, or in their conducting the War againſt him, had accepted 'Money from him; all ſuch as had been concerned in reſtoring 'him his Elephants and Deſerters; together with all who had 'preſumed to enter into Capitulations with the public Enemy 'concerning Peace or War.'

They who were alarmed by this popular Ordinance, durſt not openly oppoſe it: Some were conſcious, that they deſerved it; others feared ſinking under the Heat and Odium of Party: Inſomuch that both Sorts avowed their Approbation of this and the like Proſecutions. Yet, by ſecret Caballing amongſt their Friends and Dependants, chiefly amongſt thoſe of *Latium*, and the other Confederates in *Italy*, they contrived many Obſtacles to defeat it. But it is wonderful to recount, how paſſionately the Populace eſpouſed, with what mighty Ardour they directed, authorized, and paſſed, the Ordinance; in truth, rather from Hatred to the Nobility, againſt whom all this terrible Chaſtiſement was contrived, than out of any Zeal for the Commonweal. So irreſiſtible was the Fury of Party!

Now, whilſt the reſt of the Nobility were ſtruck with Diſmay, *Marcus Scaurus*, who had been Lieutenant-General to *Beſtia*, as I have above related, brought it to paſs, during the general Uproar and Agitation over the whole City, between the tumultuous Rejoicings of the Populace, and the Fear and Flight of his Brethren the Patricians, that, as the *Mamilian* Ordinance appointed Three Truſtees for putting it in Force, he himſelf was choſen one of them. The Arraignments followed; and were, indeed, conducted with great Aſperity, by a Courſe of Violence, in Condeſcenſion to the mad Clamour and Caprice of the Multitude: So that, what the Nobility had often done, the Commonalty at this Conjuncture did; and exerciſed ſuperior Fortune with notable Inſolence.

It muſt be owned, that this Diſtinction of the People and Senate into oppoſite Factions, with all the evil Courſes following, aroſe at *Rome*, not many Years before; and was the Effect of profound Repoſe, and of the profuſe Enjoyment of whatever paſſes amongſt Men for the prime Bleſſings of Life. For, before the Deſtruction of *Carthage*, the People and Senate proceeded with much Quiet and Concord in the joint Adminiſtration of the State: Neither was there any Struggle between Citizens and Citizens for Priority in exceſſive Splendor, or exceſſive Sway. Common Dread of Enemies abroad preſerved decent Demeanour in the whole Community: But, as ſoon as that Dread forſook the Minds of Men, then inſtantly ruſhed in Ambition and Debauchery, Exceſſes which Proſperity delights in. Inſomuch that what they had ſo paſſionately wiſhed, in public Danger and War, a State of Peace and Repoſe; now they had obtained it, proved more deſtructive and calamitous than either; ſince, thenceforth, the Nobility began to turn their Dignity into Tyranny; the People their Liberty into Licentiouſneſs: Individuals, conſidering only themſelves, ſtudied nothing but to ingroſs Property, and to uſurp Power.

Thus, whilſt, by one Party or the other, the Means of Power were boldly claimed, ſeized, and uſurped, the Commonwealth, lying between both, was rent and defaced. It muſt, however, be owned, that, in the Efforts of Faction, the Nobility proved much more prevalent: The Authority of the Populace, as it is looſe and diffuſed, was found to be of inferior Force in the Hands of a Multitude. Hence War abroad, and Civil Affairs at *Rome*, were only conducted by the Sway of a Few: In their Diſpoſal lay the Treaſury, the Provinces, the ſeveral Magiſtracies, public Dignities and Triumphs. The Commonalty were oppreſſed with Penury, and with ſerving in the Armies, where all the Plunder of the Foe was purloined by the Generals, and a few Grandees. Nay, the Parents and little Children of theſe very Soldiers were, at the ſame time, driven out of their rightful Settlements, if they chanced but to border upon any Man of Sway.

In this manner did Power, ſupporting Rapaciouſneſs without Meaſure or Reſtraint, ſwallow, contaminate, and lay waſte, all Things: A Power which proved utterly regardleſs of whatever was juſt, or whatever was ſacred; and thus hurried headlong to its own Perdition: For, the Moment that, from amongſt the Nobility, there aroſe ſuch as preferred genuine Glory to unrighteous Rule, the State was in an Uproar; and ſuch Civil Feuds enſued, as if the Univerſe had been tumbling into a Chaos.

For, after *Tiberius Gracchus*, and his Brother *Caius*, Men whoſe Anceſtors had, by their Service in the *Punic* and ſeveral other Wars, procured ſignal Advantage to the Commonweal, attempted to recover to the People their ancient Liberties, and to expoſe to public View the Iniquity and Encroachments of a few domineering Grandees; the Nobility, conſcious of their own Guilt, and thence ſorely diſmayed, had recourſe ſometimes to the Aid of our *Italian* Allies, and to ſuch as enjoyed the Rights of *Latium*; ſometimes to the *Roman* Knights (whom the Hopes of a Confederacy in Power with the Patricians had detached from the Intereſt of the Commonalty); and, thus aſſiſted, ſet themſelves forcibly to defeat the Purſuits of the *Gracchi*. Firſt they aſſaſſinated *Tiberius*; in a few Years after, *Caius*, who was reviving the Attempts of his Brother, and with him *Marcus Fulvius Flaccus*: The firſt, whilſt yet inveſted with the ſacred Character of Tribune; and the Two laſt, with the Triumviral Authority of ſettling Colonies. Without doubt both Brothers were too vehemently bent to triumph over their Adverſaries, and wanted a Spirit of Moderation; ſince it is more eligible to yield to Oppoſition, than, by unjuſt means, to conquer it.

The Nobility, having thus prevailed, exerciſed their Proſperity juſt according to their own wanton Caprice; and, dooming Numbers of Citizens to Execution, Numbers to Baniſhment, opened to themſelves, for the time to come, a much greater Source of Dread than of Power: A ſort of Politics which hath uſually brought ſeveral mighty States to Perdition; whilſt the factious Subjects ſtrove, by whatever means, to ſubdue each other, and to inflict terrible Vengeance upon ſuch as were ſubdued. But Time would fail me ſooner than Matter, were I, minutely, or in a Manner ſuitable to ſo copious a Subject, to recount the croſs

Purſuits and Animoſities of our Parties, with a Detail of the Proceedings of our Citizens: I, therefore, reſume my Deſign.

After the Treaty made by *Aulus*, and the infamous Flight of our Army, *Metellus* and *Silanus*, now choſen Conſuls, having ſhared the Provinces between them, *Numidia* fell to *Metellus*; a Man of vigorous Spirit; his Reputation unblemiſhed; nay, equally valued by both Parties, though he oppoſed that of the People.

He, as ſoon as he began his Function, bent all his Thoughts upon the War, which he only was to conduct: For he conſidered, that, in all other Duties of that Magiſtracy, his Collegue bore an equal Part. He, therefore, made freſh Levies (for he could not depend upon the old Army); called together Succours from all Quarters; provided Store of Arms, of Horſes, and of all other warlike Implements and Weapons; as alſo abundant Magazines of Victuals; finally, whatever elſe Experience finds ſerviceable in a War which required various Management, and craved many Things to ſupport it. It muſt be owned, that, in accompliſhing all theſe Meaſures, he was aſſiſted, with notable Zeal, by the Senate; whence followed that of our Allies; particularly of all thoſe of the *Latin* Denomination: Nay, our confederate Kings, unasked, ſupplied him with Forces: In a Word, he found the ſame warm Concurrence from all Orders of Men at *Rome*. So that, all Things being furniſhed and concerted according to his own Wiſhes, he proceeded to *Numidia*, followed with high Hopes from all his Fellow-citizens; not only for his excellent Accompliſhments, but chiefly as he poſſeſſed a Soul never to be ſubdued by all the Stimulations of Riches. It was, indeed, from the Rapaciouſneſs of our Magiſtrates, that all our Efforts in *Numidia* had, till this time, been baffled, and thoſe of the Enemy ſucceſsful.

Now, when he arrived in *Africa*, he had delivered to him the Army of the Proconſul *Spurius Albinus*; a ſpiritleſs Army, and unwarlike; neither able to ſuffer Fatigue, nor to encounter Danger;

more petulant with their Tongues, than prompt with their Hands; ſpoiling our Friends and Allies, yet bearing to ſee themſelves the Spoil of the public Enemy; trained neither to obey Command, nor to regard the Rules of Decency: So that there accrued more Anxiety to the General from the ſcandalous Inſufficiency of the Men, than any Support, or, indeed, any Confidence, from their Numbers. But though, by the annual Elections being poſtponed, *Metellus* not only ſaw the Summer already far advanced, but conſidered the Minds of the *Romans*, bent upon the Iſſue, and thence full of Expectation from him; yet he determined to engage in no Operation of War, till he had firſt reſtored the ancient Diſcipline, and forced the Soldiers to endure Labour, by enuring them to it.

For, after *Albinus*, utterly diſmayed with the Overthrow of his Brother *Aulus* and his Army, had formed a Reſolution not to ſtir out of the Province, during ſo much of the Summer as he continued in Command, he kept the Soldiers chiefly confined within the ſame Camp, till Stench and Contagion, or Scarcity of Forage, conſtrained him to ſhift: Moreover, in the Camp no regular Watch was kept, nor Guard poſted; ſuch as the Laws of an Army always require: The Men abandoned their Enſigns, juſt as they liſted: The low Retainers to the Camp, in Conjunction with the Soldiers, wandered abroad Nights and Days, ravaging the Fields, forcing and robbing the Farms, and vying with each other in the Droves of Beaſts and Captives; all which they turned into Traffick with the Merchants for Wine, and ſuch other Gratifications: Nay, they even ſold the Grain given them at the public Expence, and lived upon Bread bought from Day to Day. To ſum up all, whatever Exceſſes in Luxury and Effeminacy the Tongue can expreſs, or the Fancy feign, were found in that Army: Nay, more and greater were found.

Now, in contending with all this Diſorder and Diſtreſs, *Metellus* appears, to me, to have approved himſelf a Man no leſs great and wiſe, than in his Schemes and Operations of War: So juſt was the Temper and Balance which he held, between his Addreſs to win the Hearts of the Soldiers, and his Severity in puniſhing them: By an Edict, which he publiſhed at firſt, he removed the principal Incitements and Supports of Effeminacy, by ordering, ‘That none ſhould preſume to ſell, in the Camp, either Bread, or any other Victuals ready dreſſed: No Refuſe-retainers ſhould follow the Camp: No common Soldier ſhould entertain any Slave, or any Beaſt of Burden, either in the Camp, or on a March.’ To other Exceſſes, too, he applied proper Reſtraints with great Addreſs. Beſides, he was daily ſhifting Stations, taking his Route through croſs and unpractiſed Places, with the ſame Circumſpection as if an Enemy had been at hand; cauſed, every Night, an Intrenchment to be made, and a Paliſade to be raiſed, quite round the Camp; poſted many Guards; changed them frequently; nay, conſtantly viſited them all round in Perſon, accompanied by the Generals under him. With the ſame Vigilance, during a March, he was now in the Front, then ſtrait in the Rear, anon in the Centre; ſtill careful, that no Man ſhould forſake his Rank, that they ſhould be all found keeping cloſe by their ſeveral Standards, and that every Man ſhould at once carry his Victuals and his Arms: Inſomuch that, rather by reſtraining Enormities, than by puniſhing them, he eſtabliſhed ſound Diſcipline and Vigour in the Army.

As *Jugurtha*, the while, had learned, from his Emiſſaries, what Meaſures *Metellus* was purſuing, and having been withal convinced, at *Rome*, of his untainted Honour, he came to diſtruſt the Tendency of his own Affairs; and now, at length, ſeriouſly ſought to be admitted to an abſolute Submiſſion: He, therefore, diſpatched certain Envoys to the Conſul, with a Tender of his Offers and Requeſts, and a Power to deliver up All to the *Roman* People, without any other Reſerve or Conceſſion, than that of his own Life, and the Lives of his Children.

Now *Metellus*, who had always found the *Numidians* to be a faithleſs Race, full of Fickleneſs, and eager for Revolutions, applied to the Envoys one by one; and when, by artfully ſifting each apart, he perceived them all to be ſuch Inſtruments as he wanted, he engaged them, by the Force of mighty Promiſes, to deliver him up *Jugurtha*, alive, if poſſible; or, if that failed, to kill him, and to bring, at leaſt, his Carcaſe. For a formal Anſwer to their Embaſſy, he called them publicly before him; and there declared what Conditions he ordered them to carry to their King. Then, in a few Days, he advanced to *Numidia*, at the Head of a well-ſpirited Army, breathing War and Conqueſt: There, far from any Deſolation, or the uſual ſad Symptoms of War, the Country-houſes were full of Inhabitants; in the Fields the Flocks were feeding, and the Huſbandmen all employed. From the Cities and Hamlets the King's Officers advanced to meet the Conſul; declaring their Readineſs to furniſh him and his Army with Grain, with Carriages and Convoys, and, indeed, to comply with whatſoever he ſhould chuſe to injoin them. Yet, for all this, *Metellus* relaxed not his Care; but, juſt as if the Enemy had been cloſe by him, kept his Ranks, as he marched, compact and firm; and cauſed the Country, on all hands, to be viewed a great Way round; as he believed all theſe Signs of Submiſſion to be only for Amuſement and Shew, all concerted to cover ſome pernicious Plot of *Jugurtha's*.

Metellus, therefore, accompanied with the Cohorts lightly armed, and a choice Band of Slingers and Archers, kept always in the Front; whilſt *Caius Marius*, his Lieutenant-General, at the Head of the Cavalry, ſupported the Rear; and, on each Wing, he diſpoſed the auxiliary Horſe, commanded by the Tribunes of the Legions, and the Colonels of the Cohorts; with Deſign that, as the light Foot were mixed amongſt theſe, the Enemy's Cavalry, on whatever Quarter they attacked, might be certainly repulſed. For ſuch was the ſubtile Spirit of *Jugurtha*, ſo ſignal his Abilities, as a Captain, and ſo complete his Knowlege of the Country, that it remained a Doubt, whether he were more miſchievous, remote or near; when profeſſing Peace, or when making open War.

Not far from the Route, which *Metellus* kept, there was a *Numidian* City, called *Vacca*; by much the moſt renowned for Commerce in all the Kingdom; and in it were many *Italians*, as well ſuch who dwelt conſtantly there, as ſuch who reſorted thither for Traffick. Here the Conſul eſtabliſhed a Gariſon; either to try whether the ſame would be quietly borne, or that he was pleaſed with the Convenience and Situation of the Place. He likewiſe ordered the Natives to bring him thither Quantities of Grain, with other Neceſſaries for proſecuting the War: For he was convinced, that, from ſuch a Conflux of Traders, and ſuch Plenty of Stores, his Army would be amply ſupplied, and the Poſt itſelf ſerve to ſecure the Execution of the Meaſures already concerted.

During theſe Tranſactions, *Jugurtha*, redoubling his Applications to the Conſul, ſtill ſent Ambaſſadors after Ambaſſadors, with repeated Supplications, imploring Peace; nay, reſerving only his Life, and that of his Children, offered to ſurrender whatever elſe he had. The Conſul, without either granting or denying the King the Peace which he thus intreated, ſent him all theſe his Ambaſſadors back again, as he had the firſt; awaiting, the while, the Execution of what they had undertaken; for he had firſt engaged them all to betray their Maſter into his Hands.

When *Jugurtha* compared the Words of *Metellus* with his Actions, and perceived himſelf aſſailed, in his turn, by Devices like his own, ſince, whilſt he was preſented with the Sound of Peace, he was, in Fact, purſued with all the Fury of War; when he ſaw himſelf bereft of ſo powerful a City, his Territories well known by the Enemy, the People, in general, urged to revolt; thus conſtrained by his deſperate Fortune, he determined to try the Chance of a Battle. With this View, having learned the Route taken by the *Romans*, and gathering Hopes of Victory from the Advantages which the Country afforded him, he formed a numerous Hoſt of all Sorts of Men, and, by private Ways, out-marched the Army of *Metellus*.

In that Part of *Numidia* which had fallen to the Share of *Atherbal*, was a River, flowing from the South, called *Muthul*. Parallel to this is a Mountain, about Twenty Miles diſtant, and of equal Extent; naturally deſert, and never ſubjected to human Culture. In the intermediate Space, about the Middle, ariſes a Hill immenſly high; all covered with Olives, Myrtles, and other Trees, ſuch as grow in a dry and ſandy Soil: The Plain itſelf is deſtitute of Water, and thence barren; except ſuch Parts as join to the River; and in theſe are found many Groves, with numerous Herds and Inhabitants. Of this Hill, which flanked the *Romans*, as they marched from the Mountain to the River, *Jugurtha* took Poſſeſſion, forming his Men in a thin, but long Front; and, committing to *Bomilcar* the Command of the Elephants, and of Part of the Foot, with Inſtructions how to act, he ſat down himſelf nearer the Mountain, with all the Horſe, and the Flower of the Infantry.

He then paſſed through the ſeveral Diviſions of Foot and Horſe; warning and conjuring them all, 'That, rouſing their wonted Bravery, and remembering their late Victory, they ſhould defend themſelves, and their native Kingdom, from the Avidity of the *Romans*. They were only to encounter ſuch as they had already firſt vanquiſhed, and then forced to paſs, like Captives, under a Gibbet; ſuch as, poſſeſſing ſtill the ſame daſtardly Spirits, had changed nothing but their Leader. For himſelf, whatever Meaſures it was incumbent upon a General to take for the Security and Succeſs of his Army, he had taken; and, particularly, gained them the Advantage of the Ground; whence they, who knew it well, were to engage with thoſe who were Strangers to it: He had thus provided againſt an unequal Attack from Numbers upon a Few, or from Soldiers of ſuperior Skill upon ſuch as were raw. They

‘ ſhould, therefore, upon the Signal given, aſſail the *Romans* with Vigour: This Day would either cloſe all their Labours, and ſecure the Fruit of all their Victories, or introduce a dreadful Train of Calamities.’ Next, addreſſing himſelf, Man by Man, to all ſuch as he had formerly diſtinguiſhed, for any ſignal military Exploits, with Honours, or pecuniary Gifts; he urged them to remember what Proofs of his Grace they had received; then pointed them out as Patterns to others. In a Word, applying to all, ſuitably to the Character of each, here promiſing, there threatening, anon adjuring, he animated the Whole.

Metellus, the while, deſcending from the Mountain with his Army, as yet unappriſed of the Motions of the Enemy, at laſt deſcries their Station upon the Hill. He, at firſt, was at a Loſs to gueſs what meant a Spectacle ſo unuſual; for the *Numidians* were poſted, Men and Horſes, in the Coppice; but, through the Lowneſs of the Buſhes, not quite concealed, nor yet enough diſcerned; ſince, by the Obſcurity of the Place, as well as by their own Lurking and Contrivance, they had diſguiſed themſelves, and their Standards: But, ſoon perceiving it to be the Enemy in Ambuſh, he, for a ſmall Space, ſtayed his March; and, changing the Diſpoſition of his Army, trebled the Flank next the Foe, diſperſed the Archers and Slingers amongſt the ſmall Bands of Foot, placed his whole Cavalry on the Wings, and, having encouraged them by a ſhort Speech ſuitable to the Exigency, led them, in this new Order, down towards the Plain.

But, when he obſerved the *Numidians* moved not, nor offered to ſtir from their Hill, he apprehended, both from the Heat of the Seaſon, and the great Scarcity of Water, that his Army would be diſtreſſed by Thirſt: He, therefore, ordered his Lieutenant-General *Rutilius*, with a Detachment of Horſe, and the Cohorts lightly armed, to advance to the River; there to pre-occupy Ground proper to encamp on: For he judged, that the Enemy would, by continual Skirmiſhing, eſpecially by attacking him on the Flank, ſtrive to obſtruct his Progreſs, and hold his Men continually haraſſed under Toil and Thirſt; ſince they thus diſtruſted their Succeſs in a Battle. He then advanced with the reſt of the Army; but with a gentle Pace, ſuitably to the Conjuncture, and the Ground; juſt as he had done in deſcending from the Mountain; having poſted *Marius* in the main Battle, and himſelf on the Left Wing, at the Head of the Cavalry; which, in the Manner they marched, was come to be the Front.

Jugurtha no ſooner perceived the Rear of the *Romans* advanced beyond the firſt Rank of the *Numidians*, but he ſent a Detachment of Two thouſand Foot, to poſſeſs the Part of the Mountain from whence *Metellus* had juſt deſcended; that the ſame might not ſerve the *Romans* for a preſent Refuge, if they fled, nor afterwards for a Place of Security: Then inſtantly, ſounding to Battle, he aſſailed the *Romans*; and, whilſt many of his Men ſlaughtered our Rear, others preſſed our Right and Left: They came on with Fury, fought with Vigour, and every-where diſconcerted our Ranks; even where they were oppoſed by the braveſt Men; who found themſelves baffled by an Attack ſo irregular and uncertain, were wounded from afar, and could not return Blow for Blow, or engage Hand to Hand: For the *Numidian* Horſe, pre-inſtructed by *Jugurtha*, whenever any of the *Roman* Troops advanced againſt them, retreated immediately; not in cloſe Order, or, indeed, in a Body, but all ſcattering as wide as poſſible. Hence, when, notwithſtanding all this, they could not divert us from purſuing them; yet, as they ſurpaſſed us alſo in Number, they beſet us in the Rear, or in the Flank, and, aſſaulting us there, put us into great Diſorder: And when, in order to eſcape us, the Hill ſeemed more ſecure and inviting than the Plain, their Horſes eaſily retreated thither, as they were daily enured to paſs through Thickets; whilſt a Situation ſo ſteep and difficult withheld ours from following them.

In truth, from the whole Tranſaction there aroſe a Spectacle ſtrangely diverſified and perplexed; very lamentable, very ſhocking; ſome yielding, others purſuing; all diſperſed, and ſeparate from their Fellows; no Obſervance of Ranks, none of Standards; each grappling with Danger, and repulſing the Foe, juſt as either happened to occur; a wild Mixture of Arms and Darts, of Men and Horſes, of Enemies and Fellow-citizens; nothing conducted by Concert, nor by Authority, but blind Chance governing all. Inſomuch that, though the Day was already far advanced, the Event was ſtill very doubtful.

At length, when both Sides were ſpent with the Violence of Heat and Fatigue, *Metellus*, perceiving the *Numidians* to attack with abated Vigour, rallied his Men by little and little; and, having reſtored their former Compactneſs and Ranks, ranged Four Legionary Cohorts againſt the *Numidian* Infantry, who, overcome with Wearineſs, had, for the greater Part, retired, for Repoſe, to the higher Ground. He, moreover, beſought and exhorted the Soldiers, 'On no Account to be daunted; nor ſuffer a flying Enemy 'to carry the Victory: They themſelves, if they turned their Backs, 'had neither Intrenchments nor Caſtles to retire to: In their Arms 'alone all their Hopes and Security reſted.'

Neither was *Jugurtha*, the while, unactive. He was going continually about from Quarter to Quarter: He animated his Forces; again and again renewed the Attack; and, at the Head of ſome choſen Troops, tried every poſſible Expedient; ſeaſonably reinforced his own Men, where moſt preſſed; furiouſly urged the *Romans*, where they wavered; and, by Flights of Darts from afar, diverted ſuch who ſtill ſtood firm.

In this manner was the Field conteſted between the Two Generals, both conſummate Officers; themſelves of equal Abilities, but their Forces unequal. *Metellus* commanded brave Soldiers in a perverſe Situation: *Jugurtha* poſſeſſed all other Advantages, but that of Soldiers. At length the *Romans*, convinced that no Place of Refuge was left them; that the Enemy ſtill ſhunned all Occaſions of engaging; ſeeing withal the Night approach, bravely advanced up the Hill, according to the Orders of the General, and gained it. The *Numidians*, bereft of their Ground, were immediately routed, and fled; yet very few ſlain. What ſaved moſt of them, was their own Swiftneſs of Foot, and the Country quite ſtrange to their Enemies.

During theſe Tranſactions, *Bomilcar*, whom I have already mentioned to have been appointed by *Jugurtha* to command the Elephants, and Part of the Foot, no ſooner obſerved *Rutilius* to have marched by him, but, by gentle Movements, he drew out his Men into the Plain; and there, without Interruption, imbattled them according to the Exigency of Time and Place; whilſt the *Roman* Lieutenant-General was marching full Pace to the River, whither he was ſent forward by the Conſul. Neither did *Bomilcar* fail to inform himſelf what Steps the *Romans* took on every Side. Now, when he had learned, that *Rutilius* was already encamped, and void of all Apprehenſion; perceiving, moreover, the Uproar to increaſe in *Jugurtha*'s Hoſt, and thence ſolicitous, leſt the Lieutenant-General, upon diſcovering the Diſtreſs of our Men, ſtill dangerouſly engaged in the Fight, might move to their Relief; he preſently changed the Order of his Battle; which, diſtruſting the Sufficiency of his Soldiers, he had formed of a Body extremely condenſe; but now looſened and extended it in Front, in order to hinder *Rutilius* from marching.

In this Order he advanced directly towards the Camp of *Rutilius*. The *Romans* there beheld a mighty Duſt to ariſe on a ſudden: For, the Buſhes which covered the Country obſtructing their View of the *Numidians*, they, at firſt, ſuppoſed it to be the Effect of the Wind, raiſing and driving the dry Soil. Preſently, when they ſaw it continue in equal Agitation and Thickneſs, and approach nearer and nearer, in proportion to the Motion of the Army, perceiving what it portended, they armed, with great Celerity; and arrayed themſelves, as they were ordered, before their Camp.

When the Enemy drew near, they encountered on both Sides with mighty Shouts. The *Numidians* maintained the Combat juſt as long as they truſted to the Aid of the Elephants: The Moment they ſaw theſe Beaſts hampered amongſt the Arms of Trees, vanquiſhed and ſurrounded by our Men, they fled outright: Indeed, the greater Part, having caſt away their Arms, eſcaped, unhurt, by the Advantage of the Hill, or of the Night, which now approached. Four Elephants were taken: All the reſt, Forty in Number, were ſlain.

For the *Romans*, however tired with their March, with fortifying their Camp, laſtly, with the Battle; and however pleaſed with the Iſſue; yet, as *Metellus* tarried beyond their Expectation, they advanced to meet him, in regular Array, and full of Spirit: Since ſuch was the Subtilty of the *Numidians*, as to leave no room for Inactivity, none for Remiſſneſs. When they were near met, both Sides, deceived by the Darkneſs of the Night, and miſtaking the Noiſe, which each made, for that of an approaching Enemy, mutually occaſioned no ſmall Commotion and Alarm: Nay, from this raſh Conceit, deplorable Miſchiefs were like to have followed; had not certain Horſemen, purpoſely ſent out by each, diſcovered the true Cauſe. Hence ſudden Gladneſs ſucceeded Fear: Now the Soldiers, full of Joy, calling to one another by Name, mutually recount their late Exploits, and hear them recounted; and every Particular extols his own brave Atchievements to the Skies. Such is the Courſe of human Things! After Victory the very Cowards are allowed to boaſt: A Defeat brings Blemiſh even upon the Brave.

Metellus, who continued Four Days in the ſame Camp, carefully cheriſhed the Wounded; preſented the uſual military Rewards to ſuch as had well acquitted themſelves in the late Battles; commended the whole Army, purpoſely aſſembled; and publicly thanked them; then exhorted them 'To purſue, with equal 'Bravery, what remained further to be accompliſhed; a Task 'which they would find very light. They had already fought ſo 'as to gain abundant Victory: Their future Fatigues would only 'be to accumulate Wealth and Plunder.' He omitted not, however, the while, to diſpatch away Deſerters, and other proper Inſtruments, 'To diſcover where *Jugurtha* lay; how he was employed; 'whether he were ſtill Maſter of an Army; and how he bore his 'Defeat.' In Fact, the King had withdrawn into woody Deſarts, Places fortified by Nature; and there already aſſembled an Army, in Number of Men larger than his former, but ſpiritleſs and raw; more practiſed in Tilling and Paſture, than in War; a Conſequence which aroſe from hence, That, upon a Defeat, none of the *Numidians* follow their King, except his Horſe-Guards only: All the reſt retire whither their ſeveral Inclinations lead them. Neither doth this infer any Stain upon their Service. Such are the Habits and Genius of the Nation.

When *Metellus* had thus learned, that the Spirit of the King was ſtill reſolute and untamed; that the War was to be renewed; a War, too, ſubject to be conducted juſt according to the Pleaſure and Caprice of *Jugurtha*; when he likewiſe foreſaw upon what cruel Terms he muſt engage Enemies, that ſuffered leſs in being defeated, than he in defeating them; he determined, upon the Whole, to purſue the War, not, as uſual, by regular Attacks and Battles, but in a far different Manner. He, therefore, directs his March into the moſt opulent Regions of *Numidia*; lays the Country utterly waſte; takes a great Number of Caſtles and Towns, ſuch as were careleſly fortified, or had no Gariſon to defend them, and burns them all; orders all the Youth to be ſlain; leaves every thing elſe as free Spoil to the Soldiers. Such Dread followed this Proceeding, that Numbers of Hoſtages were ſent to him; Grain, with whatever elſe an Army required, was abundantly ſupplied;

and, wherever he judged expedient, Gariſons were allowed to be placed.

Theſe were Meaſures which alarmed the King far more ſenſibly than the late Battle, ſo ill maintained by his Men. For now he, whoſe only Hopes conſiſted in flying before us, was forced to follow us; and, though unable to defend his own Territories, yet conſtrained to make War in thoſe poſſeſſed by the *Romans*: Nevertheleſs, he formed a Deſign, which appeared moſt eligible to him in his preſent Streights; and, ordering the Body of the Army to remain encamped together, he himſelf, at the Head of a choſen Detachment of Horſe, purſued *Metellus*; and, as he marched by Night through Ways utterly unfrequented, his Coming was quite concealed. Thus he fell, with great Suddenneſs and Surprize, upon ſuch of our Forces as roamed over the Country: Of theſe the moſt Part, being found without Arms, were ſlain: Many were made Priſoners; nor did a ſingle Man eſcape unhurt. Nay, before any Succour could reach them from the Camp, the *Numidians*, as they were pre-inſtructed, had retired to the neighbouring Hills.

During theſe Tranſactions, mighty Joy aroſe at *Rome*, upon Tidings of the glorious Progreſs of *Metellus*; for that 'He had conducted himſelf, and his Army, according to the ſtrict Rules of the Ancients: Under all the Diſadvantage of Soil and Situation, he had yet conquered by pure Fortitude and Ability: He even poſſeſſed the Enemy's Country; and *Jugurtha*, lately elevated by the baſe Conduct of *Aulus*, was, by *Metellus*, driven, for a Refuge, to Flight, and the Deſarts.' The Senate, therefore, decreed 'Publick Thanks and Oblations to the immortal Gods to be ſolemnized, for ſo many ſucceſsful Atchievements.' The City was now filled with Rejoicings, as hitherto with Anxiety for the Reſult of the War; and *Metellus* was the great Subject of popular Applauſe. Hence he ſtrove with the ſtronger Efforts to obtain a final Victory; puſhed and quickened every Meaſure; yet ſtill with ſpecial Precaution againſt all Surprize from the Enemy; and always remembering, that ever after Glory marches Envy. Thus the more celebrated he was, the more circumſpect he became; nor, ſince the late unforeſeen Attack from *Jugurtha*, did he ſuffer his Army to ſpread looſely in queſt of Plunder. Upon every Occaſion of procuring Proviſions or Forage, all the Cavalry, ſupported by Bands of Foot, were employed as Convoys to ſecure it. One Part of the Army was led by himſelf; the other by *Marius*. Indeed, the Country was more terribly waſted by Fire, than by Depredations. The Army, thus divided, always encamped in Two different Places; and, upon any Exigency, rejoined; but marched and acted apart, the further to extend popular Dread and Flight.

All this while *Jugurtha* followed them upon the Hills, and carefully ſought ſome favourable Juncture or Situation, to aſſail them. Whenever he heard what Routes they intended, there he deſtroyed the Forage, and the Springs, of themſelves very rare. Now he preſented himſelf to *Metellus*, anon to *Marius*; ſometimes aſſaulted their Rear; then, in an Inſtant, retreated to the Hills; but, appearing again, made a Feint, this Moment to fall upon one Quarter, by-and-by upon another; never venturing to engage, yet never ceaſing to alarm them; ſtill only aiming to fruſtrate the Attempts of the *Romans*.

The *Roman* General, perceiving the Deſign of the Enemy to be only to harraſs him with continual Artifice and Surprize, and to elude all Occaſion of Battle, formed a Deſign to beſiege a mighty City; indeed, the Bulwark of the Kingdom on that Side, known by the Name of *Zama*; as he judged, that *Jugurtha* would do what was incumbent upon him, and advance to relieve his People there, hardly preſſed by an Enemy, and thence an Engagement would enſue.

But *Jugurtha*, having learned, from Deſerters, what was determined, by mighty Marches reached there before *Metellus*; and, applying to the Inhabitants, exhorted them bravely to defend their Walls, and ſtrengthened them with a Reinforcement of the *Roman*

Deſerters; who, as they durſt not betray him, were the moſt determined of all the King's Forces. Beſides, he promiſed, in due Time, to return to their Relief in Perſon, at the Head of an Army.

When he had thus ſettled Meaſures there, he withdrew into Places the moſt ſolitary and unfrequented; where, ſoon after learning, that *Marius* was, with a few Cohorts, detached from the Army as it marched, to bring Proviſions from *Sicca*; a Town which, firſt of all others, had revolted from the King, immediately after his evil Succeſs in Battle: Thither he now advances by Night, accompanied with the Flower of his Cavalry; and fell upon the *Romans*, juſt as they were returning through the Gate. He, at the ſame time, cried to the Townſmen with a loud Voice, ‘ To beſet the Cohorts in the Rear: Here was an Occaſion offered to them, by Fortune, for a glorious Atchievement: If they performed it, he ſhould thenceforth enjoy his Kingdom, as would they their Liberties, without Moleſtation or Alarm.’ Nay, had not *Marius*, with notable Celerity, advanced the Standards, and got clear of the Town, doubtleſs the whole Inhabitants of *Sicca*, at beſt the greateſt Part, would again have changed their Allegiance: Such a ſtrange Spirit of Inſtability actuates the *Numidians* in all their Conduct! But the Troops of *Jugurtha*, who, animated and ſupported by him, had, for a ſmall time, continued the Combat, as ſoon as they found themſelves urged by the *Romans* with ſuperior Vigour, retired in open Flight, when but few had yet fallen.

Marius proceeded, and arrived before *Zama*. The Town was built in a Plain, ſtronger by Bulwarks than by Situation, deſtitute of no neceſſary Stores, abounding in Arms, and in Men. Now *Metellus*, when he had concerted all his Meaſures, ſuitably to the Juncture and Undertaking, encompaſſing the Walls with his Army, aſſigned to his Lieutenants their ſeveral Stations and Command: Then ſtrait, upon the Signal given, aroſe a loud and univerſal Shout. Yet all this diſmayed not the *Numidians*: Full of Fierceneſs, and reſolute in their Defence, they waited the Attack, without Surprize or Uproar. The Encounter followed: In it the *Romans* fought, each according to his particular Bent; ſome at a Diſtance, with Stones and Slings; ſome attacked and retired, others ſupplied their Place: Here they undermined the Walls; there they planted Ladders againſt them; all paſſionate to engage the Enemy Hand to Hand.

The Townſmen, to defeat ſo many Aſſaults, rolled down great Stones upon ſuch as ventured neareſt; and darted ſharp Stakes and Javelins, with flaming Torches of Pitch and Sulphur. Nor, indeed, did ſuch of our Men, who kept far off, find Security in their Cowardice; for moſt of them were wounded by miſſive Weapons, thrown by Engines, or by Force of Arm. So that the Cowards ſhared equal Danger with the Brave; but with unequal Glory.

Whilſt this bloody Struggle was ſtill ſubſiſting at *Zama*, *Jugurtha*, with a mighty Band, aſſails, by Surprize, the *Roman* Camp: Nay, ſo utterly negligent were thoſe left to guard it; indeed, apprehending any thing, rather than an Attack; that he even forced his Entrance at one of the Gates.

Our Men, ſtruck with ſudden Diſmay, all tried to ſecure themſelves, each according to his different Character: Some had recourſe to Flight, others to their Arms; and a great Part were wounded or ſlain: In Fact, amongſt all that Multitude of armed Men, there were only Forty found, who ſhewed the Spirit of *Romans*. Theſe, cloſing together, poſted themſelves upon a riſing Ground, from whence the moſt furious Efforts of their Enemies could not drive them; nay, what Darts and Javelins were thrown at them, they returned with more Succeſs; as a Few could aim with more Certainty than a ſuperior Number. Or, if the *Numidians* ventured a nearer Attack, then theſe few exerted their invincible Bravery; ſlaughtering, routing, and putting them to Flight, with wonderful Spirit.

Metellus, the while, as he was purſuing the Aſſault of *Zama* with the utmoſt Vigour, heard an Uproar and Shouts behind him, like thoſe of an Enemy; and, turning his Horſe, perceived Men flying towards him; a ſure Indication, that they were his own. He, therefore, inſtantly diſpatched the whole Cavalry with Expedition to the Camp; and, anon, *Caius Marius*, with the confederate Cohorts. He even beſought him with Tears, ‘ By the Dearneſs ‘ of their mutual Friendſhip, by that of the Commonweal, not ‘ to ſuffer ſuch Infamy to ſtain a victorious Army, nor the Enemy ‘ to eſcape, without repaying them due Vengeance.’ *Marius* executed his Orders with great Diſpatch.

Now *Jugurtha*, attacked in his Turn, found himſelf and his People embarraſſed in our Intrenchments: Some of them flung themſelves over the Paliſade: The reſt, in Crouds preſſing to get out, as the Paſſages were too narrow, and each ſtrove to be firſt, all hampered and obſtructed one another: So that, after a great Loſs of Men, he retired to ſtrong and inacceſſible Places. *Metellus*, having failed in this Attempt upon the Town, returned with his Army to the Camp.

The next Day, before he left it, to return to the Aſſault, he drew out all his Horſe without the Camp; with Orders to guard that Side expoſed to Inſults from *Jugurtha*: The Guard of the Gates, and the Poſts adjoining, he diſtributed amongſt the Tribunes. He then advanced towards the Town, and aſſaulted the Walls the ſame Way as the Day before. Then *Jugurtha*, ruſhing from his Covert, all on a ſudden aſſails our Men. Thoſe of the advanced Ranks were ſomewhat affrighted, and put into Diſorder, but quickly ſuccoured by the reſt; nor could the *Numidians* have maintained their Ground a Moment longer, had not their Foot, now mingled with their Horſe, made great Havock amongſt us: For the Horſmen, relying on Aid from the Foot, did not here, as their Horſmen were wont, advance and retire by turns, but ſteadily puſhed forward, grappled with our Troops, and broke them; then left them, nigh quite vanquiſhed, to be diſpatched by their Foot, who found it an eaſy Task.

During

During this very Time, mighty was the Conflict at *Zama*. Wherever any of the Conſul's Lieutenants, or wherever any Tribune was poſted, there each exerted the higheſt Bravery; all rather truſting for Victory to their own perſonal Archievements, than to any Aid from their Fellows. The Townſmen, too, acquitted themſelves with equal Ardour; boldly repulſing the Aſſailants, and every-where warmly engaged in all the Methods of Defence. In truth, both the Beſiegers and the Beſieged ſought more eagerly to deſtroy their Enemies, than to ſhield and protect themſelves. Various and confuſed were the Cries that continually aroſe; here of Exhortations, there of Joy, elſewhere of Groans. The Clangor of Arms reached the Sky; on all hands Darts flew thick and faſt.

Now wherever they who maintained the Walls, found the Vigour of the Aſſailants even ſo little to abate, they ſtood ſtill, with great Earneſtneſs, to behold the Battle between the Cavalry: Nay, you might have perceived them now exulting, anon diſmayed, according to the various Succeſs attending the Arms of *Jugurtha*; and, juſt as if they could have been diſtinctly heard or ſeen by theſe their Countrymen and Friends, ſome warned and adviſed them, others urged and exhorted them, at leaſt beckoned to them with their Hands, and ſwayed their Bodies hither and thither, as if they, too, had been actually throwing Darts, or avoiding them.

Marius, who commanded on that Side, obſerving this, artfully ſlackened his Attack, and feigned to ſeem hopeleſs of Succeſs. He even left the *Numidians* at Leiſure, without Interruption or Alarm, to view the King thus engaged. Then, whilſt their Eyes and Attention were fixed with much Zeal upon their Friends, he made a ſudden and vehement Effort to maſter the Walls; nay, the Soldiers had already, by their ſcaling Ladders, nigh gained the Battlements, when the Beſieged flew to their Defence, and poured upon the Beſiegers whole Vollies of Stones and Fire, beſides Showers of all Sorts of deadly Weapons. Our Men, for ſome time, maintained themſelves againſt all: Anon, as ſeveral of the Ladders broke, and ſuch who ſtood upon them were, by tumbling headlong, mortally bruiſed, the reſt diſengaged themſelves, and retreated each as he could; hardly any unhurt, moſt of them covered with Wounds. Night ſoon after ſeparated the Combatants, both at the Siege and in the Field.

Metellus, ſeeing his Enterprize fail, the Town not taken, *Jugurtha* reſolved never to engage, unleſs by Surprize, or in Poſts of Advantage, and the Summer already ſpent, departed from before *Zama*; and proceeded to place Gariſons in the ſeveral Cities which had revolted to him; at leaſt, in ſuch as were naturally ſtrong, or well fortified; then ſettled his remaining Forces, for the Winter, in thoſe Parts of our Province, where it joins to *Numidia*. Neither did he conſign his Time there, as others had done, to Inaction, or a Courſe of Delicacy: For, having tried how ſlowly the War was advanced by Fighting only, he concerted how to defeat the King by domeſtic Treaſon; and, inſtead of Arms, to employ againſt him the Treachery of his Confidents.

He, therefore, applies to *Bomilcar*, with infinite Promiſes; and, indeed, ſtrait prevailed with him to come to a private Conference. There *Metellus* pledged his Credit, 'That, if he would deliver *Jugurtha* into his Hands, either alive or dead, he would ſecure to him abſolute Pardon from the Senate, together with the certain Enjoyment of his whole Fortune.' For *Bomilcar* had attended *Jugurtha*, as his Miniſter, to *Rome*; and, falling under Proſecution there for the Murder of *Maſſiva*, had fled thence from Juſtice, and abandoned his Sureties; and, as he held the higheſt Truſt with the King, he had the greateſt Opportunity to betray him. The Conſul found it not difficult to engage the *Numidian* in the Undertaking; for he was a Man naturally faithleſs, and now terrified with the Apprehenſion, that, were Peace made with the *Romans*, he himſelf ſhould be excepted, and ſurrendered into the Hands of the Executioner.

This Man, who watched for the firſt convenient Hour, finding *Jugurtha* full of Anguiſh, and deploring his ſad Lot, accoſted him with a Flood of Tears; then warned and adjured him to conſider, ‘That it was time to conſult the Intereſt and Well-being of himſelf, of his Offſpring, and of the People of *Numidia*; a People ſo devoted to him, and ſuch Sufferers for him. In every Encounter he had been vanquiſhed; the Country was deſolate; great Numbers of his Subjects were made Captives, great Numbers ſlain; and the Strength of the Monarchy exhauſted. Already he had abundantly tried both the Bravery of his Men, and the Inclination of Fortune. It now behoved him to beware, leſt, whilſt he thus lingered, the *Numidian* Nation might have recourſe to Meaſures of Safety for themſelves.’

By theſe and the like Repreſentations, he brought the King to yield to an abſolute Submiſſion. Immediately Ambaſſadors were ſent to the *Roman* Commander, to declare, that *Jugurtha* was prepared to comply with whatever he ſhould injoin; nay, to ſurrender himſelf, and his Kingdom, without Reſerve, to the Diſpoſal of the Conſul. *Metellus* forthwith ſummoned to Council, from their Winter Quarters, all who were inveſted with the Rank of Senators; and heard the Advice of theſe, and of others, whom he judged proper to conſult.

The Conſul, thus proceeding according to antient Rules, and following an Order of Council then made, ſent Deputies to *Jugurtha*, commanding him, ‘To deliver over to the *Romans* Two hundred thouſand Weight of Silver, all his Elephants, with a certain Number of Horſes and Arms.’ As all this was executed without Delay, he further ordered ‘All our Deſerters to be brought him in Chains.’ Indeed, moſt of them, in Obedience to the Order, were ſoon ſo brought: The reſt, (very few) upon *Jugurtha's* firſt Advances towards a Surrender, had fled into *Mauritania*, for Protection from King *Bocchus*.

Now, when *Jugurtha*, already bereft of his Arms, his Forces, and his Treaſures, came next to be ſummoned to *Tiſidium*, there to deliver up his Perſon to the Conſul, his Mind began to waver and recoil, and his guilty Conſcience to dread ſuitable Puniſhment. Under this Heſitation he ſpent ſeveral Days. Now, ſhocked with a continual Courſe of Calamities, he eſteemed all Events whatever more eligible than War: Anon, he reflected what a dreadful Fall it was, from Sovereignty to Bondage: The Reſult was, that he choſe to renew the War, when he had juſt diveſted himſelf fruitleſly of ſo many and ſo mighty Sources of Strength. At *Rome*, too, during this Juncture, the Senate, having met to deliberate concerning the Diſtribution of Provinces, had decreed *Numidia* to *Metellus*.

At this time *Caius Marius*, who happened to be at *Utica*, as he was offering Victims to the Gods, was appriſed by the Diviner, ‘That mighty and marvelous Events were preſaged to him: He ‘ſhould, therefore, purſue whatever Deſigns he entertained, with ‘full Confidence in the Gods for their Accompliſhment: He might ‘try Fortune as freely as he pleaſed; all his Efforts would be proſperous.’ The Truth is, he had been long before tranſported with a vehement Paſſion for the Conſulſhip: He was even abundantly furniſhed with every Qualification for acquiring it, except only that of an ancient Family: He had great Aſſiduity, great Probity, maſterly Knowledge in War, infinite Spirit in Battle, exemplary Sobriety, a Soul ſuperior to Wealth and Voluptuouſneſs, and only thirſting after Glory.

He was born at *Arpinum*, and reared there till juſt paſt his tender Age. From that Moment he gave himſelf up wholly to the Life of a Soldier; without once engaging in the Study of the *Grecian* Eloquence, or in the Delicacies of *Rome*. Hence, in a little time, this warlike Genius, by a worthy Courſe of Improvements, grew an accompliſhed Officer: So that when he firſt ſued to the People for the Office of military Tribune, though few of them knew his Face, his Character was ſo well known, that he gained it by the concurring Voices of all the Tribes: Then, when he had diſcharged this Magiſtracy, he opened his Way gradually to others; and, in every Poſt of Power, his Conduct was ſuch, that he ſtill was eſteemed to merit a greater.

Yet this Man, ſo very deſerving, till this time, (for afterwards Ambition tranſported him beyond all Meaſure) had not dared to ſolicit for the Conſulſhip: For, though, at this Juncture, the People conferred all the other Dignities of State, that of Conſul was by the Nobility confined to themſelves: Every new Man, however ſhining his Character, however ſignal his Merits, was, by them, held to be unworthy of that ſupreme Honour; nay, as it were, a Perſon unhallowed.

Marius, therefore, when he perceived the Anſwer from the Diviner to co-operate with the Bent of his own Soul, applies to *Metellus* for Leave to go to *Rome*, there to ſue for the Conſulſhip. *Metellus*, though amply diſtinguiſhed with Virtue, Honour, and every Recommendation pleaſing to a worthy Man, yet poſſeſſed a Spirit full of Diſdain, and great Haughtineſs; the common Failing of the Nobility! So that, as he was, at firſt, ſtruck with Pretenſions ſo unuſual, he expreſſed great Admiration at his Views; and adviſed him, as in Friendſhip, ‘Not to enter upon Meaſures ſo unwarrantable, nor ſuffer his Mind to ſoar above his Station: It became not all Men to aim at all Things: He ought to reſt content with his preſent Circumſtances. In ſhort, he ought to be aware how he demanded of the *Roman* People what they had Reaſon to refuſe him.’ When he had offered theſe and the like Objections, and found the Mind of *Marius* utterly unyielding, he promiſed to comply with what he asked, as ſoon as the Situation of public Affairs enabled him. After theſe and the like Replies, as *Marius* perſiſted in his Importunity, he is ſaid to have anſwered, ‘You need be in no Hurry to go: It will be early enough for you to ſue for the Conſulſhip, when my Son is of Age to join with you.’

"you." This Youth was then ſerving under his Father, without any Command, and not yet Twenty Years old.

This Rebuke fired *Marius*, who was paſſionate to obtain the Conſular Dignity, and, therefore, equally incenſed againſt *Metellus*: So that he was driven headlong by Anger and Thirſt of Power, two very miſchievous Counſellors. He ſpared no Attempt, no Language, that had the leaſt Tendency to gain the Multitude, and his Ends: He forbore all his uſual Strictneſs over the Troops under his Command in Winter Quarters: He diſcourſed amongſt our Traders, then in great Crouds at *Utica*, concerning the War, in a Style that highly aſperſed *Metellus*, and highly exalted himſelf: "That, were but half the Army conſigned over to him, he would, "in a few Days, have *Jugurtha* in Chains. It was the Policy of the "General to prolong the War; as he was a vain Man, poſſeſſed with "kingly Pride, and fond of holding Command." All theſe Suggeſtions appeared the more ſolid to thoſe Traders, as, by the Continuance of the War, their Fortunes were much impaired; and, to an impatient Spirit, no Haſte whatſoever ſeems ſufficient.

There was, moreover, in our Army, a certain *Numidian* named *Gauda*; who, as he was the Son of *Manaſtabal*, and Grandſon of *Maſiniſſa*, had been, by King *Micipſa* his Uncle, appointed his next Heir after his immediate Succeſſors. This Man, one broken with Diſtempers, and thence impaired in his Faculties, aiming at Royal Rank, had made Suit to *Metellus* for a Seat next that of the Conſul; nay, afterwards, for a Troop of *Roman* Horſe for his Guard, and was refuſed both; the Seat, becauſe it belonged to none but thoſe whom the *Roman* People diſtinguiſhed with the Title of Kings; the Troop of Horſe, becauſe of the Scandal accruing to the *Roman* Horſe, were any of them aſſigned as Bodyguards to a *Numidian*. In the Heat of this Diſcontent, *Marius* accoſted him; and, urging him to apply for Vengeance againſt the General for ſuch Indignities, tendered him his own Intereſt to procure it. He even intoxicated the Man, greatly weakened in his

Faculties by Diſeaſes; extolled him, in a ſoothing Diſcourſe, ‘ As ‘ a Monarch, a grand Perſonage, the Grandſon of *Maſiniſſa*; one ‘ who, were *Jugurtha* once taken or ſlain, would, without any ‘ Obſtacle, ſway the Sceptre of *Numidia*: An Event which would ‘ preſently follow, if he himſelf were ſent as Conſul to conduct ‘ that War.’

Thus not only this *Numidian*, but even the *Roman* Knights, the *Roman* Soldiers, nay, the Body of Traders, became all engaged, ſome by the Arts of *Marius*, moſt of them by their Hopes of Peace, to write to their ſeveral Friends at *Rome* concerning the War, with keen Imputations upon *Metellus*, and to require *Marius* for his Succeſſor. Hence, great Numbers of Men joining to ſolicit the Conſulſhip in his Behalf, this Concurrence of Voices proved altogether honourable to him. Beſides, at this very Conjuncture, the People, who, by the *Mamilian* Law, had quite ſunk the Power of the Nobility, were proceeding to confer the great Offices upon Plebeians. Thus all Things contributed to the Advancement of *Marius*.

Jugurtha, the while, when once he had dropped his Purpoſe of ſurrendering, and again begun the War, concerted all his Meaſures with wonderful Attention, and purſued them with infinite Diſpatch. He levied an Army: Whatever Cities had revolted from him, he ſtrove to redeem, by Threats of Vengeance, or high Offers of Compenſation. He fortified what Places he ſtill held: In room of the Arms, and warlike Stores, which, to obtain a Pacification, he had abandoned to the *Romans*, he cauſed others to be made or purchaſed; enticed the *Roman* Slaves; ſtrove, by Money, to corrupt ſuch of the *Romans* as were in Gariſons: Indeed, he left nothing unattempted, no Quarter without Commotion, and made reſtleſs Efforts every-where.

One Conſequence of all this was a Conſpiracy at *Vacca*; where *Metellus* had placed a Gariſon, immediately upon the firſt Overtures of *Jugurtha* for a Pacification. The principal Citizens, teized with Solicitations from the King, and hitherto no-wiſe diſaffected towards him, combined together to relieve the City. For the Populace, like the Populace every-where, above all in *Numidia*, were eager for all public Changes, prone to Sedition and Diſorder, and Enemies to Peace and Repoſe.

After they had ſettled their Scheme, they fixed the Execution for the third Day following; becauſe it was a public Feſtival, to be celebrated throughout all *Africa*; and thus more reſembled a Seaſon of Paſtime and Jollity, than of Diſtruſt and Alarm. When the Day came, the Conſpirators ſeverally invited the *Roman* Officers to their Houſes, the Centurions, the military Tribunes, nay, even *Titus Turpilius Silanus*, Governor of the City: So that each of them had his Gueſt; and all theſe Gueſts they butchered amidſt the Feaſt; except only *Turpilius*; as they did next the common Soldiers, ſtraggling at random, deſtitute of Arms, and (as it was a Day of Rejoicing) remote from all Coercion from their Officers. The Populace joined in the Maſſacre; ſome at the Inſtigation of their Superiors; the reſt animated by a natural Paſſion for ſuch ſavage Proceedings: For, to Them, all Tumults, and violent Revolutions, were greatly pleaſing; though ignorant of what was tranſacting, or from what View it began.

The *Roman* Soldiers, beſet with Peril ſo alarming, unknowing whence it proceeded, at a Loſs how to behave under it, fled in Diſmay towards the Caſtle; for there their Standards and Bucklers lay; but found the Caſtle ſhut, and guarded by the Enemy. Nor could they eſcape out of the Town, as the Gates were ſhut before the Maſſacre began. To complete their Calamity, the Women and Children ſtrove to ſurpaſs each other, in pouring down upon them, from the Roofs of the Houſes, Stones, and ſuch other terrible Materials as the ſeveral Places preſented.

Thus bereſt of all Reſource againſt Danger in ſo many Shapes, and the braveſt Men unable to withſtand the Aſſaults of the weakeſt Hands, they all yielded alike to the ſame common Slaughter; the

Worthleſs and the Worthy, the Daring and the Timid, without Diſtinction, and unrevenged.

During a Maſſacre ſo furious, whilſt the *Numidians* breathed unrelenting Cruelty and Slaughter; nay, when the Town was on all Sides ſhut; *Turpilius* the Governor eſcaped, the ſingle *Italian* that did ſo; he even eſcaped unhurt: Whether ſuch ſingular Fortune befel him from the Humanity of his Hoſt, or from Colluſion, or from pure Chance, I have not been able to learn: However it were, ſince, in a Calamity ſo afflicting to the State, he preferred an infamous Life to Honour and Fame, he muſt be conſidered as a wicked Man, branded with laſting Ignominy.

Metellus, after he had learned the Diſaſter at *Vacca*, for a ſhort time, forbore, in the Fulneſs of his Anguiſh, to appear in public. Anon, his Indignation riſing in proportion to his Grief, he uſed infinite Aſſiduity to take due Vengeance. He, therefore, drew out the Legion which wintered with him in the ſame Quarter; as alſo all the *Numidian* Cavalry that he could poſſibly aſſemble; and, marching, juſt as the Sun ſet, at the Head of this Detachment, all lightly armed, arrived, next Morning about the third Hour, in a certain Plain, encompaſſed with ſmall Eminences.

There, as the Men were all ſpent with ſo exceſſive a March, and even refuſing further to obey him, he appriſed them, that they were no more than a Mile from the City of *Vacca*; that it was incumbent on them frankly to ſuſtain their remaining Task; a Task ſo intereſting; even to avenge the tragical Fate of their Fellow-Citizens; all brave Men, all miſerably maſſacred: He added a raviſhing Bait, an Offer of the whole Plunder. When he had thus rouzed their Courage, he directed the Cavalry to form a Line in Front; the Infantry to march in as cloſe Order as poſſible; and all the Banners to be concealed.

The Inhabitants of *Vacca*, when they obſerved an Army advancing towards them, conceived, at firſt, what the Fact was; that it was *Metellus*; and ſhut their Gates. Anon, when they ſaw not only that, in the Country where they paſſed, no Devaſtation was committed, but withal, that the foremoſt Ranks conſiſted of *Numidian* Horſe, they next conjectured it be *Jugurtha*; and iſſued out with huge Joy to meet him. Inſtantly, upon the Signal given, our Forces, Foot and Horſe, flew to the Attack: Some ſlaughtered the common Herd, who had poured in Crouds out of the City; others ran to ſecure the Gates; others maſtered the ſtrong Towers. Indeed, a Paſſion for Revenge, and Hope of Plunder, quite overcame all Senſe of Wearineſs.

Thus the People of *Vacca* triumphed no more than Two Days in their bloody Treachery: This City, ſo mighty and opulent, was ſubjected without Reſerve to Vengeance and Rapine. *Turpilius*, who, though Governor of the City, had alone, amongſt ſo many, procured Safety by Flight, as I have above recounted, was ordered, by *Metellus*, to appear, and make his Defence: As he failed in clearing himſelf, he was condemned, doomed to be ſcourged, and puniſhed capitally; a Sentence which he underwent as a Native of *Latium*.

About this time, *Bomilcar*, he by whoſe Solicitation *Jugurtha* had made an Offer to ſurrender, from whence he afterwards relapſed, through Fear, was eagerly ſet upon a Revolution, and even contriving by what Device to deſtroy the King: For he was already diſtruſted by *Jugurtha*, and himſelf filled with equal Diſtruſt. He, therefore, employed his Thoughts Night and Day in plotting: At length, after having examined all Sorts of Schemes, he aſſumed *Nabdalſa* for his Aſſociate; a Man of illuſtrious Quality, ſignal for his great Wealth, and beloved by his Countrymen; a Man who uſually commanded an Army apart from that of the King, and conducted all Affairs diſcretionally, where *Jugurtha*, oppreſſed with others, could not diſpatch them, or was engaged in diſpatching greater. From all which he acquired much popular Renown, as well as much Weight and Opulence.

Now theſe Two having agreed only upon the Day for executing the Conſpiracy, and leaving all previous Meaſures to be adjuſted occaſionally, as Occurrences ſhould ariſe, *Nabdalſa* repaired to the Army; which, by the King's Orders, he kept ſtation'd in the Neighbourhood of our Winter-quarters, thence to reſtrain the *Roman* Forces from ravaging the Country with Impunity. But, as he returned not at the appointed Time, (for he was, indeed, diſmayed at an Enterprize ſo black and daring, and Fear ſtill obſtructed his coming) *Bomilcar*, who was at once animated by his own Impatience to perpetrate his Deſign; and alſo full of Diſtruſt of his Accomplice, leſt, deſerting their late Engagements, he ſhould ſeek his own Safety in a Diſcovery; wrote to *Nabdalſa*, by ſuch as he could confide in; upbraiding him with Effeminacy, and a daſtardly Spirit; calling to witneſs the Gods by whom he had ſworn, and warning him, 'Not to convert to his own Perdition the ample 'Offers of *Metellus*: The Doom of *Jugurtha* was certainly at 'hand: The only Difficulty to be determined, was, whether he 'were to periſh by a brave Stroke of theirs, or by one from *Metellus*: He ſhould, therefore, conſult his own Soul, which Alter'native to prefer; a great Recompence, or a Rack.'

It ſo chanced, that, when this Letter was brought to *Nabdalſa*, he was retired to his Bed for Reſt, after much Exerciſe and Fatigue: At firſt, after he had peruſed what *Bomilcar* alledged, ſore Anguiſh ſeized his Spirit; then, what is uſual to Minds overwhelmed with Cares, Sleep ſurpriſed him. In his Service he entertained a certain *Numidian* of tried Fidelity, at once his Favourite and his Secretary; indeed, privy to all his Counſels and Deſigns, except the laſt: This Man, when he heard, that a Packet was come, judging that, according to Cuſtom, there would be Occaſion for his Hand, or even for his Counſel, went into that Part of the Pavilion, where, finding his Maſter aſleep, with the Letter lying negligently behind his Head on the Pillow, he took it, and read it attentively; and, thence learning the Conſpiracy, inſtantly haſted away to the King.

Nabdalsa soon after waked; but, as he could not find the Letter, and learned withal, from certain Deſerters, the ſeveral Circumſtances as they had paſſed, his firſt Attempt was to have his Accuſer purſued and intercepted: Failing in this Expedient, he ſtrait repaired to the Preſence of *Jugurtha*, there to try to appeaſe him. He averred, that he himſelf had laid a Scheme to diſcloſe the Whole, and was prevented only by the Treachery of his Officer: With Eyes full of Tears he conjured him, ‘ By their mutual Confidenec and ‘ Amity, by his many faithful Services paſt, not to hold him ſuſpected of ſo black a Treaſon.’ To all this the King anſwered very graciouſly; far differently from what he thought. As he had already ſeen *Bomilcar* executed, with many others whom he had diſcovered to have been engaged in the Conſpiracy, he now ſmothered his Vengeance; leſt, by continuing to ſacrifice ſuch popular Subjects, he might excite an Inſurrection.

From henceforward *Jugurtha* never enjoyed one Day or Night with a quiet Mind; never judged himſelf ſecure in any Place, nor with any human Creature, nor at any Time; equally diſtruſted his Subjects and his Enemies; was wary and watchful every-where; ſtarted and trembled at every Noiſe; paſſed his Nights now here, now there, often very unſuitably to the Dignity of a King: Sometimes ſuddenly rouſed from his Sleep, and ſnatching his Arms, he raiſed an Alarm during the Dead of Night. Thus his Fears, like a Phrenſy, conſtantly worried and tranſported him.

Now *Metellus*, when he was, by Deſerters, appriſed of the Doom of *Bomilcar*, and the Diſcovery of the Conſpiracy, concerted anew all his Meaſures, and proceeded with the ſame Ardour as if the War were but juſt beginning. *Marius*, continually teizing him for Leave to return home, was now diſmiſſed by him, as a Man whom he knew to ſerve againſt his Inclination, to be actuated with perſonal Enmity towards him, and, upon all theſe Accounts, not fit to be truſted by him.

Moreover, at *Rome*, the Populace, having learned in what different Strains the Letters were written from *Africa*, concerning *Metellus* and *Marius*, readily agreed to whatever was ſaid of both. The illuſtrious Quality of the General, hitherto a Motive for reverencing him, was become the Ground of popular Deſpight; whilſt his Competitor derived popular Favour from the Obſcurity of his Race: But ſtill the Partiality of the different Parties had greater Influence than the Excellencies or Defects of the different Men. Beſides that, the factious Magiſtrates intoxicated the Multitude, arraigning *Metellus* of capital Crimes, in all their Speeches to the People; and magnifying, beyond Bounds, the Merit of *Marius*. At length, the Croud became ſo tranſported, that the Artificers and Boors, a Tribe who derived their whole Worth and Subſtance from the daily Earnings of their Hands, abandoned their ſeveral Occupations, and flocked from all Quarters to attend the Perſon and Intereſt of *Marius*; as they were, indeed, more anxious for his Promotion, than for Neceſſaries of Life to themſelves.

Whilſt the Nobility were thus depreſſed and awed, the Conſulſhip, which had been confined to their Body, during a long Succeſſion, was conferred upon a new Man. After this Point was gained, when the People came to be asked, in a numerous Aſſembly, by *Manlius Mantinus* one of their Tribunes, To whom they pleaſed to commit the Conduct of the War againſt *Jugurtha?* they, with one Voice, aſſigned it to *Marius*: Indeed, the Senate had, not long before, decreed *Numidia* to *Metellus*; a Decree now rendered abortive.

During theſe Tranſactions at *Rome*, *Jugurtha* found himſelf quite bereft of his Confidents and Counſellors. He had, indeed, himſelf doomed moſt of them to periſh: The reſt, dreading the ſame bloody Lot, had fled, ſome to the *Romans*, ſome to King *Bocchus*. Now, as he ſaw it impoſſible to maintain the War without the Aid of Miniſters and Officers, and yet held it exceeding perilous to riſque the Fidelity of new, after having experienced ſuch enormous Treachery in the old, he continued under ſore Agitations of Mind, wavering and perplexed: Nor could any Incident, nor any Scheme, nor any Perſon, be, in any meaſure, approved by him. Every Day he ſhifted his March; every Day filled the Poſts of Authority anew. Now he marched againſt the Enemy; anon retreated to the Wilderneſs: Oftentimes placed all his Security in Flight and Concealment; preſently after in Reſiſtance and Battle. Nor could he determine which he ought moſt to diſtruſt in his People, their Want of Courage, or their Want of Fidelity: Inſomuch that, on what Side ſoever he ſought a Reſource, he beheld nothing but Grief and Diſcouragement.

Whilſt he was thus heſitating, *Metellus*, on a ſudden, preſents himſelf to View with his Army. *Jugurtha* improved what Time he had to diſpoſe and embattle his *Numidians*; and inſtantly the Combat enſued. In that Quarter where the King fought in Perſon, the Conflict was for ſome time maintained: The reſt of his Troops, elſewhere, were routed, upon the firſt Encounter, and put to Flight. The *Romans* gained all their Arms and Standards, with a certain Number of Priſoners. In truth, the *Numidians*, in all their Battles with the *Romans*, had found more Defence from their Speed, than from their Weapons of War.

Jugurtha, after this Overthrow, deſponding ſtill more and more of his Fortune, accompanied by the Deſerters, and Part of his Cavalry, reached the Deſarts; and then *Thala*, a City very ſtrong and opulent. There the King's Treaſure was chiefly kept; there his Children were educated with very princely Care and Appointments.

As ſoon as *Metellus* was appriſed of this, although he had learned, that, between the adjoining River and the City, he had a March to undertake of Fifty Miles, all through a parched and dreary Wilderneſs; yet ſuch were his Hopes of terminating the War by the Reduction of that City, that he attempted to brave the rudeſt Obſtacles, and even to triumph over the Stubbornneſs of Nature. He, therefore, orders all the Beaſts of Carriage to be lightened of their uſual Burdens, and to be laden only with Bread-corn for Ten Days: together with leathern Bottles, and other Implements proper for carrying Water. He, moreover, provided whatever domeſtic Beaſts the neighbouring Territory afforded; and loaded them with Veſſels of every Kind, moſtly of Wood, procured from the *Numidian* Cottages. Beſides, he commanded the adjoining Natives, who had yielded to him after the Defeat of the King, to furniſh themſelves with what Water they could poſſibly carry, and bring it him at a particular Time and Place, with which he then acquainted them. For a Supply to himſelf, he loaded his Beaſts with Water from the River; which, though ſo remote from *Thala*, was yet the neareſt River to it, as I have already related.

Thus furniſhed and prepared, he advanced towards *Thala*. When he was arrived where he had directed the *Numidians* to attend him, and had juſt pitched and fortified his Camp, ſuch a Flood of Rain is reported to have fallen, as would of itſelf have more than ſufficed the Army. Here was alſo brought ſuch Store of Proviſions as ſurpaſſed all Expectation: For the *Numidians*, like moſt other Nations, who have ſubmitted to new Maſters, had officiouſly exceeded in the Meaſure injoined. The Soldiers, out of Devotion, choſe chiefly the Water which fell from the Heavens; and, by it, their Reſolution was greatly heightened, as thence they conceived themſelves under the immediate Guardianſhip of the immortal Gods. The next Day's March brought them before the Walls of *Thala*, to the great Surprize of *Jugurtha*: The Inhabitants, who had thought themſelves abundantly ſecured by the deſperate Difficulties found in approaching them, were, indeed, aſtoniſhed at an Event ſo terrifying and unparalleled; yet with not the leſs Courage prepared for Reſiſtance. The ſame reſolute Temper was ſeen in our Forces.

The King believed, that nothing now was too difficult for *Metellus* to accompliſh; ſince ſuch was his Vigour, as to have triumphed over all Efforts from Men and Arms, over Climates, Situations and Seaſons; nay, over, what controuls all other Things, Nature herſelf. He, therefore, ſtole out of the City in the Dark, with his Children, and great Part of his Treaſure. From henceforward, he never ſtaid in one Place above a Day or a Night: His Pretence was Variety of Buſineſs, which hurried him hither and thither: But the Truth is, he lived under conſtant Dread of treaſonable Attempts; which he reckoned to evade by the Quickneſs of his Motions; ſince ſuch Deſigns, he thought, were only formed when Leiſure and Opportunity preſented.

Metellus, when he obſerved the Citizens bent upon fighting for their Defence, the City withal ſtrong, both by Situation and Bulwarks, begirt it with a Trench and Paliſade; then ordered moving Machines to be rolled to all convenient Stations, Mounds to be raiſed upon theſe Machines, and upon the Mounds Turrets; ſuch as might ſerve to protect the whole Work, and thoſe who conducted it. Againſt all theſe Preparations the Citizens contrived others; and exerted wonderful Activity and Spirit: Indeed, no Effort was left untried by both Sides. At length, the *Romans*, after a tedious Siege of Forty Days, added to their infinite former Toils, and to the many bloody Conflicts which had ſorely exhauſted them, gained Poſſeſſion of the bare City. The whole Spoil was deſtroyed by the Deſerters: Theſe Men no ſooner perceived the Walls ſhaken by the Battering-rams, and their own Lot deſperate, than they removed from the City the Gold and Silver, with whatever elſe is eſteemed of Value, into the Royal Palace: There they ſurcharged themſelves with Wine and Feaſting; then committed all to the conſuming Flames, the Wealth, the Palace, and their own Lives. Thus they underwent, of their own Accord, the worſt Doom, that, after a Defeat, they could have dreaded from their Enemy.

Juſt upon the Taking of *Thala* there came Deputies from the City of *Leptis* to *Metellus*, intreating him to ſend them a Gariſon and a Governor; becauſe a Man of Quality there, extremely

factious,

factious, his Name *Hamilcar*, was labouring to overthrow the preſent Government in it; and, as neither the Authority of the Magiſtrates, nor Fear of the Laws, availed to reſtrain him, ſudden Ruin threatened a Community joined in Alliance with the People of *Rome*, unleſs *Metellus* ſent them preſent Succour. It muſt be owned, that the People of *Leptis* had, from the Beginning of the War with *Jugurtha*, applied firſt to *Beſtia* the Conſul, afterwards directly to *Rome*, ſuing for Admiſſion to Friendſhip and Confederacy. From that Time, having obtained their Suit, they ever continued our worthy and faithful Allies, ever chearfully complied with all the Orders of our ſucceſſive Commanders there, *Beſtia*, *Albinus* and *Metellus*. So that they eaſily procured from the General what they requeſted of him. He diſpatched for the Guard of *Leptis*, Four Cohorts of *Ligurians*, and *Caius Annius* for Govenor of the City.

The Founders of this City were *Sidonians*, ſuch as, flying by Sea from the Rage of inteſtine Arms, landed on this Shore, where it is ſituated between the two *Syrtes*; Places which derive their Denomination from their Quality. Theſe are two Bays almoſt in the Extremity of *Africa*, naturally alike, differing only in Size. Round the Shores of theſe, the Sea is exceeding deep; elſewhere it varies, and is deep or ſhallow, according to the occaſional ſhifting of the Soil below. For when the Sea ſwells, and is furiouſly agitated by the Winds, the mighty Billows ſweep along the Slime and Sand, and even huge Stones: Inſomuch that when the Winds change, ſo does the Bed of the Waters; and from this their Force, in dragging and ſhifting their Channel, they are called * *Syrtes*.

The only Change which the *Leptinians* have undergone, is that of their native Language; occaſioned by their intermarrying with the *Numidians*. Their Civil Inſtitutions, and Domeſtic

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* Formed of a *Greek* Word, which ſignifies to *ſuck*, or *draw*.

Cuſtoms, are ſtill moſtly ſuch as they originally derived from *Sidon:* All which they the more eaſily retained, becauſe they lived far remote from the Influence of the *Numidian* Court: Indeed, between them and ſuch Territories of *Numidia* as are well peopled, there are infinite Deſarts.

Here, ſince by the Story of the *Leptinians* I am led to diſcourſe of theſe Regions, it ſeems not impertinent to recount a famed and marvellous Adventure of two *Carthaginians*; The Place reminds me of it.

Whilſt the *Carthaginians* exerciſed Sovereignty over moſt Parts of *Africa*, the *Cyrenians* too were very mighty in Power and in Wealth. Between them there extended a great ſandy Plain, quite uniform, without River or Mountain, whence to aſcertain and diſtinguiſh their Boundaries: An Inconvenience which held them involved in conſtant and raging War. Now after their Armies, nay their Fleets too, had been frequently routed and put to flight by Turns, and they were both well exhauſted; as they came to apprehend, leſt a common Enemy might attack the Conquerors as well as the Conquered, thus equally low and reduced, they came firſt to a Truce, then to an Accommodation; namely, to diſpatch certain Perſons from each City, at a ſtated Time, and to hold the Place where they met, for the common Bounds between the two States. Two Brothers bearing the ſame Name, that of *Philænus*, were deputed from *Carthage*, and travelled with infinite Celerity. Thoſe from *Cyrene* advanced more ſlowly, whether from Inactivity or from Miſchance, I know not. It muſt be confeſſed, that thoſe Regions are as liable as the Sea, to be agitated with vehement Tempeſts, and thence, at times, unpaſſable. For in theſe dreadful Plains, deſtitute of Shelter, and of every green Thing, when the Wind blows fiercely, the dry Sand, thus hurled from the Earth, and driven by a mighty Hurricane, fills the Mouths and Eyes of the Travellers, and, bereaving them of their Sight, ſtops their proceeding.

When the *Cynenians* perceived, that they were ſurpaſſed in Speed, and foreſaw a terrible Doom to abide them at home, as the Authors of ſuch public Detriment; they reproached the *Carthaginians* with Perfidy, as having left Home before the limited Time: They wrangled, ſtrove to fruſtrate the mutual Stipulation, and declared they would incur all Riſques rather than yield and return. Now, when the Two Brothers from *Carthage* deſired them to propoſe any Expedient that was but equal and fair, the *Greeks* from *Cyrene* offered them the Option, 'Either of being 'buried alive in that very Place, where they contended to fix 'the Bounds of their State; or of ſuffering the *Cyrenians* to 'proceed as much farther as they choſe, upon the ſame Terms.' The Two Brothers accepted the Condition, and devoting their Perſons and Lives to the Benefit of their Commonweal, were thus buried alive in that very Spot. There the *Carthaginians* reared Altars, ſacred to theſe Brothers, beſides other Solemnities inſtituted in *Carthage* itſelf, to perpetuate their Honour. I now return to my Subject.

Jugurtha, who after the Taking of *Thala*, judged nothing a ſufficient Defence againſt *Metellus*, paſſing through immenſe Deſarts, attended by a few Followers, arrived amongſt the *Getulians*, a brutal Race, altogether barbarous, and then unacquainted even with the Name of *Romans*. Of theſe he amaſſed a huge Hoſt, accuſtomed them by degrees to move in Ranks, to follow their Standards, to obey Orders; nay, to perform all other Military Functions. Moreover, by great Preſents, and greater Promiſes, he allured ſuch as had moſt Sway with King *Bocchus*, to eſpouſe his Cauſe there; and, applying to that Prince, by their Interceſſion, prevailed with him to undertake a War againſt the *Romans*. This was the more eaſily accompliſhed, as it humoured the Reſentment of *Bocchus*; who, at the Beginning of our War with *Jugurtha*, had ſent Ambaſſadors to *Rome*, without Succeſs, to deſire mutual Friendſhip and Alliance; an Alliance highly ſeaſonable and advantageous at ſuch a Conjuncture; but obſtructed by a few Grandees, who, blinded with the Luſt of Lucre, made it their Cuſtom to turn into Sale every public Counſel and Queſtion, whether honourable or infamous. Some time before, too, *Bocchus* had married a Daughter of *Jugurtha*; though ſuch an Alliance, in truth, be held but of ſmall Importance amongſt the *Numidians* and *Moors*: For, they all have a Plurality of Wives, each in Proportion to his Ability, ſome Ten, others more; their Kings therefore more than any. In ſuch a Multiplicity of Women, the Heart of Man is neceſſarily diſtracted: Inſomuch, that none of them being conſidered as his Companion, they are all treated with equal Contempt.

The Kings with their Armies met at a Place ſettled by Conſent. There, after the Solemnity of pledging their mutual Faith, *Jugurtha* ſet himſelf to inflame the Spirit of *Bocchus*, by repreſenting the *Romans* 'As abandoned to all Injuſtice, to Avarice 'without Bounds; as common Enemies to human Kind; furniſhed 'with the very ſame Cauſe for making War upon *Bocchus*, as 'upon himſelf, and upon ſo many other Nations; even the 'ardent Luſt of Domination: Hence their Antipathy to all independent Sovereigns. At preſent they purſued Him as an Enemy, 'as lately they had the *Carthaginians*, as alſo King *Perſes*. 'Henceforward, whatever Potentate appeared moſt opulent, would, 'for that Reaſon, be treated by the *Romans* as their Foe.'

When he had offered theſe and the like Invectives, they bent their March to *Cirta*; becauſe in this City *Metellus* had lodged all his Booty, Priſoners, and Baggage. From hence *Jugurtha* conceived an Opinion, that he ſhould abundantly find his Account, either in taking the Town, or in fighting the *Romans*, if they came to relieve it. Such was the Craft of the Man, who therefore thus haſted to Action, purely to deprive *Bocchus* of all Views of Peace; leſt, if Delays intervened, he might chuſe Meaſures far different from thoſe of War.

When the *Roman* General had learnt the Confederacy between the Two Kings, he was not forward, as before, when he had only to deal with *Jugurtha*, ſo often vanquiſhed by him, to meet the Enemy in Battle at all Adventures. He therefore awaited the Approach of the Kings, in a well-fortified Camp, not far from *Cirta*. For, as the *Moors*, now joined with the *Numidians*, were an Enemy altogether ſtrange to us, he deemed it the better Choice to reſerve himſelf till he were acquainted with their Character, and only to fight when he found it advantageous.

In the mean time he was informed from *Rome*, that the Province of *Numidia* was conferred upon *Marius*: For he had before heard of his Advancement to the Conſulſhip. With both Tidings he was ſorely mortified, far unſuitably to the Rules of Decency, or indeed of Dignity, ſo as neither to reſtrain Tears, nor to moderate his Tongue. So over-weakly did ſo great a Man ſink under Vexation of Mind, though otherwiſe diſtinguiſhed for every noble Quality and Acquirement. This Failing was by ſome aſcribed to Haughtineſs; by others, to a worthy Spirit, exaſperated by contumelious Uſage; by many to Anguiſh, to ſee the Victory, won by him, ſnatched from him. To me it hath been fully proved, that he was more irritated by the Promotion of *Marius*, than by his own Wrongs; and that he would have born his Removal from the Province with much leſs Regret, had any but *Marius* ſucceeded him in it.

His Indignation therefore reſtraining him from making any further Efforts in War, and eſteeming it Folly to venture his own Perſon to advance the Intereſt of another, he diſpatched certain Deputies to King *Bocchus*, to warn him ‘Againſt becoming an Enemy to the *Roman* People, without any Injury received from them. He had now a glorious Opportunity of joining with them in a League of Friendſhip; a Choice to him much more advantageous than that of War. Whatever Aſſurance he placed in the Greatneſs of his Forces, ſtill he ought not to riſque what was certain for what was uncertain. Any War was eaſily undertaken, but none brought to an Iſſue without very afflicting Incidents: He who had Power to begin it, had not alſo Power to conclude it. It was eaſy for any one, even for a Coward, to ſtir it up; but at the ſole Pleaſure of the Conquerors, when to ſuppreſs it. He ſhould therefore ſtudy the Security of himſelf, and his Kingdom; and, on no Account, blend his own flouriſhing Fortune with the deſperate Fate of *Jugurtha*.’

The King's Anſwer was courteous; ‘He too deſired Peace, but pitied the calamitous Lot of *Jugurtha*: If he alſo were to be included, a general Pacification would enſue.’ Again the *Roman* General ſent his Deputies, with Anſwers to the Pretenſions of *Bocchus*, who acquieſced in ſome Particulars, and rejected others. In this manner, by ſending and returning Deputies, Time paſſed away, and the War was protracted without any Action, agreeably to the Deſign of *Metellus*.

Marius, as I have related, had been created Conſul by the People, with all the Symptoms of flaming Affection; and, having next, by a popular Ordinance, been appointed Governor of *Numidia*, he, who had been long before exaſperated againſt the Nobility, now braved them with high Inſolence and Aſperity: Sometimes he inſulted particular Grandees, ſometimes the whole Body. He was continually repeating, ‘That he had raviſhed the Conſulſhip from them, as Spoil from a defeated Enemy;’ with many other Boaſts, all to magnify himſelf, and to mortify them. In the mean while, it was his principal Attention to be furniſhed with whatever the War required: He demanded Recruits for the Legions; he drew Succours from Foreign Nations, from Kings and confederate States. He invited, moreover, all the braveſt Men to be found in *Latium*, moſt of them well known to him by having ſerved with him; inſomuch that very few of them depended, for their Recommendation, upon Hearſay. Nay, ſuch was his Addreſs and Court, even to the diſcharged Veterans, that he induced them to arm again, and accompany him.

Neither did the Senate, though known to be his Enemies, dare to deny any Suit of his. Beſides, they felt ſecret Joy in decreeing him a Body of Recruits; for they preſumed, that the Populace would not bear to inliſt, and then *Marius* muſt either remain diſabled from purſuing the War, or loſe the Hearts of the Commonalty. But ſuch Expectations were quite diſappointed; ſo vehement a Paſſion for attending *Marius* had ſeized moſt of them. Every Man promiſed himſelf to return with certain Victory, and enriched with Spoil; with the like pleaſing Fancies, which now turned their Heads. Indeed, *Marius* had by his Speech elevated them in no ſmall Degree. For, when the ſeveral Ordinances for granting all his many Suits, had paſſed, and his next Study was to raiſe Men, he aſſembled the People; and taking this Occaſion for animating them to the Service, and withal for laſhing the Nobility, as he was wont, he harangued in the following Strain.

'I know, *Romans*, that moſt who are your Suitors for high 'Dignities, recommend themſelves by a Conduct very different 'from what they obſerve when they have obtained them. In the 'Purſuit, they are indefatigable, condeſcending, and gentle: In 'the Poſſeſſion, they conſign themſelves to Indolence and Haughtineſs. To me, the contrary Conduct ſeems juſt. For, in proportion as the general Intereſt of the State is of more moment 'than the particular Offices of Conſul or Prætor, higher Aſſiduity 'is required in adminiſtrating the Commonwealth, than in 'courting its Preferments.'

'I am by no means unacquainted to what a high Task I am 'deſtined by this your generous Choice of me. To concert 'Meaſures for conducting the War; yet ſtill to favour the Treaſury; to oblige thoſe to ſerve, whom it behoves you not to offend; to be exerciſed in continual Attention to all Tranſactions 'at *Rome*, and elſewhere; and to diſcharge all theſe Duties amidſt 'a Combination of malignant Men, for ever thwarting you, for 'ever caballing againſt you, furniſhes out an Undertaking more 'trying and painful, O *Romans*, than can well be conceived. Beſides, when others prove faulty in Office, they find ready and 'powerful Protection, in the ancient Luſtre of their Houſe, in the 'brave Exploits of their Anceſtors, in the great Credit of their Family, very potent, and widely allied; finally, in the Zeal of numerous Dependents and Retainers. To me no Reſource remains, 'but in Myſelf only; ſuch, too, as it is highly incumbent on me 'to preſerve, as well by the Firmneſs as by the Integrity of my Conduct: Any other Support would fail me.

'I am aware alſo, *Romans*, that all Eyes are fixed upon me; 'that all worthy, all unprejudiced Men, cordially eſpouſe me; as 'they are pleaſed with my ſucceſsful Efforts to ſerve the Commonweal. I am aware, too, that the Nobility are deviſing Ways to 'deſtroy me: Whence it behoves me to exert the greater Vigour; 'not only that you be not miſled by them, but that all their Malice may be baffled. From my Childhood upwards, my Life has 'been ſo ſeaſoned with Toils and Perils, that they are become 'habitual to me. As I had long ſerved you diſintereſtedly, before 'your Favours reached me, it is far from my Heart, O *Romans*, 'to diſcontinue ſerving you now, when ſuch noble Retribution 'is made me. Thoſe Men, who, from Ambition, aſſume the 'Guiſe of Virtue to gain Power, find it difficult to exerciſe Moderation in it: In me, who have applied my whole Life to the 'moſt laudable Courſes, the Habit of Well-doing is converted into 'Nature.

'It is your Pleaſure to ordain me General againſt *Jugurtha*; an 'Ordinance bitterly reſented by the Nobility. Pray, conſult your 'own Judgment once more, whether it were not better to alter 'your Choice; and to appoint, for this Undertaking, or for any 'other like it, one of that Herd of Nobles, a Man of very ancient

‘ Deſcent, abounding in the Images of his Anceſtry, and utterly ‘ unacquainted with the Service: See how, under ſuch an arduous ‘ Undertaking, he will ſhrink and hurry; and, ignorant himſelf ‘ of every Branch of his Duty, take a Plebeian for his Inſtructor in ‘ the Whole. Thus it hath, for the moſt part, happened, that ‘ the Man whom you appoint your General, is obliged to look ‘ out for another General to direct him: Nay, I myſelf, O *Romans*, ‘ know ſome, who began, after they were Conſuls, to read the ‘ Hiſtory of our Forefathers, and to ſtudy our military Precepts ‘ taken from the *Greeks*. Strange Inverſion of Order and Time! ‘ For though the bearing Office be later than the Election to Office; ‘ yet, in the Nature of Things, Qualification and Sufficiency pre‘cede the Election.

‘ Now, *Romans*, compare me, who am new in Preferments, ‘ with theſe Men, ſwelling with their high Quality. Whatever ‘ they are wont to gather from Hearſay, or from Reading, I have ‘ ſeen tranſacted, or tranſacted myſelf: What they have learned ‘ from Books, I have learned in the Service. Judge, from hence, ‘ whether real Actions, or bare Speculation, are moſt to be re‘garded. They ſcorn Me, as a Man of modern Dignity; I Them, ‘ as Sluggards of ancient Lineage: I am only upbraided with my ‘ Fortune; They with their flagitious Doings. In my Eſtimation, ‘ Nature is ever the ſame, ſhared in common amongſt all Men; ‘ and whoever moſt excels in heroic Virtue, excels moſt in Qua‘lity. Suppoſe it were poſſible to inquire of the Fathers of *Albi‘nus* and *Beſtia*, Whether they would have choſen to have given ‘ Birth to Me or to Them? what do you believe would be their An‘ſwer, but that they would wiſh to have had for their Sons the ‘ moſt valuable Men?

‘ But ſuppoſe the Nobles have any Ground to deſpiſe me: They ‘ have the ſame to deſpiſe their Progenitors; Men who derived ‘ their original Nobility, as I do mine, from military Virtue. They ‘ behold with Envy my public Dignity: Let them envy, too, my long Courſe of Fatigues, my Morals void of Blemiſh, and my conſtant Perils; for by theſe only I gained it. In truth, theſe Men, blind with Inſolence, lead ſuch Lives, as if they were above accepting the public Dignities in your Gift; yet ſue for them as confidently, as if, by their Courſe of Life, they had deſerved them. Surely they are greatly deluded, at once to aim at Two Things ſo oppoſite; the Enjoyment of ſenſual Riot, and the Recompences due to heroic Virtue! What is equally ſtrange, when they entertain you with Harangues, or make them in the Senate, moſt of their Eloquence is beſtowed in boaſting of their Anceſtors; as, by recounting the brave Exploits of theſe, they think to derive great Luſtre upon themſelves: But the Reverſe enſues; ſince the more brightly the Lives of their Forefathers ſhone, the greater Scandal redounds upon their own unmanly Deportment. The Thing is plainly this; the Glory earned by dead Anceſtors is like a great Light attending their Deſcendants; and ſuffering none of their Actions, good or evil, to lie concealed. I bear the Want of all ſuch hereditary Luſtre, O *Romans*: But, what is infinitely more noble, I can recount to you Deeds of Renown; Deeds atchieved by myſelf in Perſon.

‘Behold now how unjuſt theſe Men are! Whilſt they arrogate to themſelves high Diſtinction from the heroic Actions of others, they will allow me none from thoſe done by myſelf: And all becauſe I have no Images of Anceſtry, and my Nobility is no older than myſelf. It is, ſurely, much more laudable to introduce Nobility into a new Family, than to debaſe the Nobility of an old.

‘Still I am aware, that, if they would reply to what I now ſay, they would do it with abundant Strains of Eloquence, with notable Art and Correctneſs: Yet I could not forbear ſpeaking, as I was urged by the bitter Contumelies, which, upon all Occaſions, they threw, not upon me only, but upon you, ever ſince you ſo highly diſtinguiſhed me. I was, indeed, afraid, leſt ſome might attribute my Silence to inward Conviction; though my own Heart perſuades me, that no Speech whatever can annoy me, ſince, if the Speaker utter Truth, he cannot but commend me; if he deal falſly, my Life and Conduct will confute him.’

‘But ſince they arraign your Determination, in conferring upon me the ſupreme Magiſtracy, as well as a Task of the higheſt Moment, conſider over and over, whether you ought not to change your Mind and your Orders. I can make no Diſplay of the Images, of the Triumphs, or of the Conſulſhips, of my Progenitors, as Pledges for well-executing public Truſt: But, were it required, I could produce military Gifts and Diſtinctions great Store; Spears, Standards, Collars, and other Monuments of Service; beſides Scars of Wounds, all honourably received before. Theſe are my Images, theſe the Proofs of my Nobility; not bequeathed to me, like an Inheritance, (the only Title which they have to theirs) but ſuch as I myſelf have earned by a Succeſſion of Toils and Perils without Number.

‘My Language, too, is unpoliſhed: Of ſmall Concern is that to me. Virtue and Merit diſplay themſelves with abundant Clearneſs. To theſe Men the Art of Talking is neceſſary; thence to diſguiſe their infamous Doings. Neither have I been inſtructed in the Learning of the *Greeks*: Little, ſurely, did I like ſuch Inſtruction, as what never improved the Authors of it in any Degree of manly Virtue. Let it ſuffice, that I have learned ſuch Leſſons as are more intereſting to the Commonweal; to wound the Foe; to lead Bands of Men to the Charge; to be fearleſs of all Things but Infamy; equally to undergo Cold and Heat; to repoſe myſelf upon the bare Ground; to endure at once Hunger and Fatigue. Theſe are the Documents which ſhall animate my Soldiers; nor ſhall they ever find me treat them rigidly, and myſelf ſumptuouſly; they ſhall never ſee me borrow my Glory from their Vigilance and Toils. Such ſhall be my Rule over them; Rule profitable to the Republic; Rule ſuited to the Equa-

‘ lity of Citizens! Indeed, to ſubject the Army to mercileſs Service, whilſt you live in all Delicacy yourſelf, is acting the Tyrant, not the Leader.

‘ By purſuing Meaſures like theſe, your Anceſtors gained immortal Glory to themſelves and the Commonwealth. Upon their glorious Services the Nobility reſt themſelves, without the leaſt Reſemblance of Character; nay, deſpiſing us, who claim ſuch Reſemblance, they demand of you the Enjoyment of all public Dignities, from no Title of perſonal Merit, but as due to their Birth: A prodigious Strain of Arrogance! But in it they are widely deceived. Their Anceſtors left them whatever was in their Power to leave; Riches, Images, and their own ſignal Renown: Their ſuperior Genius and Virtue they left them not; nor was it poſſible: It is a Qualification which can never be preſented, never received as a Gift.

‘ They report me to be a rough Man, my Manners low and coarſe; becauſe I want Skill curiouſly to direct a Banquet; have ne'er a Buffoon in my Train; and pay no higher Wages to the Slave that dreſſes my Meat, than to a Slave that looks after a Farm. Every Part of this Accuſation I freely acknowlege, O *Romans*, to be true: For I learned from my Father, and other venerable Men, that Things of Delicacy were the Appurtenances of Women; Labour and Activity the Portion of Men: That all virtuous Minds entertained a higher Paſſion for Glory than for Riches; and that, in Arms, not in gaudy Living, true Ornament was found.

‘ But, let the Nobles ſtill do what delights them, ſtill purſue what they hold ſo charming; riot in Love, riot in Wine; ſpend their old Age, where they waſted their Youth, in Banquetting; and continue under irredeemable Bondage to their Bellies, and moſt impure Organs: To Us, let them leave Sweat and Duſt, and ſuch other Hardſhips, as, to Us, they are more pleaſing than all the Allurements of Feaſting. Yet even this they refuſe: For,

‘ after having contaminated themſelves with all Sorts of Crimes and Impurities, they, the moſt deteſtable of all Men, ſtrive to ſnatch away the public Rewards due to worthy Men for ſerving the Public. Thus it comes to paſs, by a Courſe of the moſt crying Injuſtice, that the vileſt Practices of Intemperance and Effeminacy prove no Obſtacles to thoſe immerſed in them; yet threaten the unoffending Commonwealth with Deſtruction.

‘ Since I have thus anſwered theſe Men, as far as the Vindication of my own Character required, though not ſo fully as their guilty Conduct deſerved, I will now ſpeak ſomewhat concerning the Adminiſtration of the Government: And, what is firſt to be conſidered, comfort yourſelves, O *Romans*, with Aſſurance of Succeſs in *Numidia*; ſince you have now cruſhed whatever hath proved the Security of *Jugurtha* till this very Hour; namely, the Rapaciouſneſs, the Inſufficiency, and Arrogance, of our Commanders againſt him. There is alſo an Army there well acquainted with the Country; but, ſurely, more brave than fortunate; for great Numbers of them have fallen Sacrifices to the Avarice or Temerity of their Generals. All you, therefore, who are of Age for Service, fly to aſſiſt my Endeavours with yours, and aſſume the Guardianſhip of the Commonweal: Nor let any of you fall into Apprehenſions for himſelf, from the tragical Fate of others, or from the Pride of the late Commanders: I will be always preſent with you, in all your Marches, in all your Encounters; firſt concerting Meaſures for you to execute, then aſſiſting you in the Execution.

‘ In a Word, as you act, I ſhall act, and as you fare, I ſhall fare, in every Inſtance. Let me add, that, by the Favour of the Deities, all Things are ripe to meet our Wiſhes, Victory, Spoil, and Glory: Nay, were all theſe Acquiſitions uncertain, or even remote, ſtill it is incumbent upon every worthy Citizen to ſuccour the Commonweal. To ſay Truth, no Man ever became immortal by Sloth and Lukewarmneſs. It was never yet 'the Wiſh of a Father for his Children, that they might never 'die; but rather that they might ſpend their Lives like uſeful and 'honourable Men. To what I have ſaid I ſhould ſtill add more, 'if Words had Force to render Cowards brave; for I think I have, 'to the Valiant, ſpoken ſufficiently.'

Marius, when he had made this Speech, perceiving the Minds of the People altogether elate and complying, immediately ordered his Proviſions, Money, Arms, with all the other Appurtenances of War, to be embarked; and directed the Whole to ſail, under the Command of *Aulus Manlius* his Lieutenant-General. He himſelf was buſied, the while, in levying Men: Nor, in doing it, had he Regard to the primitive Rules of inrolling only thoſe of certain Claſſes, but accepted all inclined to the Service; moſt of them ſuch, indeed, as, by the Laws of the State, were, for their extreme Poverty, exempted from carrying Arms. There were ſome who attributed this his Conduct to the Scarcity of Men better qualified: Others aſcribed it to a Deſign of making his Court to the Rabble; ſince, from them, he firſt derived his Fame, and now his Promotion. Beſides that, the moſt ſeaſonable Aſſiſtants to any Man who is graſping after Power, are ever the Needy and Deſperate; ſuch as, having no Property of their own, are under no Concern to ſecure it; but hold for honourable whatever is gainful.

Now *Marius*, ſetting Sail for *Africa*, accompanied with a Number of Troops ſomething exceeding what were decreed him, landed in a few Days at *Utica*. There the Command of the Army was transferred to him by *Publius Rutilius* Lieutenant-General to *Metellus*: For *Metellus* had choſen to ſhun any Meeting with *Marius*; as he would not, in Perſon, ſee, what he could never bear to hear.

The Conſul, having completed the Number of his Legions and auxiliary Cohorts, marched into a fertile Territory, abounding in Plunder; Whatever Spoil was taken there, he wholly beſtowed upon the Soldiers. He next aſſailed ſuch Fortreſſes and Towns as were not very ſtrong, either by Nature, or in numerous Gariſons.

There followed many Encounters in ſeveral Places; moſt of them light. During all this Service, the late Recruits learned to join in an Onſet without Fear: They ſaw ſuch as fled, either killed or taken; the Braveſt, every-where, the moſt ſecure: They ſaw, that it was by Arms, that public Liberty, our common Country, our Parents, and all Things in general, were protected; that, by Arms, Glory and Riches were procured to Particulars. Thus, in a ſhort time, the new Men came to match the Veterans; and the Whole were found equally adroit and brave.

As to the Two Kings; as ſoon as ever they had learned, that *Marius* was arrived, they parted; and withdrew each into remote Places, hardly to be approached. Such was the Counſel of *Jugurtha:* For he hoped, that, as his Enemies would thus come to diſperſe, they would furniſh him an Opportunity of falling upon them; ſince the *Romans,* like moſt other Nations, when their Fears ceaſed, would act with more Remiſſneſs, and leſs Regularity.

During theſe Tranſactions, *Metellus,* upon his Return to *Rome,* was received there, contrary to what he expected, with Hearts full of Affection and Tranſport; and, now that popular Prejudice and Diſguſt were vaniſhed, he proved as dear to the Plebeians as to the Nobility.

Of *Marius,* too, it muſt be owned, that he exerted notable Quickneſs, as alſo notable Prudence, in learning the Meaſures of the Enemy, and in purſuing his own; in deviſing what might conduce to advance or fruſtrate either; in diſcovering the ſeparate Marches of the Two Kings; in contriving how to baffle all their Machinations and Snares. In his own Quarters he ſuffered nothing remiſs; no Abatement of Duty; and nothing quiet and ſecure in theirs: Inſomuch that, as he frequently aſſailed not only the *Getulians,* but *Jugurtha,* too, in Perſon, when either he or they were carrying off the Plunder of our Confederates, he always routed both: Nay, not far from *Cirta* he even forced the King to caſt away his Arms, and fly.

Yet, when he reflected, that all theſe Efforts produced only Smoak and Applauſe, but nothing to terminate the War, he reſolved to lay Siege, by turns, to all ſuch Towns, as, either in Strength of Gariſon or Situation, contributed moſt to the Benefit of the Enemy, and to his own Detriment; with Deſign, either thus to diveſt *Jugurtha* of all his Reſources of Strength, if he ſuffered them to be taken; or to bring him to a Battle, if he attempted to relieve them. For from King *Bocchus* he had frequently received Deputies, ſignifying ‘ how much he ſought the Amity of the *Roman* People; and that no Sort of Hoſtility was to be apprehended ‘ from him.’ It was never diſcovered, whether he only feigned this pacific Diſpoſition, thence to fall upon us unawares with more certain Slaughter; or whether he followed the Impulſe of his own Spirit, naturally variable, prompting him, by ſudden turns, now to War, anon to Peace.

The Conſul, purſuing his Reſolution, advances againſt the ſtrong Towns and Caſtles; and gained them from the Enemy; ſome by Force, ſome by Fear, others by advantageous Conditions. In truth, his firſt Enterprizes were but moderately bold; as he judged, that *Jugurtha*, for the Protection of his Subjects, would riſque an Encounter: But, having learned, that he continued at a great Diſtance, and was occupied in different Counſels, *Marius* thought it a ſeaſonable Juncture to proceed to higher and more daring Adventures.

There ſtood, in the midſt of boundleſs Deſarts, a great fortified City, named *Capſa*, reported to have been founded by the *Libyan Hercules*. The Citizens, too, were accounted faithfully devoted to *Jugurtha*, for their large Immunities under him, and his gentle Government over them. Againſt their Enemies they were defended not only by powerful Bulwarks, by Magazines of Arms, and Numbers of Men, but by a greater Security than all the dreadful Regions round them: For, except the Fields adjoining to the Town, on all Sides there ſtretched a diſmal Tract; bare, barren, every-where void of Water, every-where infeſted with Serpents, whoſe Rage, like that of other wild and devouring Creatures, is ſharpened by Famine; Add, that the Poiſon of Serpents, ſo deadly in its own Nature, is inflamed by nothing more than by Thirſt.

Marius had a vehement Deſire to maſter this Town, not only for the Advancement of the War, but becauſe it was an arduous Undertaking: Moreover *Metellus* had acquired great Glory from the takeing of *Thala*; a Town not much different in Situation and Defence, except that a little Way without the Walls of *Thala* ſeveral Springs aroſe; whereas the People of *Capſa* had no more than one, and that within the City, without farther Supply, except from Rain. This Inconvenience is the more ſupportable here, and in all the other inland Parts of *Africa*, where ruſtic Habits prevail; ſince the *Numidians*, for Meat and Drink, ſatisfy themſelves chiefly with Milk and Veniſon, without wanting ſo much as Salt, or, indeed, any other Stimulation to Appetite: Amongſt them the ſole Purpoſe of Eating is to reſiſt Hunger; of Drinking to allay Thirſt; never to gratify Intemperance and Luxury.

The Conſul, in this Undertaking, took all poſſible Precaution and Informations; but relied, I preſume, principally upon Aid from the Gods; ſince it was impoſſible that he could contrive any Scheme of his own, thoroughly to ſurmount ſo many alarming Difficulties: Nay, further Diſcouragement aroſe from the Scarcity of Corn; ſince the *Numidians* are much more ſolicitous about Graſs for their Cattle, than the Production of Grain. Beſides that, whatever had been then produced, they had, by Orders from the King, conveyed into Places of Defence; as it was now the Cloſe of the Summer, a Seaſon when the Ground is utterly parched and unbearing.

In proportion, however, to his Condition and Means, he concerted Meaſures with abundant Foreſight and Œconomy. The Care of conducting all the Cattle, which, during ſome preceding Days, had been taken in Plunder, he committed to the auxiliary

Horſe. He ordered *Aulus Manlius* his Lieutenant to advance with the light Cohorts to the City *Luris*, where he had placed his military Cheſt, and his Stores: What he openly declared was, that he would himſelf rejoin them there in a few Days, after an Excurſion in Purſuit of Spoil. Such was the Method which he took to conceal his Enterprize, and then marched directly towards the River *Tana*.

During this March, he diſtributed daily a certain Number of Beaſts amongſt the Army, ſo many to a Company of Foot, ſo many to a Troop of Horſe, in equal Proportions; and cauſed withal Bottles to be made of their Hides: So that, by this Management, he at once compenſated for the Scarcity of Corn, and provided ſuch Implements as were ſoon to become neceſſary, though none then knew his Intentions. At length, when, in Six Days March, they had arrived at the River, they had already made vaſt Store of ſuch Bottles. Having there pitched and ſlightly ſecured his Camp, he ordered the Soldiers to refreſh themſelves with Food, and be ready to move preciſely with the ſetting Sun, to leave all their Baggage behind them, and to encumber themſelves, and their Beaſts of Burden, with nothing elſe but Water.

The Moment the Time was elapſed, he decamped; and, having marched the whole Night, encamped again in the Morning. Next Night he renewed his March; and the Third, long before Dawn, he came to a Place full of ſmall Hills, not above Two Miles from *Capſa*: There he lay in wait with his Forces, concealing himſelf and them with all poſſible Cloſeneſs and Care: But, as ſoon as Day appeared, and the *Numidians*, far from apprehending any Enemy, had left the Town in great Numbers, he ſtrait commanded the whole Cavalry, as alſo the ſwifteſt of the Foot, to fly towards *Capſa*, and ſeize the Gates: He himſelf inſtantly followed with great Ardour and Diſpatch, and ſuffered not a Man to ſtray after Plunder.

When the Inhabitants perceived what Dangers beſet them, Amazement ſeized them: The Calamity was unexpected, and their Diſmay terrible. To heighten it, many of their Fellow-Citizens were without the Walls, and already in the Hands of the Enemy. Thus they were forced to capitulate, and to ſurrender themſelves and the City. It was nevertheleſs burned to the Ground; all the young Men in it put to the Sword; all the reſt ſold to Captivity: The Plunder was diſtributed amongſt the Soldiers. This ſevere Courſe, undoubtedly repugnant to the Laws of War, proceeded from no Spirit of Rapine, or of Treachery in the Conſul; but was only taken becauſe the Place was advantageous for *Jugurtha*, and to us ſcarcely acceſſible; the Citizens an unſteady Race, void of all Faith, hitherto never to be curbed, either by Benefits, or by Terrors.

From the Date of an Enterprize ſo daring, yet executed by *Marius* without Loſs or Diſaſter to his Men, his Name, great, indeed, and celebrated, for ſome time paſt, became ſtill greater, ſtill more celebrated. All his Proceedings, even ſuch as were not over-cautious, were attributed to his heroic Abilities: His Men, all mildly uſed, nay, enriched by him, ſounded his Praiſes to the Skies: The *Numidians* dreaded him, as a Being more than human: In ſhort, all our Confederates, and all our Enemies, believed that he poſſeſſed the Spirit of a Deity; at leaſt, that the Favour of the Deities preſaged him Succeſs in all Things.

Now the Conſul, after the happy Iſſue of his late Expedition, advanced againſt other Towns. In taking ſome few of them he found Reſiſtance from the Inhabitants: In many more he found the Effect of the tragical Execution at *Capſa*, no Inhabitants at all; and all the Towns thus deſerted he committed to the Flames. Thus Wailing and Slaughter filled all Quarters. At laſt, when he had conquered many Places, moſt of them without Loſs of Blood, he attempted another Adventure, which, though not attended with ſuch complicated Hazards as that at *Capſa*, yet portended not inferior Difficulties.

Not far from the River *Molucha*, which is the common Boundary between the Kingdoms of *Jugurtha* and *Bocchus*, in the midſt of a vaſt Plain, ſtands a Fort, of a moderate Size, upon the large Level of a Rock infinitely high; on every Side formed by Nature as deſperately ſteep as human Art and Labour could have made it, except one Path extremely narrow.

To take this Place, *Marius* exerted all his Application and Might, becauſe the King's Treaſure was kept in it. But, in this Enterprize, Chance proved more prevalent than Counſel; for the Caſtle was abundantly ſupplied with Men, Arms, Proviſions, and even with Water from a Spring: Beſides, the Situation was ſuch as to defy the Uſe of Mounds and Turrets, and all the Machinery of a Siege: The Avenue to it was remarkably ſtreight; and, on each Side, a frightful Precipice: The moving Galleries were dragged againſt it with infinite Hazard, always without Succeſs: For, when they approached ever ſo little, they were inſtantly conſumed by Fire, or cruſhed with heavy Stones. The Soldiers could neither ſtand, ſteadily, to advance their Works, ſuch was the Hardneſs and Steepneſs of the Rock; nor aſſiſt at the Batteries, ſuch was the Execution from above. The braveſt Men were certainly ſlain, at leaſt wounded; and thence the Fears of all the reſt redoubled.

Now *Marius*, who had thus waſted many Days, and much Toil, was, in great Anguiſh, debating with himſelf, whether to relinquiſh his Enterprize, as it proved utterly unproſperous, or to await the Interpoſition of Fortune, which he had often tried with Succeſs. Whilſt he was yet under this Ferment of Spirit, which for ſeveral Nights and Days had ſorely diſtracted him, a certain *Ligurian*, a common Soldier belonging to the auxiliary Cohorts, happening to go out of the Camp in Search of Water, perceived Shell-ſnails crawling amongſt the Rocks, on the Side of the Fortreſs, oppoſite to that where the Aſſault was made. As he gathered one, then another, and ſtill continued climbing in Purſuit of more, he had inſenſibly reached almoſt to the Summit of the Mountain.

There, when he ſaw that Quarter quite ſolitary and neglected, from a Propenſity inherent in Men, of viſiting Objects unknown, he was prompted to proceed. Luckily, in that very Place, there grew out of the Precipice a great Oak, which, bending downward at a little Diſtance from the Root, then riſing again, towered ſtrait upwards, as all Trees naturally do.

The *Ligurian*, ſtill mounting, now upon the Branches of the Oak, then upon the prominent Rocks, at laſt found himſelf high enough to ſurvey, at leiſure, the Poſition and Frame of the Caſtle: For, all the *Numidians* were earneſtly engaged on that Side where the Attack was made.

When he had well proved and examined whatever he judged would be, anon, conducing to the Execution of his Purpoſe, he returned the ſame Way; yet not at random, as he mounted; but conſtantly pauſing, and examining carefully every Step and Difficulty on every Side. He then haſtened to *Marius*, and, acquainting him with what he had performed and diſcovered, urged him to attempt the Fort, on that Quarter where he himſelf had aſcended: He even offered to be at once the Guide, and the Foremoſt to face the Danger. *Marius* diſpatched away, along with the *Ligurian*, ſuch as he had then about him, to examine the Grounds of his Propoſal. Theſe made very different Reports; ſome, that the Undertaking was difficult; others, that it was eaſy; each agreeably to his particular Judgment. The Spirit of the Conſul was however revived; ſo that he prepared a Guard of Four Centurions with their Companies, to which he joined Five Trumpets, the nimbleſt that could be found in the Army; and, commanding the Whole to ſubmit to the Directions of the *Ligurian*, he aſſigned the Day following for the Undertaking.

Now when all things neceſſary were provided and contrived, he advanced to the Place at the Time ordained. Add that the Centurions, forewarned by their Guide, had changed their Dreſs and Armour, marching with their Head and Feet both bare, in order to enjoy a freer View, and to mount the eaſier over the Rocks. They carried their Swords over their Shoulders, as alſo their Bucklers, which were of the *Numidian* Sort, framed of Leather; becauſe they were lighter, and, when ſtruck, not ſharply reſounding. The *Ligurian*, always marching foremoſt, girt Cords round the projecting Cliffs, and ſuch old Roots of Trees as appeared above the Surface, thence to aid his Fellows in climbing. From time to time, with the Help of his Hand, he raiſed thoſe who were daunted at a March ſo ſingular and ſhocking. Wherever the Aſcent proved yet more violent, he eaſed them of their Arms, ſaw them mount before him, then followed, bearing their Arms himſelf. Where the terrible Declivities ſeemed threatening, even to their beſt Efforts, he tried, and demonſtrated, with infinite Patience and Care, how paſſable they were; and by aſcending, then deſcending, over and over, inſpired the reſt with Courage, and then ſtrait retired to make way for them.

Thus, after much tedious and painful Labour, they gained the Caſtle, which was quite unguarded on that Side; for the Enemy were then, as on the Days preceding they had been, engaged in the oppoſite Quarter. *Marius*, as ſoon as he was advertiſed of the Succeſs of the *Ligurian*, though he had already, by continuing the Attack all Day long, thoroughly employed and amuſed the *Numidians*, yet now particularly heartened the Soldiers with freſh Exhortations. He even ruſhed out of his Galleries, formed his Men into the Faſhion of a Shell, and made them thus advance againſt the Fort: Nay, at the ſame time, effectually to diſmay the Enemy, all his Engines, all his Archers and Slingers, poured, from a proper Diſtance, continual Vollies. The *Numidians*, who had ſo often cruſhed to Pieces, nay, burnt to Aſhes, the *Roman* Galleries, were grown ſo ſecure as not to keep, for Protection, within the Bulwarks of the Caſtle; but paſſed whole Nights and Days without their Walls. There they boldly reviled the *Romans*, charged *Marius* with Phrenſy, threatened our Troops with Bondage to *Jugurtha*; and, indeed, from being ſucceſsful, were become extremely inſulting.

Now, whilſt the Conflict was maintained on both Sides with furious Efforts; here in a Struggle for Glory and Empire, there for Life and Liberty; on a ſudden, the Trumpets from behind ſounded an Onſet. Then it was, that the Women and Children, who had come out to behold the Engagement, betook themſelves firſt to Flight, as did next ſuch as were neareſt the Walls, and at laſt the whole Body, the Armed as well as the Unarmed. As ſoon as this appeared, the *Romans* exerted freſh Ardour, urging and overthrowing the Enemy, often only wounding, without ſtaying to kill; then, mounting over the Heaps of Slain, and all vying one with another in queſt of Glory, they flew to gain the Bulwarks, with ſuch Earneſtneſs, that not a Soul ſtopped for Plunder. Thus accidental Succeſs juſtified a wild Attempt of *Marius*, who gained great Praiſe from a raſh Action.

During the Progreſs of this Undertaking, *Lucius Sylla* arrived in the Camp with a great Body of Horſe, raiſed in *Latium*, and amongſt our Allies; for which purpoſe he had been left at *Rome* by *Marius*. Since, therefore, this Incident concerning ſo extraordinary a Man invited me, it ſeemed pertinent to ſubjoin a ſhort View of his Genius and Qualifications. For I ſhall nowhere elſe enter into the Hiſtory of *Sylla*: Beſides that *Lucius Siſenna*, though the beſt and moſt accurate of his Hiſtorians, ſeems to me to have recounted it with very defective Freedom.

Sylla ſprang from a Patrician Race of eminent Luſtre; but the Family was ſunk in Obſcurity, through the Degeneracy of his late Anceſtors. He was equally and excellently accompliſhed in all the Learning of *Greece* and *Rome*; of a daring Spirit, paſſionate for Pleaſures, more paſſionate for Glory; voluptuous during Receſs from Affairs, but never ſuffering his Affairs to be retarded by his Gayeties, except in the Inſtance of his Divorce, in which he ought to have ſtudied more Decency. He was very eloquent, very able;

very complaiſant in his Friendſhips; of profound Reach in diſguiſing his Purſuits; profuſe of every Bounty, of Money above all. He was indeed happy beyond all Men, before he became Maſter in our civil Diſſenſions; his Fortune, however great, never ſurpaſſing his Ability: So that many have doubted, whether he were more Fortunate, or Brave. In what Strains his conſequent Proceedings are to be recounted, whether with greater Shame, or with greater Horror, I am unable to ſay.

When *Sylla* was arrived in *Africa*, and had, with his Cavalry, joined *Marius* in his Camp, as I have above recounted, he, who was hitherto raw and unpractiſed in War, improved ſo as in a ſhort while to become a moſt accompliſhed Warrior. Add his engaging Affability to the Men; his great Liberality to all that asked, with his voluntary Bounties to others; his Shyneſs to receive Favours, his great Eagerneſs to repay them, greater than if they had been a Debt in Money; his Refuſal of any Return for Benefits conferred; as indeed what he moſt aimed at was, by Gifts and good Offices to engage all Men; his Condeſcenſion in diſcourſing with the common Men, either ludicrouſly or gravely; his Aſſiduity in accompanying them on all Occaſions, in their Marches, in their Works, and in their Guard; his Forbearance, at the ſame time, to court the Croud by the uſual baſe Method of wounding the Character of the Conſul, or of any other deſerving Man. His great Aim was to ſuffer none to ſurpaſs him in Conduct, or in Bravery; and in both theſe he ſurpaſſed almoſt all others. By this Addreſs, and theſe Abilities, he became, in a ſhort time, highly endeared to *Marius* and the whole Army.

Now *Jugurtha*, ſeeing himſelf diveſted of *Capſa*, and other Places, of great Strength in themſelves, and of great Importance to him, as alſo of vaſt Treaſure, ſends Ambaſſadors to *Bocchus*, to preſs his coming with his Forces into *Numidia*; for, that this was a proper Juncture for engaging the *Romans*. Upon Information that *Bocchus* pauſed, wavering between the Motives for

War and thoſe for Peace; he again, with great Gifts, purchaſed his moſt powerful Confidents. Nay, to tempt the *Moor* himſelf, he promiſed him a Third of *Numidia*, on condition, that either the *Romans* were driven out of *Africa*, or, by a Treaty with them, he recovered his whole Dominions. *Bocchus*, allured by ſuch an Acceſſion of Territory, advanced ſtrait to *Jugurtha*. So that immediately upon this Conjunction of their Armies, they aſſailed *Marius*, then marching into Quarters for the Winter, near the Cloſe of the Evening: For, they preſumed, that, were they defeated, the approaching Night would ſecure them, and prove no Detriment, if they conquered; ſince they perfectly knew the Country; when, let the Reſult be what it would, the Darkneſs muſt, on the contrary, diſtreſs the *Romans*.

Whilſt, by manifold Advices, the Conſul was advertiſed of the Approach of the Enemy, the Enemy were in full View: Nay, before the Army could be formed, or the Baggage piled together, even before the Signal could be given, or any proper Orders diſtributed, the *Mooriſh* and *Getulian* Cavalry ruſhed upon them; not in Battle-array, nor obſerving any Rule of engaging, but in ſeveral Crowds, juſt as Chance had huddled them together. Our Men, though moſt of them were ſtartled with an Aſſault ſo unforeſeen, yet, recalling their former Bravery, boldly wielded their Arms, all ready to encounter the Foe, or to protect againſt the Foe ſuch as were yet not armed. Many mounted on Horſeback, and advanced to meet the Enemy. The whole Action was conducted more like a Fray of Robbers than a Battle; Horſe and Foot jumbled together at random, without Standards, without Ranks: Many were bereft of Life, many of their Limbs: Numbers, keenly attacking in Front, periſhed by being themſelves attacked in Rear. Neither Bravery nor Arms proved an equal Defence; for the Enemy infinitely exceeded in Numbers, and thence every-where encompaſſed us. At length, the *Romans*, where-ever they met together in Parties, as Accident or Place happened to mingle them, both the Veterans and the late Recruits, (theſe, too, having learnt War by Practice, and the Example of the former) formed themſelves into globular Bodies. Thus, guarded by a Front every Way, they withſtood all the Fury of the Enemy.

Marius, during all this ſevere Conflict, continued void of Diſmay; nor was his Spirit leſs elate and vigorous than before. Accompanied by his own Troop, which he had filled with Men choſen rather for their Valour than from any perſonal Friendſhip, he ſcoured through all Quarters; here ſuccouring his own Men hardly preſſed, there attacking the thickeſt and buſieſt of the Enemy in Perſon. Thus he aſſiſted his Soldiers with his Sword; ſince, in a Combuſtion ſo univerſal, he found it impoſſible to direct like a General. Already the Day was cloſed; yet the Barbarians ſlackened nothing in their Efforts: They even puſhed with redoubled Ardour, in purſuit of Orders from the Two Kings, who conceived the Darkneſs to be only advantageous to themſelves.

Marius therefore, as the beſt Meaſure under ſo many Difficulties, chuſing to provide a Place of Refuge for his Men, ordered Poſſeſſion to be taken of two Hills contiguous to each other: In one, though not affording Space ſufficient for an Encampment, there flowed a Spring plentiful of Water: The other ſeaſonably ſerved for a Camp; for, as it was, for the greateſt part, exceeding high and ſteep, it required but ſmall Labour to fortify it. He directed *Sylla*, with the Cavalry, to paſs the Night by the Spring: He himſelf, having by degrees reaſſembled his ſcattered Forces, whilſt the Enemy ſtill remained in no leſs Diſorder, led them all ſtrait to the other Hill.

Thus the Two Kings, conſtrained by the Difficulty of the Aſcent, forbore any further Attack, yet ſuffered not their Forces to retire, but, beſetting both Hills, pitched all round them with their ill-concerted Multitudes. Then, kindling many Fires, they paſſed moſt of the Night in Riot uſual to Barbarians, rejoicing, bounding to and fro, and uttering terrible Shouts. The Two Princes alſo, their Commanders, exulted highly, and behaved like Conquerors, becauſe they had not been forced to fly.

All this wild Deportment was eaſily perceived by the *Romans*, from their higher Situation in the Dark; and greatly raiſed their Spirit. As *Marius*, particularly, had gathered high Aſſurance from the weak Conduct of the Enemy, he ordered a profound Silence to be kept; nor would he even ſuffer, what was always uſed, the Change of the Guard to be ſounded. At laſt, as ſoon as Day appeared, when the Enemy, now utterly fatigued, were juſt fallen faſt aſleep, he directed all the Trumpets, both of Horſe and Foot, in the whole Army, to ſound at once to Battle, all the Men, at the ſame time, to give a mighty Shout, and ſally down furiouſly upon the Foe.

The *Moors* and *Getulians*, ſuddenly rouſed by a Noiſe ſo ſtrange to their Ears, and ſo frightful, were bereft of all Ability, either to fly, or to handle their Arms, to contrive, or to act: So that, ſtruck with the Uproar and terrible Shouts, deſtitute of all Aid from their own Commanders, fiercely gored by our Forces, they ſunk like Men benumbed, under all this alarming Tumult, Aſtoniſhment, and Dread. In a Word, they were utterly cut off and routed, moſt of their Arms and Enſigns of War taken, and more Men ſlain in this Engagement, than in all the foregoing; for Sleep, and extraordinary Diſmay, had obſtructed their Flight.

Marius now proceeded, as he had begun, in his March towards Winter Quarters in the Maritime Towns; as in theſe he had determined to fix them for the Conveniency of Proviſions; himſelf ſtill unchanged by his Victory, and become neither Negligent nor Imperious; but, with the ſame Circumſpection, as if the Enemy had been in View, marching his Army in the Form of a Square. *Sylla* commanded the Cavalry on the Right, *Aulus Manlius* on the Left, at the Head of the Slingers and Archers, together with the *Ligurian* Cohorts. In the Front and Rear he had placed the Tribunes over the Infantry, lightly armed. The Deſerters, as

Men of ſmall Account, yet perfectly ſkilled in the Situation of theſe Regions, were employed Abroad, to diſcover which Way the Enemy bent their Courſe. Beſides, he ſo diligently contrived and attended to every Incident, as if he had committed no Truſt to any other Perſon whatſoever. He was inceſſantly moving and viſiting every Individual, extolling theſe, chiding thoſe, as they ſeverally deſerved. As he kept himſelf continually armed, and prepared for Action, he obliged his Soldiers but to perform what he himſelf practiſed.

Neither was his Circumſpection ſmaller in fortifying his Camp, than in conducting his March. The Guard of the Gates he committed to the Cohorts of the Legions: That without the Gates to the Cavalry of our Confederates. He likewiſe poſted other intermediate Guards upon the Lines and Bulwarks: Beſides, he was conſtantly viſiting them all round, from no Diffidence, that his Orders would be neglected, but that the Men might find all their Fatigue lightened, when they ſaw their General bore as much as They. In truth it muſt be owned, that not only now, but during all the reſt of the War againſt *Jugurtha*, he held his Army under due Reſtraints, rather by the Shame of Offending, than by the Fear of Puniſhment: A Conduct which many attributed to his Views of Popularity: Some derived it from Habit; becauſe, having been hardened in a Courſe of Fatigues from his Childhood, theſe, and what elſe others hold for Inſtances of Miſery, paſſed with him for Pleaſures. Upon the Whole, by ſuch Deportment the Buſineſs of the State was conducted with as much Succeſs and Dignity, as had his Command been ever ſo ſtern and unmerciful.

Thus they continued their March, when at length, on the Fourth Day, not far from the City of *Cirta*, they perceived the Scouts approaching on all Sides with violent Speed; whence it was inferred, that the Enemy were near: But, as they returned from Quarters quite different, yet all agreed in the ſame Account, the Conſul, for a while, at a Loſs how to marſhal his Army, reſolved to alter nothing: And, thus fixed againſt all Events, awaited the Enemy in the ſame Order, and upon the ſame Spot. Thus he baffled the Views of *Jugurtha*; who had diſtributed his Forces into Four Bands, from a Perſuaſion, that, to one or other of theſe, the *Romans* would certainly be expoſed to be ſucceſsfully attacked in the Rear. *Sylla*, the while, upon whom the Enemy firſt fell, having, by a Speech, heartened his Men, putting himſelf at the Head of ſome Troops ranked extremely compact, boldly aſſailed the *Moors*: The reſt of the Cavalry, without moving from their Poſts, defended themſelves from the Shafts thrown at a Diſtance, and certainly ſlew whoever ventured Hand to Hand.

Whilſt the Horſe thus fought, *Boochus* aſſailed the Rear-band of the *Romans*, with a Body of Foot lately brought him by *Volux* his Son; ſuch as, having lingered in their March, were not in the former Engagement. *Marius* was juſt then in the Front of the Battle, becauſe there *Jugurtha* was making an Onſet with his moſt numerous Body: But that Prince, having learned the Arrival of *Bocchus*, in an Inſtant wheeled ſilently about, attended only by a few Men, to our Infantry; where, addreſſing himſelf to them in *Latin*, which he had learned at the Siege of *Numantia*, he cried with a loud Voice, that ‘ Their Fighting was no longer to any ‘ Purpoſe; for he was juſt come from killing *Marius* with his own ‘ Hand.’ He at the ſame time waved his Sword, all dyed with the Blood of one of our Foot, whom he had ſlain, during the Encounter, with great Bravery. When our Soldiers heard this, a Report ſo tragical ſhocked them more than ſuited with their ſmall Credit in the Veracity of the Reporter. The Barbarians, too, breathed freſh Ardour; and, more furiouſly than ever, urged the *Romans*, already damped and diſconcerted, and juſt betaking themſelves to Flight, when *Sylla*, who had utterly overthrown all before him, in his Return from the Rout, aſſaulted the *Moors* on the Flank. *Bocchus* inſtantly fled.

Jugurtha ſtill continued ſtrenuouſly to ſuſtain his Troops, as he was ſolicitous to preſerve a Victory well-nigh gained, till he ſaw himſelf incloſed, both on the Right and Left, by our Troops; then, leaving all about him ſlain, he burſt ſingle through the Enemy's Horſe, and eſcaped amidſt a Shower of Darts. At this very time, too, *Marius*, who had finally routed the *Numidian* Cavalry, was flown to ſuccour his own; for he was told, that they had recoiled. And now the Foe was, on all Hands, intirely defeated.

Then it was, that, all over theſe extended Plains, might be ſeen a Spectacle very ſhocking and horrible; here Men flying, there purſuing; many killed, many taken; Horſes and Men together proſtrate and periſhing; great Numbers ſorely wounded; and thence unable to fly, but ſtill alive; and thence impatient of being left; ſome ſtriving to riſe, and forthwith falling again, languiſhing and forlorn. In a Word, the whole Soil was covered, as far as the Eye could diſcern, with Darts, and Swords, and Carcaſes; and, in all the intermediate Spaces, with Blood and Gore.

Marius, now a Conqueror undiſputed, proceeded to the Town of *Cirta*; whither, from the firſt, he meant to bend his March. Here, Five Days after the laſt Rout of the Barbarians, Ambaſſadors from *Bocchus* applied to him; with a Requeſt, in his Name, to the Conſul, to ſend any Two of his Friends, ſuch as he intirely confided in, to the King; who wanted to confer with them upon Points not only touching his own Intereſt, but alſo that of the *Roman* People. Immediately the Conſul deputed *Lucius Sylla*, and *Aulus Manlius*: Theſe Two, notwithſtanding it was at his own Deſire they went, yet judged it adviſable to accoſt him with a Speech, to reconcile his Spirit to Peace, if he appeared to diſreliſh it; or, if to deſire it, then to rouze him with the more Ardour to conclude it. *Sylla*, therefore, to whom *Manlius* gave Precedence, on the ſcore of his Eloquence, not of his Seniority, addreſſed himſelf to *Bocchus* in the following ſhort Diſcourſe:

‘King *Bocchus*, it is a ſenſible Pleaſure to us, to find, that the Gods have diſpoſed ſuch a princely Perſon as Thee to chuſe Peace rather than War; and no longer to contaminate thy own ſhining Character, by involving it with That of *Jugurtha*, a Man of all others the moſt deteſtable. By this good Diſpoſition thou doſt alſo releaſe us from the painful Neceſſity of equally purſuing you Both with the Sword: Him, for his infinite Guilt and Crimes; Thee, for Thy Miſtake in aſſiſting him. Let me obſerve, that the *Roman* People, even in the Infancy of their Power, whilſt they were yet abundantly ſtreightened, always judged it better Policy to procure Friends, than Subjects; always eſteemed it ſafer to rule People by their own Conſent, than by Compulſion. To Thyſelf, particularly, no Alliance whatſoever can be more commodious than Ours: One Reaſon is, that we are ſo remote, as to miniſter no Apprehenſion of Injury whatſoever; yet always prepared to furniſh equal Proofs of Friendſhip, as if we lived contiguous. As another Motive, We have ſo many Nations obedient to our Sway, that we wiſh not for more. As to the Number of mutual Allies, neither We, nor any other State, can ever boaſt enough.

‘In truth, I wiſh that Thou hadſt at firſt choſen to purſue the preſent Courſe; for then, aſſuredly, thou wouldſt, long ere now, have received many ſignal Benefits from the *Roman* People; even many more than the Calamities thou haſt ſince ſuffered from their Arms. But, ſince Fortune, which, indeed, moſtly controuls the Tranſactions of Men, has ſo determined, that thou ſhouldſt as well prove the Force of our Enmity, as of our Friendſhip; be quick to ſnatch the Occaſion which ſhe now preſents, and to accompliſh what thou haſt ſo well begun. Thou haſt in thy Hands many Expedients, many Opportunities; ſuch as will enable thee to retrieve all thy wrong Meaſures by a ſeaſonable and obliging Conduct. For a Concluſion, Let one Reflection never eſcape thy Thoughts; That, in an Intercourſe of Generoſity,

‘ roſity, the *Roman* People are never to be vanquiſhed. Of their ‘ Power in War, Thou thyſelf haſt made Trial.’

To all this *Bocchus* replied with great Complacency, and very courteous Words: He offered withal a brief Apology for having offended the *Romans*, ‘ That he had recourſe to Arms from no ‘ Spirit of Enmity, but purely to defend his own Dominions. He ‘ could not bear to let *Marius* ravage that Part of *Numidia*, which, ‘ by the Right of War, belonged to Himſelf; as what he had, with ‘ his Sword, conquered from *Jugurtha*: Nay, he had previouſly re‘queſted to be admitted to an Alliance with *Rome*, by Ambaſſadors ‘ purpoſely ſent; and was rejected. He was willing, however, to ‘ paſs over old Diſcontents; and, with the Conſent of *Marius*, ‘ forthwith to renew his Suit to the Senate by a freſh Embaſſy.’ Preſently, when his Offer was accepted, the fickle Spirit of the Royal Barbarian was again changed by his Confidents, all corrupted by great Preſents from *Jugurtha*; who, having learned the Deputation of *Sylla* and *Manlius* to *Bocchus*, became filled with Apprehenſions of what was really projecting againſt him.

Marius, during this, having fixed his Army in Winter Quarters, ſet out with a Detachment of Cohorts lightly armed, and Part of the Cavalry, into the Deſarts; there to beſiege a Royal Tower, where *Jugurtha* had placed for a Garriſon all the *Roman* Deſerters. And now again *Bocchus*, by a fortunate Impulſe, reſumed his former Sentiments. Whatever was the Cauſe, Retroſpection to his late Defeats in Two Battles, or the Perſuaſion of ſome other Confidents, ſuch as *Jugurtha* had not debauched, he ſingled out from amongſt all his Train of Courtiers Five Ambaſſadors; Men not only of tried Integrity, but of the moſt ſignal Abilities: Theſe he diſpatched on a Commiſſion to *Marius*; and afterwards, if *Marius* approved it, to *Rome*; with abſolute Authority to treat at large, and to terminate the War upon any Conditions.

The Ambaſſadors, as they travelled with great Diſpatch to the Winter Quarters of the *Romans*, were beſet on the Road, and utterly plundered by *Getulian* Robbers: So that, greatly affrighted, and deſtitute of all their Equipage, they arrived at the Quarters of *Sylla*, with whom the Conſul, when he began his Expedition, had left the Command of the Army, under the Title of Proprætor. Their Reception from him was not what ſuch faithleſs Enemies deſerved, but full of Reſpect and Liberality.

This obliging Uſage ſo charmed the Barbarians, that they not only held for mere Forgeries, whatever they had heard of the Avarice of the *Romans*; but took *Sylla*, from his many Acts of Munificence towards them, to be their ſpecial Friend. For there were many, even in thoſe Days, utterly ignorant that Bounties ever flowed from ſelfiſh Views. With ſuch, no Man paſſed for Liberal, who was not reckoned equally Benevolent; and all Preſents were thought to flow only from Benignity of Heart. To him, therefore, they explained their Orders from *Bocchus*; nay, asked him to aſſiſt them with his good Offices and Counſel. They likewiſe diſcourſed, in high Strains, of the Opulence, the Honour, the Power of their King; and urged every other Argument, which they judged either intereſting or conciliating. When *Sylla* had aſſented to all their Demands, and taught them how to reaſon with *Marius*, how afterwards with the Senate, they ſtill continued there Forty Days in Expectation of *Marius*.

The Conſul, having failed in the Purpoſe of his Expedition, when he returned to *Cirta*, and was appriſed of the Arrival of the Ambaſſadors, ſent them Orders to attend him, and with them *Sylla*. He ſummoned too *Lucius Bellienus* the Prætor, from *Utica*; as likewiſe, all who bore the Rank of Senators, whereever to be found. In Concert with them, he examined the Inſtructions from *Bocchus* to his Ambaſſadors, whence they were furniſhed with Powers to proceed to *Rome*, and with Orders to apply to the Conſul for a Suſpenſion of Arms, during the Interval. Theſe Overtures were approved by *Sylla*, and, indeed, by moſt of the Council. Some few there were, who propoſed Meaſures much more violent; Men, in truth, little acquainted with the Courſe of Human things, which are ſtill fluctuating, never fixed, always changing for the Worſe.

Now the *Moors*, having obtained their whole Suit, Three of them proceeded to *Rome*, in the Train of *Caius Octavius Rufo*, the Quæſtor, who had brought Money for the Army: Two returned back to the King, who from them learnt, with great Pleaſure, the whole Detail of their Tranſactions, but, above all, the ſignal Benevolence, and partial Regard, ſhewn by *Sylla*: His Ambaſſadors at *Rome* implored Pardon of the Senate, for the Miſconduct of the King; alleged, that he had been ſeduced by the perfidious Wiles of *Jugurtha*; then proceeded to ſue for Admiſſion into mutual Friendſhip and Alliance. To all which, they received this Anſwer:

‘It is the conſtant Principle of the Senate and People of *Rome*, to be forgetful neither of Favours nor of Injuries. They, however, forgive the Tranſgreſſions of *Bocchus*, becauſe he declares his Remorſe. Mutual Alliance and Friendſhip will be granted him, when he has deſerved them.’

When *Bocchus* was acquainted with what had paſſed, he intreated *Marius*, by a Letter, to ſend him *Sylla*, that, by his Counſel, the Pretenſions on both Sides might be ſettled. *Sylla* was preſently ſent, with a Guard of Horſe and Foot, and Slingers from the Iſlands *Baleares*; beſides a certain Number of Archers, and a Cohort from *Pelignum*, lightly armed for the ſake of Diſpatch: Yet, by ſuch light Arms, they were as effectually ſecured, as by any other, againſt the Enemies Darts; becauſe theſe are made very ſlight. When they had marched Four Days, without any Surprize, on the Fifth, *Volux*, the Son of *Bocchus*, preſented himſelf, all on a ſudden, in the open Plains, at the Head of a Thouſand Horſe, who, as they moved haſtily and without Order, raiſed in *Sylla*, and all his Men, at once an Apprehenſion of a much greater Number, and of their hoſtile Purpoſes. They therefore prepared themſelves all to a Man, adjuſted their Arms, and reſolutely expected the Combat; ſenſible indeed of ſome Danger, but armed with ſuperior Hopes, as Men already victorious, engaging with ſuch as they had often vanquiſhed. In the mean time, the Horſemen, ſent out for Information, reported, as they had found, all to be pacific.

Volux, as ſoon as he arrived, accoſted *Sylla*, declaring, that he was ſent by his Father to receive and to guard him. They then joined and marched together that Day and the following, without any Alarm. But in the Evening, when they had already encamped, the *Mooriſh* Prince ran to *Sylla*, and, with a Face of Conſternation, told him trembling, what he ſaid he had learnt from his Scouts, ‘That *Jugurtha* was at a ſmall Diſtance from the ‘Camp:’ He withal asked, and even urged, the Quæſtor ‘To fly ‘away privately with him in the Dark.’ *Sylla*, with great Diſdain, profeſſed ‘Himſelf incapable of fearing a *Numidian* ſo often ‘routed: He had abundant Confidence in the Bravery of his Men: ‘Nay, though certain Deſtruction were at hand, he would ſtand ‘firm, rather than, by an infamous Flight, betray ſuch as he was ‘truſted to lead, only to ſave a Life at beſt ſubject to many Uncer‘tainties, and liable, perhaps, very ſoon after, to be ſnatched away ‘by a Diſeaſe.’

Yet when the Prince moved him to decamp, and march during the Night, he approved the Propoſal, and forthwith gave Orders, that, when they had ſupped, they ſhould kindle a great Number of Fires in the Camp, and then iſſue forth in profound Silence at the firſt Watch of the Night. When they had marched the whole Night, all thoroughly tired, as *Sylla*, at Sun-riſing, was making Lines for a Camp, the *Mooriſh* Horſemen informed him, that *Jugurtha* had gained Ground of us, and was encamped about Two Miles further. When this was divulged, it failed not to fill our Men with terrible Diſmay, as they believed themſelves betrayed by *Volux*, and caught in an Ambuſh. Some even averred, that ‘He

‘ ſhould be doomed to capital Vengeance; ſince ſo foul a Traitor ‘ could not in Juſtice eſcape unpuniſhed.’

Sylla, indeed, entertained the ſame Jealouſy; yet reſtrained them from offering him any Violence. He exhorted them ‘ To be of ‘ good Courage: A few brave Troops had frequently fought with ‘ Succeſs againſt a numerous Hoſt: The leſs Care they ſhould take ‘ of their Security in the Time of Battle, the more ſecure they ‘ would be. It ill ſuited any Man, who had his Hands furniſhed ‘ with Arms, to ſeek Aid from his Heels, which were always unarmed; and to turn his Back, which was blind and defenceleſs, ‘ towards the Enemy, when urging Peril called moſt for Weapons ‘ and Eyes.’ Then ſolemnly appealing to the Almighty *Jove*, ‘ To witneſs the Guilt and traiterous Dealings of *Bocchus*,’ he commanded *Volux* to depart the Camp, as one engaged in hoſtile Deſigns.

The Prince beſought him with Tears, ‘ To entertain no ſuch ‘ Diſtruſt. In his own Conduct there was no Sort of Guile, but ‘ rather much Subtlety in that of *Jugurtha*, who, in continual ‘ Purſuit of Intelligence, had learnt his Rout. But ſtill, as he was ‘ by no means mighty in Numbers, and for his whole Hopes and ‘ Support depended upon *Bocchus*, 'twas his Opinion, that he ‘ would not venture any glaring Attempt, where the Son of *Bocchus* was to behold it. Whence he judged it the beſt Courſe, ‘ to paſs confidently through the Heart of his Camp. For himſelf, he was ready to accompany *Sylla*, ſingle and ſeparate from ‘ his *Moors*, whom he would order either to move on before, or ‘ to remain where they were.’ In a Situation ſo diſtreſſing, this Counſel prevailed. They therefore inſtantly advanced, and paſſed by *Jugurtha*, unmoleſted; for as they came up altogether unexpected, the Surprize kept him wavering and irreſolute. In a few Days after, they reached the Place aſſigned.

There, a certain *Numidian*, named *Aſpar*, frequented the Court of *Bocchus*, with whom he enjoyed great Confidence and Freedom,

dom, as a Miniſter whom *Jugurtha*, upon Advice that *Sylla* was invited to a Conference with the King, had firſt diſpatched thither, to ſupport his Intereſt, and to dive, with all poſſible Addreſs, into all the Views and Meaſures of *Bocchus*. That King, at the ſame time, had for a Favourite, *Dabar*, the Son of *Maſſugrada*, and deſcended from *Maſiniſſa*, but by his Grandmother not of equal Quality, for his Father was born of a Concubine. The *Mooriſh* King, who held him in exceeding Dearneſs and Truſt, for his many and pleaſing Talents, having moreover found him, upon many former Occaſions, well-affected to the *Romans*, ſent him ſtrait to declare to *Sylla*, in his Name, ‘That he was diſpoſed to comply ‘with whatever the People of *Rome* required. He left it to *Sylla* ‘to appoint the Day, the Place, and even the Hour of Conference: ‘He had entirely reſerved all Difficulties and Pretenſions to be ‘decided ſolely by Himſelf and *Sylla*. Nay, an Ambaſſador there ‘from *Jugurtha* ought to miniſter no Diſtruſt; ſince he was ‘admitted purely to facilitate the general Treaty, as the only ‘Means to defeat the inſidious Devices of that Prince.’

Yet I am well informed, that *Bocchus* acted a double Part, more like a faithleſs *African*, than agreeably to his fair Profeſſions, thus deceitfully amuſing both the *Romans*, and the King of *Numidia*, with Hopes of Peace; and that he had frequent Struggles within himſelf, whether he ſhould deliver up *Jugurtha* to the *Romans*, or *Sylla* to *Jugurtha*. His Inclinations led him to be againſt us: His Fears inclined him to be for us.

Sylla anſwered, ‘That he ſhould ſay very little before *Aſpar*. ‘Whatever he had elſe to offer, he ſhould communicate in ‘Secret to the King alone, at leaſt admit very few to be preſent.’ He withal explained to *Dabar*, what Anſwers he expected from *Bocchus*, in the Preſence of others. The Interview followed, at which *Sylla* declared, ‘That he came commiſſioned by the ‘Conſul, to demand of him, Whether he meditated Peace or ‘War?’ The King, as he was pre-inſtructed, directed *Sylla* to meet him again Ten Days thence; he had yet come to no Reſult, but would then return him a full Anſwer. So that they retired ſeverally, each to his own Camp. But, when the Night was far advanced, *Bocchus* ſent ſecretly for *Sylla:* None were ſuffered to be preſent beſides truſty Interpreters; only *Dabar*, as a Man of perfect Honour, and employed as an equal Mediator, was ſworn, by Conſent, to make faithful Repreſentations to both. Then the King immediately ſpoke thus:

‘I never conceived it poſſible to ſee myſelf under Obligations to a private Subject, I who am the mightieſt Prince in this Part of the World, and the moſt opulent of all the Princes whom I know. And true it is, that, before I knew thee, *Sylla*, though I was wont to extend my Protection and Aid to great Numbers, at their own Requeſt, to many of my own Option, I myſelf needed the Favour of no Man. Such abſolute Independency is now leſſened; a Change, for which others uſually Mourn, and I Rejoice. It will always avail me, always be my Boaſt, once to have had Occaſion for thy Friendſhip, ſince nothing is dearer than That to my Soul. For Proof of what I ſay, accept of my Troops, my Arms, my Treaſure, and, indeed, whatever elſe thy Soul deſires; uſe them all as thy own: Nay, even then, ſtill reckon, that, as long as thou liveſt, I ſhall never have ſufficiently requited thy Favour: My Gratitude will be ſtill freſh and undiſcharged; nor, ſo long as I can know the Object of thy Purſuits, ſhalt thou ever purſue in vain. For 'tis my Principle, that leſs Diſgrace accrues to a Monarch, from being vanquiſhed in Arms, than in Generoſity.

‘Now hear what I have ſhortly to allege concerning your Commonwealth, for which thou comeſt hither as a Miniſter. Againſt the People of *Rome* I never made War, and always intended never to make any. What I did was by Arms to defend my own Confines againſt Invaſion and Arms: An Undertaking which I now drop, ſince ſuch is your Pleaſure. Proſecute the

War againſt *Jugurtha* juſt as to you ſeems meet. Beyond the River *Molucha*, the ſettled Boundary between me and *Micipſa*, I ſhall not pretend to paſs, nor will I permit *Jugurtha* to croſs over to my Side. As a further Condeſcenſion, if you have aught elſe to aſk, worthy of *Bocchus* and the *Roman* State, you ſhall not return with a Denial.’

Sylla was very brief, and very modeſt, in his Anſwer, to all that concerned himſelf: Upon the public Buſineſs of Peace and Negociation, he reaſoned copiouſly; and particularly aſſured the King, ‘That what he propoſed, would be accounted, by the Senate and People of *Rome*, no Gratification to them, ſince they were Maſters in the Field. It was incumbent upon him, to perform ſomething which ſhould appear more conducing to their Advantage than to his own; a Taſk extremely feaſible, as he had *Jugurtha* at his Mercy. If he delivered up to the *Romans* this their Enemy, he would then hold them indebted for a mighty Service; and in Return, without aſking, be gratified with their Amity, their Alliance, and the free Grant of whatever Part he claimed of *Numidia*.’

At firſt, the King perſiſted in refuſing the Condition. He pleaded ‘The Ties of Blood, thoſe of Intermarriage, thoſe of mutual Leagues.’ He urged ‘His Fears too of alienating the Hearts of his People, ſhould he be ſeen forfeiting his Faith; ſince *Jugurtha* was as much their Darling, as the *Romans* were their Averſion.’ In the End, when long and inceſſantly preſſed, he relaxed, and promiſed ‘To conform in all Things to the good Pleaſure of *Sylla*.’ They next ſettled, by what Arts to conduct the mock Treaty of Peace, for which the King of *Numidia* ardently longed, as quite diſheartened with his Fate in the War. Thus, when they had thoroughly framed their Intrigue, they parted.

Bocchus, next Day, called for *Aſpar*, the Miniſter of *Jugurtha*; and told him what *Dabar* had learnt from *Sylla*, and he from

Dabar, that on certain Terms the War might be concluded: He ſhould therefore go and diſcover the Purpoſes of his King. The Miniſter repaired, with much Joy, to the Camp of *Jugurtha*; where amply furniſhed with Inſtructions from him, he returned to *Bocchus*, having travelled with ſuch Speed, that in going and coming he ſpent but Eight Days. He reported to the *Mooriſh* King, that '*Jugurtha* was forward to yield to every thing required of him, but loth to truſt to *Marius* only; ſince there had been many Pacifications made with *Roman* Generals, never ratified at *Rome*. If *Bocchus* would effectually conſult the Intereſt of both Kings, and have the Peace ſure and confirmed, he ſhould procure a Congreſs of all the Parties, there to treat jointly about a general Pacification, and then deliver up *Sylla* to *Jugurtha*. If he had but ſuch a great Officer in his Poſſeſſion, then indeed a valid Peace would enſue, under the Sanction of the Senate and People of *Rome*: Nor would they ever ſuffer a Perſon of his high Character to remain in the Hands of the Enemy, through no ill Conduct in him, but for diſcharging his Duty to the Commonwealth.'

The *Mooriſh* King, after long Diſcuſſion and Balancing within himſelf, at laſt declared his Aſſent to this Propoſition. Whether his Heſitation proceeded from Perfidy, or from Perplexity, is not clear. In truth, the Inclinations of Princes, as they are generally impetuous, are alſo unſteady, and ſubject to thwart one another. Now, as a Time and Place were ſettled for a Treaty, *Bocchus*, in the Interval, frequently called, now for *Sylla*, anon for the Miniſter of *Jugurtha*, careſſed each, and made the ſame Promiſes to both. Thus they were equally pleaſed, and filled with equal Hopes. But the Night preceding the Day appointed for the Treaty, the *Mooriſh* King, after he had called together his Counſellors, and then, his Mind ſuddenly changing, ſent them all away again, is reported to have had many and ſtrong Conflicts within himſelf; inſomuch that the frequent Changes of his Viſage, and external

Agitations, correſponding with the Diſtractions of his Spirit, manifeſted his Agonies, though he ſaid nothing. At laſt, he ſent for *Sylla*, and, conformably to his Counſel, prepared to deceive and ſeize the *Numidian* Prince.

When the Time came, and *Bocchus* was advertiſed, that *Jugurtha* was already near at Hand, he, accompanied by *Sylla*, and a few of his own Courtiers, went ſtrait out, under Shew of Reſpect, to meet him as far as a riſing Ground, in full View of ſuch as were purpoſely poſted to ſeize him. Thither came the *Numidian* Prince, attended by moſt of his Houſhold, but without Arms, as it had been agreed; when inſtantly, on a Signal given, they who lurked for him, iſſued forth, and all at once encompaſſed him. His Train were put to the Sword. He himſelf was bound, and delivered to *Sylla*, who carried him away to *Marius*.

About this time, *Quintus Cæpio*, and *Marcus Manlius*, our Generals, had an unfortunate Battle with the *Gauls*: Whence all *Italy* was filled with great Diſmay. It had been ever a traditionary Opinion amongſt the *Romans*, and now no leſs ſtrong, that to their own heroic Bravery all Nations elſe muſt yield; but, in engaging againſt the *Gauls*, they were not to aim at Glory and Conqueſt, but only at the Preſervation of the Commonweal. When therefore it was known at *Rome*, that the War in *Numidia* was terminated, and that *Jugurtha* was on the Way thither in Chains, *Marius* was choſen Conſul, even in his Abſence, and appointed Commander in *Gaul*. On the Firſt of *January*, he triumphed with exceeding great Glory. Indeed, at this Juncture, the City of *Rome* placed in him all her Hopes and Defence.

THE SPEECH OF M. *Æmilius Lepidus*, the Conſul, AGAINST *SYLLA*.

Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, *a turbulent Man, after the Year of his Conſulſhip was expired, ſtrove to be choſen Conſul for another Year; and, for that Purpoſe, took Arms, and maſtered great Part of* Italy. *He was defeated, and fled to* Sardinia, *where he died.* Sylla *had long before reſigned the Dictatorſhip; though, in this Invective,* Lepidus *treats him as ſtill Tyrant of* Rome, *probably becauſe he ſtill retained very great Influence there.*

WHEN I reflect upon that Clemency and Probity of Yours, O *Romans*, which have raiſed you to the higheſt Pitch of Greatneſs and Renown over the Face of the whole Earth, and, at the ſame time, carry my Views to the Uſurpation of *Sylla*, I am filled with the utmoſt Dread and Horror: For I am apprehenſive, that your Backwardneſs to believe any one guilty of ſuch Crimes, as you cannot think of without the higheſt Abhorrence, will lead you, unawares, into a fatal Snare (eſpecially ſince he places all his Confidence in Treachery and Diſſimulation, and draws his whole Security from a Perſuaſion, that, if your Apprehenſions of him fall ſhort of the Blackneſs of his

Deſigns, he may thence be enabled to reduce you to ſo low a Condition, as to give up the Defence of your Liberty); or if you ſhould foreſee the Dangers that threaten you, I am afraid you will be more engaged in guarding againſt Them, than in executing Vengeance upon the Author of them.

The Inſtruments of his Dominion are not only Men of Rank and Figure, but ſuch as have before them worthy Examples of illuſtrious Anceſtors to copy after: And yet theſe very Men are now purchaſing the Power of Tyrannizing over you, at the Expence of their own Liberty; and chuſe thoſe Conditions upon injurious Terms, rather than Freedom under the beſt Syſtem of equal Laws. Amazing Degeneracy and Baſeneſs! The illuſtrious Offspring of the *Æmilii*, the *Bruti*, and *Lutatii*, born to demoliſh the virtuous Acquiſitions of their brave Anceſtors! For what was their Motive to take up Arms againſt *Pyrrhus*, againſt *Hannibal* and *Antiochus*, but the Defence of Liberty, and the ſecure Enjoyment of each *Roman*'s Property, and that the Laws only, and not the Will of any one Man, might be the Controuler of our Actions? But all theſe Advantages this outrageous Plunderer, this *Romulus*, detains as a Prey taken from a foreign Foe; and, unſatiated as he is with the Deſtruction of ſo many Armies, the Slaughter of a Conſul, and other Commanders, who fell the Victims of his triumphant Arms; his Succeſſes add Fewel to his Rage, contrary to other Conquerors, whoſe proſperous Fortune generally melts their Fury into Pity and Compaſſion. And yet he ſtops not here: He has even decreed Puniſhments to Children unborn, whoſe unhappy Lot it is, to have their Miſery fixed and determined before their Birth. A ſingular Inſtance of Cruelty, not to be met with in any of the Hiſtories of Mankind! And this ſavage Oppreſſor exults and rages hitherto with Impunity; Impunity derived only from the enormous Flagrancy of his Crimes: Whilſt you are deterred from vindicating your Liberty, by the impotent Fear of adding to the Weight of your Bondage. But ſuch Apprehenſions must not diſcourage *Romans:* You muſt rouſe to Action, and reſiſt the Uſurpation, or all you have will become the Spoil of this Oppreſſor: Think not of Delay, nor expect Relief from Prayers and Wiſhes. But perhaps you flatter yourſelves, that now at laſt, ſatiated with Power, or aſhamed of his Tyranny, he will tamely Reſign what he has violently Raviſhed from you. *Sylla* Reſign! That is too dangerous a Step for *him* to take, who has proceeded ſo far, as to eſteem no Meaſures glorious, but what conduce to his Safety, and to account every Action honourable, that can any way ſupport his Tyranny. From him, therefore, it is in vain to expect *that* ſweet Tranquility and Peace, which, when attended with Liberty, many virtuous Men prefer to the Blaze of Honours, acquired by a Life of Hurry and Fatigue. Such is now your Situation, my Countrymen, that you muſt either reſolve to hold the Reins of Government, or ſubmit to the Yoke of Slavery; either awe and terrify your Oppoſer, or be awed and terrified by him. What elſe remains? Is there any thing, Human or Divine, that has eſcaped his Pollution? The People of *Rome*, not long ſince Lords of the World, now robbed of their Authority, their Dignity and Juriſdiction, reduced as they are to a State of Inſignificancy and Contempt, are denied that ſmall Pittance of Corn, which is the uſual Allowance of Slaves. Our numerous Allies and Friends of *Latium* are, by the Tyranny of a ſingle Perſon, bereft of thoſe Privileges of *Roman* Citizens, which you thought fit to confer upon them, for their great Services and brave Exploits: And the Minions of his Power have ſeized, as the Reward of their Villainy, the paternal Inheritances of the unoffending Plebeians. Behold all Law, all Juriſdiction, the Revenue, the Provinces, and tributary Kings, all brought under the ſovereign Arbitration of one Man! Nay, even the Life and Death of every Citizen are at his abſolute Diſpoſal: And you have ſeen him offering *human* Victims; and, at the Tomb of his deceaſed Friends, ſhedding the Blood of *Roman* Citizens.

Are you Men? —— What then remains, but reſolutely to exterminate the Tyranny, or bravely to die in the virtuous Attempt? ſince, by the Decree of Nature, all muſt die at laſt; nor can even Bulwarks of Iron ſecure us from the Stroke of Death; and none but a Daſtard, of the moſt effeminate Spirit, would tamely yield to the Extremity of Miſery, without making ſome Effort to repel the Calamity.

But whilſt I lament to ſee my Country become the Spoil of a Faction, *Sylla* repreſents me as a ſeditious Man: He tells you, that I love Diſcord, and would promote Wars and Tumults; and he has this Reaſon for *it*, becauſe I demand the Reſtitution of the Laws of Peace! Yes, it muſt be ſo; becauſe there is no other way left to ſecure your Authority, but to permit *Vettius Picens*, and *Cornelius* the Scribe, with infamous Profuſion, to ſquander the Subſtance which others have acquired with Honour and Reputation —— to give your Approbation of the Proſcriptions of Citizens, guiltleſs of all Crimes, but that of having an affluent Fortune —— to allow the Torturing of ſo many illuſtrious Men —— the Depopulation of the City, by Baniſhment and Slaughter —— and the expoſing to Sale the Wealth of the miſerable Citizens; or laviſhly beſtow it on his Creatures, as was the Spoil taken from the People of *Cimbria*.

He farther objects againſt me, that I myſelf am in Poſſeſſion of a Share of the Goods of the Proſcribed. Yes, I am: But, that I am, is one of the higheſt Inſtances of his Tyranny: For neither could I, nor any other *Roman*, have been ſecure, if in this Caſe we had ſtrictly adhered to the Rules of Equity. However, thoſe things, which, under the Awe of his Tyranny, I was conſtrained to purchaſe, I am ready to reſtore to the lawful Owners: For it is far from my Intention to enrich myſelf with the Spoils of my Fellow-Citizens. No —— Let it ſuffice, that we have endured other dire Effects of our tumultuous Rage and Infatuations; *Roman* Legions encountering *Roman* Legions; and thoſe Weapons, which were before employed only againſt foreign Foes, now turned againſt ourſelves. 'Tis time, at laſt, to cloſe the Scene, and put an End to this tragical Outrage and Villainy: But, tragical as it is, *Sylla* is ſo far from feeling any Remorſe, that he glories in the Perpetration of it; and wants only more Power, to proceed to higher Acts of Tyranny. But it is not ſo much my Concern what Opinion you entertain of his Character; my Fear is, leſt you ſhould want Reſolution to exert yourſelves ſpeedily; and, whilſt you look upon each other in Doubt and Suſpenſe, to ſee who will lead to the Onſet, you ſhould unhappily be anticipated; not ſo much by his ſuperior Strength, which is greatly impaired, as through your own Indolence and Inactivity; and ſo fall abſolutely undet his Power, before you attempt to reduce him under yours, and even before he has the Confidence to flatter himſelf with the Hopes of ſuch Succeſs. For, except a few corrupted Minions of his Power, *who* approves of his Meaſures? Nay, *who* does not wiſh a total Change and Revolution, except in that one Inſtance of the Spoils of Victory? The Soldiers, perhaps you'll ſay. Yes, the Soldiers doubtleſs, whoſe Blood was ſpilt to enrich *Tarrula* and *Scyrrus*, the vileſt of Slaves! Or will *thoſe* eſpouſe his Intereſt, to whom, in Competition for Magiſtracy, even *Fuſidius* was by him preferred; *Fuſidius*, that deteſtable Pathic, that infamous Diſgrace to every high Office to which he has been elevated? Theſe Reflections give me room to hope for Aſſiſtance from the victorious Troops, who muſt at length be ſenſible, that they have got nothing by a long Scene of Hardſhips, by all their Wounds and Bruiſes, but an oppreſſive Tyrant: Unleſs they will ſay, that they took the Field to demoliſh the Tribunitial Power, that very Power raiſed and ſupported by the Virtue of their Anceſtors; or to diveſt themſelves of all Juriſdiction and Authority. Glorioſly indeed they were recompenſed for their paſt Services, when, ſent back to their Woods and Moraſſes, all the Portion they could obtain was Hatred and Reproach, whilſt the Spoils of Conqueſt were engroſſed by a few!

How comes it then, that ſuch Numbers follow him; that he ſtill appears with an exulting Spirit, and confident Mien! How! Becauſe Succeſs palliates his Villainy: The Moment Fortune turns againſt him, he will become as much the Object of Contempt, as he is now of Terror. There can be no other Reaſon, unleſs his Declaration of eſtabliſhing Peace and Harmony; for thoſe ſpecious Names has he given to Treachery and Parricide. Nay, he has the Aſſurance to affirm, that the *Romans* can never ſee an End of their Civil Wars, unleſs the Expulſion of the Plebeians from their paternal Inheritances, the moſt cruel of all Depredations that can be committed upon Fellow-Citizens, be confirmed; unleſs all that judicial Power and Authority, which was once lodged in the *Roman* People, be veſted in himſelf only. If you allow *this* to be eſtabliſhing Peace and Harmony, why, then, give your Aſſent to every Method of embarraſſing the Commonwealth; then, approve its Downfal; tamely ſubmit to the Terms of an imperious Maſter; embrace this peaceable Settlement, on the eaſy Condition of Bondage and Servility; and by no means let Poſterity want a Precedent to inſtruct them, how the People of *Rome* may be ſo wrought upon, as to purchaſe their own Ruin with the Price of their own Blood!

For myſelf, though the high Authority with which I am inveſted, is ſufficient to ſupport the Honour of my Family, my own Dignity, and the Protection of my Perſon, yet has it never been the Aim and Intention of my Life, to purſue my own private Intereſt only: The Liberty of my Country, though attended with Perils, is to me far more inviting, than a State of Subjection with all its Allurements of Tranquillity.

And if now, my Countrymen, you approve of my Sentiments, come on; and, with the Help of the propitious Gods, riſe up and follow your Chief; follow *Marcus Æmilius* your Conſul, and he will ſhew you the Way to recover your Liberty.

THE SPEECH OF L. PHILIPPUS AGAINST LEPIDUS.

Lucius Philippus, *a Senator of Conſular Quality, was the Author of this Speech againſt* Lepidus; *who was raiſing a Civil War, in order to obtain a ſecond Conſulſhip, as hath been obſerved before.*

THERE is nothing, Conſcript Fathers, that I ſo ardently wiſh, as to ſee the Commonwealth eſtabliſhed in Tranquillity; or that, in every Article of Danger, there may never be wanting Men of ready Abilities to riſe up in her Defence; and that, in the End, all the Machinations of her Enemies may recoil upon their own impious Heads. But, inſtead of this, we are embarraſſed, on all Sides, with Seditions; Seditions raiſed by thoſe very Men, whoſe Duty it was to have guarded us againſt them. And ſuch, in ſhort, is our Situation, that the Weakeſt and Baſeſt among us uſurp the Direction of Affairs; and Men of Virtue and Abilities are conſtrained to execute their Decrees. For now we muſt enter into War; now we muſt actually take the Field, though it be intirely againſt *your* Sentiments and Inclina-

tions;

tions; for no other Reaſon, but becauſe it is agreeable to the Will and Pleaſure of *Lepidus*: Unleſs you are reſolved, that you will ſubject Yourſelves to the Hardſhips of War, to procure Peace and Tranquillity to Another *(a)*.

Amazing Supineneſs and Neglect! Can You, Fathers, to whom the Adminiſtration of Affairs is committed, be thus remiſs in your Duty? Do you not ſee *M. Æmilius*, the moſt abandoned of all Criminals, a Creature ſo abject, that it will ever remain a Doubt, whether his Villainy or his Cowardice claim the Pre-eminence—— Do you not ſee him advancing againſt your Liberty, at the Head of an Army; riſing from that Contempt which lately covered him, and ſpreading Dread and Terror all around? whilſt You, ſcarce daring, at laſt, to utter your ſtifled Sentiments, and, oppoſing his Attempts with feeble Words and prophetic Auguries only, barely diſcover your Inclinations to Peace, but have not the Spirit to maintain it; little conſidering that this tame irreſolute Conduct, in Support of your Decrees, weakens Your Authority, in proportion as it diminiſhes His Fears. Nor, indeed, can you juſtly complain of this: You, who have ſuffered him, by Violence, to uſurp the Conſulſhip; and rewarded his Sedition with the Government of a Province, and the Command of an Army. But, if his Crimes are thus regarded, what Recompences would you have found great enough to repay his Services, had he really deſerved well of you? But, perhaps, you will tell me, that ſuch as have ſtood firm in their Attachment to him, and decreed Overtures of Peace, and Terms of Accommodation, to be offered him, have, by their Compliance, ſecured his Favour and Protection: So far from it, you ſee, he holds them in the utmoſt Contempt, looks upon them as unworthy of any Share in the Adminiſtration, and fit only to become the Prey of ſuperior Abilities; ſince they now betray as much

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(a) Or, *Unleſs you chuſe, for the bare Appearances of Peace, to bear the real Burdens of War.* Niſi forte cui præſtare pacem, & bellum pati, conſilium eſt.

Weakneſs in ſuing for the Reſtoration of Peace, as they did before in ſuffering it to be raviſhed from them.

For myſelf, I confeſs, as ſoon as I perceived that *Etruria* was engaged in his Conſpiracy, that the Proſcribed were called in to his Aſſiſtance, and the Conſtitution rent in Pieces by Venality and Corruption, I apprehended theſe Evils called for ſpeedy Redreſs; and therefore, in Conjunction with ſome others, I went over to *Catulus*, in Support of his Meaſures.

There was, indeed, a Party, biaſſed to the *Æmilian* Family by their eminent Services to the State, and influenced by an Opinion, that the *Romans* derived their Glory and Greatneſs from a Spirit of Lenity, who would not even *then* allow, that *Lepidus* had taken any Steps that called for violent Oppoſition; and, when he had taken up Arms, without your Authority, and againſt your Liberty, every one regarding only the Security of his own Perſon and Fortune, weakened the Strength of public Councils.

But, at that Juncture, *Lepidus* was viewed only in the Light of a public Robber, attended by the ſlaviſh Followers of a Camp, and a few deſperate Aſſaſſins; ſuch abandoned Hirelings, as prefer the daily Wages of Villainy to the Security of their Lives. But now he is actually inveſted with the Authority of Proconſul; an Authority not purchaſed with Money, but freely conferred by You, with proper Legates, obliged by Law to execute his Commands. Whilſt Men of the moſt profligate and abandoned Characters, of all Ranks and Orders, daily liſt themſelves under his Banner; Men wrung with Difficulties and Diſtreſſes, enraged with Luſt of Rapine, and ſtung with keen Reflections on their crying Villainies; Men who are ever eaſy and ſatisfied in the midſt of Tumults and Seditions; ever reſtleſs and diſquieted in the midſt of Peace and Tranquillity. Theſe are they who are perpetually exciting public Confuſion, and ſowing the Seeds of Civil Broils and Inſurrections; baſe Inſtruments as they were; firſt, of *Saturninus*; next, of *Sulpitius*; then, of *Marius* and *Damaſippus*; and now, at laſt, of *Lepidus*'s traiterous

terous Conſpiracies. And what further aggravates our Calamity, not only *Etruria*, but all the Soldiers, who ſurvived the laſt War, are animated to take up Arms in his Cauſe; no Methods are left untried, to engage the Two *Spains* on his Side; and *Mithridates*, in the very Frontiers of our tributary Provinces, waits only for a favourable Conjuncture to open a War. In ſhort, nothing ſeems wanting to complete the Ruin of the Empire, but an able and experienced Commander to conduct the Enterprize.

I beſeech you therefore, I earneſtly conjure you, Conſcript Fathers, to call up all your Attention; and ſuffer not this licentious Evil to ſpread its Influence to ſuch Members of the Republic as are yet ſound and uncorrupted. For if you ſtill permit the Baſe and Unworthy to engroſs all Honours and Employments, you will find it a difficult Task, to bring Men to the Obſervance of unrewarded Virtue.

In this Poſture of Affairs, will you heſitate and linger till an Army again advances againſt your Gates, till the Enemy ravage your City with Fire and Sword? For to ſuch an Outrage it is more reaſonable to believe he may be driven, than it was to have imagined, that, in the midſt of public Tranquillity, he durſt have had recourſe to Arms, in Violation of all Laws, Human and Divine, under the ſpecious Pretence, indeed, of redreſſing his own Grievances, or thoſe of his Fellow-Citizens; but in reality, for the Deſtruction of public Liberty, and the Subverſion of a legal Eſtabliſhment.

Diſtracted, indeed, he is in his Mind, and tortured with raging Deſires, and guilty Dread; ever irreſolute in his Determinations, ever reſtleſs and diſquieted, now purſuing one Scheme, then another: He has by no means a Reliſh for War, and yet trembles at the Apprehenſions of a Peace: And though he is ſenſible he cannot continue the Progreſs of his licentious Purſuits; yet ſtill he makes his Advantage of your Inactivity.——*Inactivity*, did I ſay? I proteſt to you, Conſcript Fathers, I am at a Loſs what Term to uſe;

whether I ſhould call it Fear, or Puſilanimity, or Infatuation, that when you ſee imminent Perils, like uplifted Thunder, threatening your Heads, you idly *wiſh* to eſcape the impending Deſtruction, but make not the leaſt Effort to ſhun the Stroke.

Call back to your Remembrance, I beſeech you, how much the Temper of theſe Times is changed from the former! Then all Machinations againſt the Commonwealth were induſtriouſly concealed from public View; all Attempts in her Favour were openly avowed: And this Conduct gave the Lovers of their Country an eminent Advantage over her Enemies. But now the public Tranquillity is as openly attacked, as it is ſecretly eſpouſed: The Parricide is become formidable in Arms, whilſt you, Conſcript Fathers, tremble under Fears and Alarms!

What is it that you mean? Surely you are not weary; ſurely you are not aſhamed to purſue a ſteady Conduct! Or are you influenced by the Profeſſions and Declarations of *Lepidus*, who is conſtantly calling out for the Reſtitution of Rapine, and yet, all the while, injuriouſly detains the Property of others?—Diſclaims, in Words, all military Violence, and yet is endeavouring to ſubdue us by the Force of Arms; talks of eſtabliſhing the Conſtitution, when, at the ſame time, he refuſes to give up his uſurped Dominion—And inſiſts upon the Reſtitution of the Tribunitial Authority to the Plebeians; as if *that* were the only Method of extinguiſhing the Heat of our Animoſities, which firſt inflamed them!

Thou moſt abandoned, thou moſt ſhameleſs Profligate of all the human Race! Are then the Diſtreſſes and Grievances of the Citizens become the Objects of *thy* Care, who art not in Poſſeſſion of the leaſt Property, but what was obtained by Acts of Violence and Hoſtility? Thou art now puſhing thy Way to a ſecond Conſulſhip, as if thou hadſt actually abdicated the former: Under the ſpecious *Pretence* of Peace, thou haſt involved us in a War, by which we are robbed of the *real* Peace we were before in

Poſſeſſion of! Rebel, as thou art, againſt Us! Traitor to thy own Party, and a Foe to all virtuous Men! Haſt thou, by Perfidiouſneſs and Perjuries, injured Men, and violated the Honour of the immortal Gods; and doſt thou feel no Shame, no Compunction for theſe Enormities? Since then this is thy Character, this thy Turn of Mind, hearken to my Admonition; Stand firm to thy Purpoſes; ſtill hold thyſelf in Arms, and never entertain a Thought of delaying thy traiterous Deſigns; for that would be of no other Uſe, but to diſturb thy own Breaſt, and keep us in anxious Suſpenſe.

Citizen of *Rome* thou art no more; neither the Provinces, nor the Conſtitution, nor the Gods of our Country, will any longer allow thee that Title. Go on then, in thy Progreſs, with all poſſible Expedition, that thou mayeſt the ſooner meet with a Recompence ſuitable to thy Deſerts.

But You, Conſcript Fathers, how long will you defer the neceſſary Preparations for the Defence of the Commonwealth? How long will you content yourſelves to reſiſt the Force of Arms with feeble Words only? Already Forces are levied againſt you; Money is raiſed by all the Methods of public and private Extortion; Detachments are drawn from our Gariſons to other Poſts; and tyrannous Luſt tramples upon all Law and Order. And you, all the while, content yourſelves with inſignificant Decrees, and fruitleſs Overtures. For, be aſſured, the more eagerly you ſue for Peace, the more ardently will he puſh on the War; when he apprehends, that, though Juſtice and Equity come not in to his Aid, your Cowardice ſupports his Cauſe. For whoever profeſſes a Deteſtation of Seditions, and the Effuſion of *Roman* Blood, and, upon that Conſideration, would perſuade you to pacific Meaſures, does, in effect, declare, that when you have it in your Power to reduce Others to the Ignominy of a Defeat, you ſhould tamely ſuffer Yourſelves to be reduced to that ſhameful Situation. Thus are you exhorted to enter into *pacific* Meaſures with *him*, that he may be the better enabled to carry on a War againſt *you*.

If theſe Counſels are acceptable to you; if you are become ſo ſtupidly inſenſible, that, forgetting *Cinna*'s enormous Crimes, who, upon his Return into the City, trampled upon the Dignity of this auguſt Aſſembly, you will nevertheleſs put yourſelves, your Wives and Children, under the Power of *Lepidus*; of what Uſe are all your Decrees! Why do you call upon *Catulus* for Aid? In vain will *Catulus*, or any other virtuous Man, apply Remedies to our Evils, whilſt you are thus remiſs. Go on, therefore, in your own way —— Fly for Refuge to *Cethegus*, or ſeek Protection from any of thoſe Parricides, who wait, with Impatience, for an Opportunity of renewing the Scene of Deſolation and Rapine, and advancing, once more, with armed Forces againſt the Gods of *Rome*.

But if the Defence of Liberty, if juſt and honourable Sentiments, inſpire your Hearts, then enter boldly into Reſolutions worthy of ſuch a Cauſe; and rouſe up the Spirits of the Brave and Virtuous. You have, at your Devotion, a new-raiſed Army, and Colonies of veteran Troops; you have all the Nobility, and the moſt able and experienced Commanders, to ſupport your Cauſe; and Succeſs, Fathers, is ever found to attend on ſuperior Merit. All that Strength, which our Remiſſneſs only hath enabled him to gather, will, in an Inſtant, be diſſipated upon the Return of our Vigour.

Upon theſe Conſiderations, I am induced to declare my Opinion, ſince *Lepidus*, at the Head of an Army, raiſed in Defiance of our Authority, advances towards our Gates in an hoſtile Manner, that *Appius Claudius*, Inter-rex, and *Q. Catulus*, Proconſul, and the reſt of the chief Magiſtrates, be appointed to defend the City, and impowered to exert any Endeavours whatſoever, that the Conſtitution may not ſuffer any Prejudice.

POMPEY's LETTER TO THE SENATE.

This Letter of Pompey's *was ſent from* Spain, *where he commanded againſt a very formidable Enemy, the famous* Sertorius, *a great and able Man, under Proſcription, and many Diſadvantages, yet long a Terror and Scourge to the* Roman *Armies ſent againſt him, even under* Pompey *and* Metellus: *Nor was he ſubdued at laſt by Force, but by the Treachery of one of his own Officers, a vain Man, ambitious of being in his Place, which he was very unable to hold.*

HAD I, with infinite Peril and Toil, manifeſted my Enmity to You, to my Country, and her Gods; as often as I have by a ſucceſsful Conduct, from my early Youth, ſubdued your moſt inveterate Enemies, and reſcued you from Deſtruction; you could not, Conſcript Fathers, have entered into any Reſolutions againſt me, in my Abſence, more ſevere than the Difficulties to which you have now reduced me; expoſed as I was, at an Age unripe for ſuch a Service, to the Rage and Fury of a moſt formidable and bloody War; and now periſhing with a whole Army of brave and deſerving Men, periſhing with Hunger, (of all kinds of Death the moſt grievous) without any Endeavours on your Part to relieve us.

Was it for this the People of *Rome* ſent out their Children to Battle? Are theſe the Recompences for all their Wounds, and Contuſions, and the Streams of Blood they have ſhed in Defence of the Republic? Tired out with ſending unſucceſsful Legates, and fruitleſs Petitions, I have utterly exhauſted all my own private Fortune, and, with that, even all my Hopes and Expectations: And, in the Space of Three whole Years, I have ſcarce been allowed the Subſiſtance neceſſary for One. In the Name of the immortal Gods, do you imagine, that my private Fortune is equal to a public Treaſury? Or that I am able to keep up, and maintain, an Army without any Allowance of Proviſions or Pay?

I muſt confeſs, indeed, that, when I undertook this Expedition, I was prompted more by Inclination than by Judgment. For when you had conferred upon me a bare Command, unſupported by any Supplies of Money, in Forty Days I raiſed an Army. And when the Enemy was then preſſing upon the Frontiers of *Italy*, I inſtantly diſlodged them, drove them from the *Alps* into *Spain*, and opened a Paſſage over thoſe Mountains, far more commodious for us than that through which *Hannibal* penetrated. Then I reduced *Gaul* to your Obedience, the *Pyreneum*, *Laletania*, and *Ilergetum*. And when that victorious Commander *Sertorius* advanced againſt me, I ſuſtained the Onſet with Troops unexperienced in War, and much inferior in Number to the Enemy. Nor did I ever repair to Towns for my Winter Quarters, to gratify a Paſſion for Popularity; but encamped in the Field, ſurrounded on all Sides by deſperate and bloody Enemies.—Have I any Occaſion to recount the Battles I have fought?— All my Winter Marches?—All the Cities I have razed, or thoſe I have reduced to Obedience?—No!—Actions ſhew themſelves to more Advantage, than any Eloquence can ſet them forth. That I forced the Enemies Camp at *Sucro*—How ſucceſsful I fought at the River *Durius*—That I defeated *Herennius* the Enemies General, routed his whole Army, and razed the City *Valentia* to the

Ground —— Theſe are Facts well known to you all, and need no Illuſtration. And, for all theſe Services, You, O grateful Fathers, recompenſe me with Diſtreſſes, with Hunger, and Famine!

Thus, by your Neglect, am I reduced to the ſame Exigencies with the Enemy: Both of us utterly deſtitute of Subſiſtence. It is in the Power of either Army, to march into *Italy* without Oppoſition. Let me therefore exhort you, let me beſeech you, Fathers, to call up all your Attention; and compel me not, by the Extremity of Difficulties, to provide for my own Safety without the Sanction of your Authority.

As for the Hither *Spain*, not in Poſſeſſion of the Enemy, it is a Scene of Deſolation, plundered, pillaged, and utterly deſpoiled by myſelf and *Sertorius*: The Cities, indeed, upon the Sea Coaſt, have yet eſcaped; but they are rather a Burden and Charge, than any Support to me. As for *Gaul*, that Country was utterly exhauſted laſt Year, by the Supplies drained from thence, for the Support of *Metellus*'s Army: And this Year the Harveſt has failed, and ſcarce yields the Inhabitants ſufficient Proviſions for the Support of Life.

As for myſelf, not only my own private Fortune is entirely conſumed, but, with That, my Credit too is exhauſted. You, Conſcript Fathers, are my laſt Reſort; and, if I am not relieved by you, it will not be in my Power to prevent that Misfortune, which I now forewarn you of; the Army will unavoidably march hence, and transfer the Scene of War into the very Bowels of your Country.

THE ORATION OF *LICINIUS*, the Tribune:

Addreſſed to the PEOPLE.

This Speech abundantly explains itſelf. It was an Effort of a Tribune, to depreſs the Patrician Power, by raiſing the Tribunitial Power: For this End, it was expedient to flatter and animate the People, and to revile the Grandees.

WERE you inſenſible, O my Countrymen, of the Privileges tranſmitted down to you by your Forefathers, and the Servitude impoſed on you by *Sylla*, it would then be neceſſary for me, to enter into a particular Diſſertation on the Nature of our Republic; and point out to you the Grievances which provoked the Plebeians to take up Arms, and withdraw from the Senate; and by what Methods they were enabled, at laſt, to ſettle a Tribunitial Juriſdiction. But I have now nothing to do, but exhort and animate you, and lead the Way for the Re-eſtabliſhment of your Liberty.

I am very ſenſible, how unequal the Conteſt is, in which I have engaged; a ſingle Perſon, unaſſiſted as I am, veſted with the Name, but not the Authority of Magiſtracy, attempting to cruſh an Uſurpation, ſupported by all the Wealth and Power of the Nobility: Nor do I forget, how much greater Security criminal Men find in Combination and Confederacy, than the Innocent, in their ſeparate Endeavours. But, notwithſtanding this, I am not only animated by the Aſſurance I have of your beſt Endeavours, an Aſſurance ſufficient to lift me above the Dread of ſuch Apprehenſions; but alſo by a ſettled Perſuaſion, that the Brave will ever find greater Satisfaction, even in an unſucceſsful Struggle for Liberty, than in a paſſive Submiſſion to the ſervile Yoke. And, yet, ſo far have moſt of your Tribunes been drawn from their Duty, by the alluring Proſpects of Advantage, and the Hopes of ingratiating themſelves with the Fathers, that the very Authority eſtabliſhed for your Security, they have employed to weaken and deſtroy it; eſteeming the Wages of Treachery above the Glory of unrewarded Integrity. Hence ariſes that exorbitant Growth of Power poſſeſſed by the Faction, who, under Pretence of taking upon themſelves the Conduct of a War, have uſurped the Diſpoſition of the Revenue, all our Armies, all our Governments, and Provinces. And thus, with the Spoils of their Country, they have erected the Fortreſs of their Tyranny over it: Whilſt you all the while, like a tame Herd, notwithſtanding the Immenſity of your Numbers, ſuffer yourſelves to become the abſolute, the wretched Property of a ſmall Faction, who have robbed you of all the Acquiſitions derived to you from the Virtue of your Anceſtors, except the mighty Privilege of electing Magiſtrates, *once* your Guardians and Protectors, but *now* your Maſters and Tyrants. Hence it is, that ſuch Numbers are attached to Them: And yet, if you reſolutely aſſert your Liberties, and recover your Juriſdiction, ſo few are there that have Reſolution to adhere with Perſeverance to the Cauſe they are engaged in, that the Generality of them will return to you: And then of courſe, all other Advantages will attend the Fortune of your ſuperior Strength. If you are but ſteady and unanimous in your Proceedings, can there be the leaſt Room to apprehend any Oppoſition from thoſe, who ſtood in Awe of your Power, even when you had not the Spirit to exert it, when it was languid and disjointed? For, what was it but the Dread of your Authority, that enabled the Conſul *C. Cotta*, even when the Faction was at the Height, to reſtore to the Tribunes, ſome of their ancient Privileges? And although they had the Confidence to fall upon *L. Sicinius*, the firſt who ventured to ſpeak in Favour of the Tribunitial Power, whilſt you ſcarce ventured to utter your Complaints in private; yet were they terrified and alarmed with the Apprehenſions of your Vengeance, even before you diſcovered the leaſt Reſentment againſt ſuch enormous Injuſtice. I am filled with the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment, when I conſider this Conduct of yours towards Men, from whom, you muſt be ſenſible, you have not the leaſt Grounds to expect Redreſs. When Death had removed *Sylla* out of your Way, that peſtilent Parricide, that Enſlaver of his Country, and you imagined there was an End of all your Calamities, then *Catulus* aroſe, a more implacable Tyrant than the former. After that, in the Conſulſhip of *Brutus*, and *Æmilius Mamercus*, the public Tranquillity was diſturbed by Tumults and Inſurrections. Then *C. Curio*, uſurping lawleſs Dominion, purſued your innocent Tribune even to Deſtruction. And with what Warmth and Fury *Lucullus* made Head againſt *L. Quinctius* the laſt Year, I need not inform you; yourſelves were Witneſſes to it; as you now are to the wild Uproar, and ſeditious Riots, raiſed againſt me. Vain and fruitleſs Proceedings, if they have any Intention of reſigning their Power, before you attempt to compel them to it! Beſides, it is manifeſt, whatever their Pretence be for taking up Arms, and engaging us in inteſtine Broils, the real Motive is to exerciſe Dominion over you. Hence it is, that although in other Gratifications, whether Licentiouſneſs, Avarice, or Reſentment, their Deſires may have been flagrant and impetuous, yet theſe were but temporary Paſſions: *One* only has been permanent and laſting in them all; and that is the ardent

Deſire of aboliſhing the Tribunitial Authority, that Weapon put into your Hands by your brave Forefathers, for the Guard and Support of your Liberty.

I beſeech you, therefore, I earneſtly conjure you, to call up your Attention, and let not the Miſapplication of Names any longer cheriſh an indolent Inactivity; nor give to baſe Servitude the ſoftening Appellations of Peace and Tranquillity, the Reality of which, whilſt you thus criminally pervert the Nature of Things, you will not be in ſo good a Condition to obtain, as you might have been, had you remained intirely paſſive and ſilent.

Awake then, my Countrymen, from this Lethargy; and remember, that unleſs you break the ſervile Chains about your Necks, they will draw you into cloſer Bondage: For it is ever the Nature of Tyranny to ſtrengthen its Security by adding to its Oppreſſions.

It is my Opinion then, that the firſt Step you ſhould take, is, to reform the preſent Bent and Diſpoſition of your Minds: Courage and Alacrity are in your Tongues, Indolence and Puſilanimity in your Hearts: For the Moment you quit theſe Aſſemblies, you quit all Thoughts of vindicating your Liberty. Your next Step is, to reſolve, that as you are ſuperior in Strength, you will *exert* that Superiority, and aſſert the Privilege of rejecting, or accepting, as it beſt ſuits your Intereſt, thoſe laborious Offices you now undertake, at the Command, and for the Service, of others. This is all I would exhort you to: I call you not to thoſe exalted Degrees of heroic Bravery, by which your Anceſtors procured the Inſtitution of Tribunes, and a Law for their Admiſſion to the firſt Offices in the State, unencumbered with the Neceſſity of having the Elections confirmed by the Fathers.

You expect, I ſuppoſe, Aſſiſtance from Almighty *Jove*, and leave the Redreſs of your Grievances to the immortal Deities; inſenſible all the while, that by every Compliance with the lordly

Injunctions of the Conſuls, and the Decrees of the Senate, you ſtrengthen their Hands, and confirm their Authority. Thus you co-operate to your own Undoing, and become the willing Inſtruments of adding Weight to your Chains.

But do not imagine, O *Quirites*, that by all this I mean to fire your Reſentment, or to rouſe you to vindictive Meaſures. No: The Expedient I propoſe, requires not Action; neither do I exhort you to Tumults and Diſcord, as is injuriouſly given out: So far from this, that my only View is to put an End to all our Broils. And even though they ſhould refuſe to comply, ſtill I would not excite you to Arms, nor encourage a Seceſſion. All I adviſe, is, that you would not be ſo liberal of *Roman* Blood, and no longer ſhed it in their Cauſe. Leave theſe great Rulers to themſelves: Let them conduct their uſurped Authority, and exerciſe it their own Way: Let them hunt after Victory and Triumphs, and, aſſiſted by a Train of Images, and a Band of Statues, let them purſue *Mithridates*, purſue *Sertorius*, and the Remnant of the Exiles; but never, my Fellow-Citizens, never let the Peril, the Toil, and Burthen fall upon You, who reap no Share in the Advantages: Unleſs, perhaps, you allow your Services to be amply rewarded, by the late unexpected Law for the Diſtribution of Corn. Amply rewarded indeed, by a Law which has put to Sale the Liberty of each Individual, and valued it at the mighty Price of Five Buſhels of Grain! A Quantity not exceeding the Proportion allowed to the miſerable Priſoners confined in our Gaols. For, as that poor Allowance ſerves juſt to keep thoſe Wretches alive, but prevents not the Decay of their Strength and Vigour, ſo neither is ſo ſmall a Pittance ſufficient to maintain your Families, and relieve you from domeſtic Cares. And thoſe among you, who are ſo indolent as to depend upon this pitiful Support only, muſt find themſelves miſerably diſappointed. But was this Diſtribution ever ſo ample and magnificent, yet when you conſider it offered as the Price of *Liberty*, how ſtupidly inſenſible muſt you be, to ſwallow the Bait, and, to your own manifeſt Prejudice, voluntarily acknowlege an Obligation to them, for beſtowing on you what was your own before! This is the only Expedient they have to acquire ſovereign Dominion. By no other is it poſſible for them to ſucceed; no other will they ever attempt. You muſt reſolve, therefore, to be upon your Guard; you ſee the Artifice, you ſee with what View they would allay the Heat of your Reſentment, and, by ſoothing and careſſing, would perſuade you, that nothing can be done till the Return of *Pompey*; the Man, whom, when awed by his Preſence, they receive with Applauſes, and even ſtoop to exalt in Triumph on their Shoulders; but, the Moment his Abſence removes their Dread, they boldly fall upon his Name, and mangle his Reputation. Nor do theſe Aſſertors of Liberty (for ſo they ſtyle themſelves) feel the leaſt Confuſion or Shame, though they are ſenſible, it is notoriouſly manifeſt, that, notwithſtanding the Aſſociation of their Numbers, they depend upon the Concurrence of a *ſingle* Perſon; and that, without *Pompey*, they neither dare redreſs your Grievances, nor are able to ſupport their own Power.

As for *Pompey*, I know him well; and am fully convinced, that a Youth of ſuch Honour and Renown will think it more eligible to riſe to Greatneſs with your free Conſent, and willing Suffrages, than to partake with them in the Uſurpation of lawleſs Sway. Nay, I doubt not, he will be found the moſt forward to cheriſh and reſtore the Tribunitial Power.

There was a Time, O *Quirites*, when every Individual among you depended upon the conjunctive Strength of the whole Community, and not the Whole upon one Individual: There was a Time, when no ſingle Perſon had it in his Power, to rob us of any Rights and Privileges, or confer any upon us. But I have ſaid enough: It is not want of Information that obſtructs your Progreſs: It is, I know not what, a Stupefaction, a Lethargy, which ſo benumbs your Senſes, that neither the Proſpect of Glory, nor the Dread of Infamy, can rouſe your Spirits! For the ſake of gratifying a ſlothful Indolence, you invert the Nature of Things, and flatter yourſelves, that you range in the ample Space of Liberty, becauſe you feel not the Laſhes of ſervile Stripes, and have ſtill leave to walk where you pleaſe, without Reſtraint. Singular Favours, indeed, of your potent and wealthy Maſters! But even this ſcanty Portion of Liberty, is not granted to your Fellow-Citizens in the Country: They feel the Laſh; they fall the Victims of contending Powers; and are yielded up to the Governors of Provinces, as their abſolute Property: If they take up Arms, it is to aggrandize others; if they conquer, other Men reap the Glory and Advantage; and which Side ſoever triumphs, ſtill the unhappy People become the Spoil of Victory. Nor is it poſſible to prevent the Increaſe of this Miſery, ſo long as theſe Oppreſſors are more attentive and vigorous for the Support of their Tyranny, than you are for the Recovery of your Liberty.

THE
LETTER
WHICH
MITHRIDATES, King of *Pontus*,
SENT TO
ARSACES, King of *Parthia*.

Mithridates, *ſo long and ſo terribly an Enemy to the* Romans, *willing to take an Advantage of the domeſtic Broils in* Rome, *eſpecially after the Death of* Sylla, *and during their War with* Sertorius *and the Pyrates, in this Letter, ſollicits* Arſaces *to aſſiſt him, in his preſent Deſigns and Meaſures, againſt the Republic.*

King Mithridates *to King* Arſaces, *Health.*

WHEN a Prince is ſollicited to engage in a confederate War, at a Time, when his own Affairs are proſperous and undiſturbed, he ſhould firſt conſider maturely, what Proſpect there is of the Continuance of that Tranquillity; next, whether ſuch an Engagement would be conſiſtent with the Principles of Equity, his own Security and Glory; or, on the other Hand, injurious to his Reputation. Now, as to You, O *Arſaces*, were you ſecure of the uninterrupted Enjoyment of Peace; were not the *Romans* an Enemy deſperate in their Deſigns, and ready at hand to execute them; and did not the Conqueſt of ſuch a People aſſure you of eternal Renown; I would not make ſo bold a Venture, as to ſollicit your Alliance; nor vainly expect, that, whilſt you ſit ſecure in the Enjoyment of a proſperous Fortune, you ſhould make yourſelf a Partner of my unhappy Diſtreſſes. But your Reſentment againſt *Tigranes*, on account of the late War, and my preſent unproſperous Situation, the only Conſiderations which, at firſt View, may ſeem to have a diſcouraging Aſpect, upon a cloſer Examination, you will find to be the very Motives, which ſhould induce you to a Compliance: For that Prince, under the Apprehenſion of the Weight of your Power, and the Dread of your Vengeance, will readily ſubmit to any Terms of Alliance, which you ſhall think fit to propoſe. And in me you will be ſure to find a Man, whom Fortune, by repeated Loſſes, and fatal Experience, has fully inſtructed in all the Arts of wholſome Counſel and Advice. And, although I am not now one of the moſt powerful Monarchs, yet, from my Example, you will learn to eſtabliſh yourſelf in the more ſecure Enjoyment of your Poſſeſſions: A Circumſtance ever acceptable to Men in high Felicity.

The People of *Rome* have conſtantly had one and the ſame Motive for their Enmity to all the Nations, all the States, and Sovereignties of the Earth; it is the inſatiable Paſſion for Riches, and univerſal Empire, that rouſes them to Acts of Hoſtility. It was this, that prompted them to take up Arms againſt King *Philip*; and, when *Antiochus* came to his Relief, they, ſeeming to affect an Alliance with that Prince, artfully diverted him from ſuccouring the *Macedonian*, by the Conceſſion of the *Aſiatic* Territories; a Conceſſion they were the more willing to make, as the *Carthaginian* Power then threatened their Security. Yet no ſooner had they ſubdued *Philip*, but they turned their Arms againſt that very *Antiochus*, robbed him of Ten thouſand Talents, and tore from him all the Country on this Side *Taurus*.

Their next Attack was upon *Perſes*, the Son of *Philip*; and, after various Battles, fought with various Succeſs, they entered into Treaty with him; and though, upon the Altars of *Samothracia*, they pledged the *Roman* Faith, for the Security of his Perſon, yet did theſe fraudulent Deceivers, theſe original Inventors of baſe Subterfuges, put an End to the Life of that Prince, by depriving him of the neceſſary Refreſhment of Sleep.

As for *Eumenes*, whoſe Friendſhip they now ſo oſtentatiouſly glory in, him they infamouſly betrayed, and made that Treachery the Price of a Peace, concluded between them and *Antiochus*. After this, when they had appointed *Attalus* Protector of the conquered Territory, they loaded him with ſuch heavy Impoſitions, and treated him with ſuch Indignity, that, from the Grandeur of Sovereignty, they debaſed him to the loweſt State of Servility. And when they had, in Defiance of Truth and Equity, forged an impious Will, in their own Favour, his Son, *Ariſtonicus*, falling into their Hands, they dragged him, ignominiouſly, along the Streets of *Rome* in public Triumph, for having dared to attempt the Recovery of his paternal Poſſeſſions. No leſs than all *Aſia* then became the Object of their Deſires. In ſhort, *Nicomedes* was no ſooner dead, but they inſtantly ſeized all *Bithynia*, though it was univerſally allowed, that a Son of *Nuſa*, whom they had recognized as Queen, was actually then living. And, amongſt all their Hoſtilities, what need have I to mention their Deſigns againſt me? Separated, as I am on all Sides, from their Empire, by wide Dominions, and extenſive Provinces, yet, hearing that I had a full Treaſury, and a Spirit that would not tamely yield to lordly Oppreſſors, they ſtirred up *Nicomedes* to draw the Sword againſt me; fully appriſed, at the ſame time, of their baſe Intentions, and having before publicly declared, what is ſince found to be true, that *Crete* and *Egypt*, the only Countries then free from their Oppreſſions, would not long eſcape them.

Againſt theſe injurious Attempts I raiſed my vindictive Arms, drove *Nicomedes* out of *Bithynia*, recovered that Part of *Aſia* which they had torn from *Antiochus*, and reſcued *Greece* from the intolerable Yoke of Slavery. Theſe proſperous Beginnings would ſoon have been crowned with a happy Completion, had not *Archelaus*, the vileſt of Traitors, prevented my Progreſs by his treacherous Conceſſions to the Enemy. And as for thoſe Princes, who either had not the Spirit to take up Arms, or were ſo ſcandalouſly artful, as to reſt their Security upon my unaſſiſted Efforts, they now groan under the grievous Conſequences of ſuch an infamous Neutrality. *Ptolemy* wards off the impending Blow at the daily Expence of his Treaſury; and the *Cretans* have already once felt the Fury of theſe Invaders: A Fury, which nothing but the Extirpation of that People can ever appeaſe.

As for myſelf, I confeſs, that, when the Miſeries of their civil Wars had daawn their Attention from me, I could not look on that Interval as any Proof of Amity or Peace, but rather a Suſpenſion of preſent Acts of Hoſtility; and therefore, though you were too remote to aſſiſt me, and though all the neighbouring States ſhrunk under the Dread of the *Roman* Power, yet, contrary to the Advice of *Tigranes*, who now at laſt acknowledges my Reſolution was juſt, I again took up Arms; and at *Chalcedon*, in a Land-Engagement, I obtained a complete Victory over *Marcus Cotta*, the *Roman* General: And, with the ſame Succeſs at Sea, I engaged their Fleet, and deſpoiled them of all their goodly Ships. After this, I inveſted *Cyzicus* with a powerful Army; but, whilſt I lay before that City, I found myſelf reduced to the utmoſt Extremity, for want of Proviſions; no Relief being ſent me from any of the adjacent Countries, and the tempeſtuous Seaſon admitting of no farther Supply by Sea. Compelled by this Neceſſity, and not by any ſuperior Force of the Enemy, I quitted the Siege; and, in my Return home, had the Misfortune to be ſhipwrecked on the Coaſts of *Parium* and *Heraclea*; where the Flower of my Army, and the beſt of my Ships, periſhed in the tempeſtuous Waves.

When I arrived at *Cabira*, I reinforced my Troops; and, after ſeveral Skirmiſhes with *Lucullus*, we were both reduced to the utmoſt Exigence, for want of Subſiſtence. But at this Juncture, *Cappadocia*, a Country, which had hitherto eſcaped the Ravages of War, lay open to *Lucullus*; whilſt I, finding every Place around me pillaged and laid waſte, was obliged to retire to *Armenia*. Thither did theſe Spoilers purſue me, inſtigated not ſo much by any perſonal Enmity to me, as an inveterate Paſſion for the Subverſion of all the Sovereignties of the World. The Succeſs of this Purſuit they boaſt of as a mighty Victory, aſcribing to their own Merit, what was intirely owing to the ill Conduct of *Tigranes*; who led our Troops into a narrow Paſs, where the Streightneſs of the Place would allow no room for Action to ſuch crouded Multitudes.

Conſider now, I conjure thee, ſhould theſe *Romans* triumph over me, would my Defeat make thee more able to check the Progreſs of their Arms? Or doſt thou imagine, that with my Deſtruction their Hoſtilities would ceaſe? —— I know thou art a powerful Prince, powerful in the Multitude of Subjects, in Arms, and in Treaſure; and on this Conſideration it is, that thou art ſought after both by me and the *Romans*: By me, with a View to an Alliance; by them, with a View to Plunder.

But *Tigranes* propoſes to repel theſe Invaders, without drawing any Forces from your Dominions; and thinks, that, in ſome remote Territory, he ſhall be able to make an End of the War, with my Troops only; Troops ſo long enured to Battle, and ſo fully inſtructed in military Diſcipline. But if his Advice be followed, whether *our* Arms or *theirs* prevail, *your* Affairs will, in either Caſe, be greatly embarraſſed.

What! Doſt thou not know theſe *Romans*? Haſt thou not been informed, that theſe Oppreſſors purſued their Conqueſts to the Weſt, till the Ocean put a Stop to their wanton Ravages, and then they turned their Arms to this Quarter of the World? Doſt thou not know, that from their Original, all their Poſſeſſions, their Lands, their Habitations, their Wives, and Dominions, were all the Spoils of injured Nations? Fugitives and Vagabonds as they were, the Refuſe of divers Nations, having no Country they could lay a juſt Claim to, no Subjects they had any Right to controul, they have now erected to themſelves a mighty Empire, upon the Ruins of Mankind. Such is their unbridled Ambition, that nothing Human, nothing Divine, can check their impetuous Outrage. All their Friends and Allies, all People and Countries, whether weak, or powerful, whether ſituated near them, or in diſtant Climes, they diſtreſs, they exhauſt, they plunder, and deſtroy; ever treating, in an Hoſtile manner, ſuch as do not tamely yield to their Tyranny, and eſpecially thoſe who ſway the Royal Sceptre. For as the general Practice of Nations ſhews, that the Biaſs of Mankind is ſtrongeſt towards a Monarchical Government, very few Countries giving the Preference to a Popular one; hence it is, that they look upon *us* as Rivals of their Glory, and are ever jealous, that we ſhall omit no Opportunity of vindicating the Kingdoms of the World. From ſuch Robbers, what canſt thou expect; thou, O *Arſaces*, who art Maſter of *Great Babylon*, and Lord of the mighty *Perſian* Empire; a Country ſo celebrated for its Riches and Affluence? What, but well-diſguiſed Fraud for the preſent, and open Hoſtilities hereafter? Their Enmity is indeed univerſal, and againſt every Nation of the World is the *Roman* Sword ſharpened. But againſt ſuch they point their keeneſt Rage, from the Conqueſt of which they can promiſe themſelves the greateſt Spoil and Plunder. It is by ſuch daring, ſuch outrageous Oppreſſion, it is by ſucceſſive Wars, and Streams of Blood, that they have made their Way to Empire and Greatneſs. Puſhed on by this Spirit, they are determined abſolutely to finiſh the Deſtruction of the World, or periſh in the Attempt: And periſh they muſt unavoidably, if you with your Troops in *Meſopotamia*, and I with mine in *Armenia*, block up their Army on every Side, and ſo cut off all Supplies of Men and Proviſions. That they have hitherto eſcaped, is a Circumſtance to be aſcribed intirely to our fatal Miſtakes, and remiſs Conduct.

Hearken then, I conjure you, to theſe Admonitions, and be perſuaded to comply with my Requeſt. All you can poſſibly gain by a Neutrality, is, the protracting of your own Ruin, till mine is completed. But ſurely you muſt think it more eligible, by an Alliance with me, to ſecure yourſelf of Victory and Triumph.

	Or,
And think what high Renown will attend ſuch an Atchievement! To lead Armies into the Field to protect mighty Monarchs on their Thrones; and to be able to cruſh in pieces the public Robbers and Oppreſſors of Mankind; will raiſe thy Name to the higheſt Summit of immortal Glory. Farewel.	And to have your Name recorded in the Annals of Fame, with this diſtinguiſhing Character —— That you led Armies into the Field, to protect mighty Monarchs on their Thrones, and cruſhed in pieces the public Robbers and Oppreſſors of Mankind.

THE

THE SPEECH OF MARCUS COTTA, the Conſul, TO THE PEOPLE.

Marcus Cotta, an eminent Orator, and formerly a great, though not always a ſucceſsful Commander, and now Conſul, makes this Speech to ſatisfy and calm the People, who were enraged againſt him, becauſe public Affairs, without any Fault of his, went ill abroad; and, which was the natural Conſequence, Want and Diſtreſs prevailed in Rome. *The Populace thought their chief Magiſtrate, even this able and good Magiſtrate, anſwerable for all: He, therefore, appeals to them in this fine Speech; the Speech of a wiſe and a brave Man to an unreaſonable Multitude.*

MANY, O *Quirites*, are the Difficulties and Perils that have embarraſſed me in the Adminiſtration of Civil Affairs at Home; many, in the Courſe of the War Abroad. Some of theſe I found unſurmountable; and, therefore, yielded to Neceſſity: Againſt others I ſtemmed the Torrent; and, by the Aid of the Gods, and my own vigorous Endeavours, I was able to triumph over them; and, in my whole Conduct, I ſpared no Application of Mind in forming Reſolutions, no Toil or Pains in executing them. The Viciſſitudes of Fortune did, indeed, alter my Power and Abilities; never my Heart and Inclination. But, ſuch is my preſent unhappy Situation, that not only my good Fortune, but every other Conſolation has forſaken me: And, beſides all this, Old-age, an Infirmity grievous enough in itſelf, preſſes upon me with additional Weight, and doubles my Afflictions. But thus miſerable as I am, and in the Decline of Life, yet can I not hope to put an End to my Calamities by an honourable Death. For, if I have been a Traitor to you; if, after having been twice reſtored again to a new Life of Dignity and Honour, I have, notwithſtanding abandoned the Care of my Country, this ſupreme Dignity, and the Honour of my Houſhold Gods; what Torture ſevere enough can be inflicted on me whilſt living, or what ſuitable Vengeance purſue me when dead? A Crime ſo execrably heinous calls for Torments more fierce than thoſe related of the infernal Regions. But you are no Strangers to my whole Life and Conduct; and know how I have acquitted myſelf, from my early Manhood, both in a public and a private Station. My Purſe was always open, my Counſel and Advice free; and I was ever a willing Advocate to plead the Cauſe of all who deſired it. Whatever Eloquence I was Maſter of, whatever were my Talents, they were never employed in the little Arts of Deceiving, nor exerted to the Prejudice of my Fellow-Citizens: And though my greateſt Ambition was to conciliate Favour and Friendſhip in a private Capacity, yet have I incurred the higheſt Odium, on account of the public Character I bore. And though I, and, with me, the Conſtitution itſelf, fell under the Power of victorious Oppreſſion, yet, when I was not only overwhelmed with a Torrent of Diſtreſſes, but ſaw alſo freſh Storms ready to burſt on my Head; then did you, *generous Quirites*, reſtore me to my native Country, and my Gods: Yes, and inveſted me, at the ſame time, with the higheſt Dignity in the State. For ſuch unparalleled Generoſity, could I, (but it is impoſſible!) could I lay down a Life for every Individual ſeparately, ſtill even ſuch a Requital would fall ſhort of the mighty Obligation. For, as to Life and Death, they ſeem the Appointments of fixed Fate, and the ſettled Laws of Nature; but Freedom from Ignominy and Diſgrace, an undiminiſhed Fortune, and unblemiſhed Glory, are the generous Offerings of *voluntary* Kindneſs: As ſuch they are conferred, as ſuch they are received.

Conſider now, *Quirites*, you have appointed me your Conſul, at a time when our Affairs, both Civil and Military, are embarraſſed with the moſt intricate Difficulties. Our Generals in *Spain* demand freſh Supplies of Men, of Arms, and Proviſions; and, indeed, the preſent Juncture ſeems abſolutely to require it: For, as the Allies have revolted, and *Sertorius* has retired beyond the Mountains, our Troops have neither an Opportunity of coming to Action, nor of furniſhing themſelves with neceſſary Supplies. The formidable Strength of *Mithridates* obliges us to keep an Army on Foot in *Aſia* and *Cilicia*, and in *Macedonia* our Enemies overſpread the whole Country; nor are the maritime Coaſts of *Aſia* leſs infeſted with hoſtile Troops. And, in the midſt of all theſe Embarraſſments, our Revenue is ſo ſmall, and, by reaſon of the Confuſions and Diſtractions of War, the Remittances ſo uncertain, that it is found ſcarce ſufficient to ſupport even a very inconſiderable Part of our Expences: For which Reaſon we have been obliged to reduce the Number of the Tranſports, which we kept for the Conveyance of Proviſions to our Armies.

To which Streights and Difficulties if I have been any way acceſſory, either by Deſign, or Remiſſneſs, fall this Inſtant upon me with juſt Vengeance, and inflict what Puniſhment you think ſuitable to ſuch Enormity. But if the uncontroulable Power of adverſe Fortune, a Power to which all Men are equally obnoxious, has occaſioned theſe Diſaſters; why will you enter into Reſolutions unbecoming the *Roman* People, the Honour of your Conſul, and the Dignity of your Republic?

As for me, if the Sacrifice of a Life, which, in the Courſe of Nature, cannot be protracted much longer, will remove any Obſtruction to your Happineſs, I do not entreat you to ſpare it. Nothing can be more glorious to a brave *Roman*, than to die for the *Roman* People. Here I am: Behold *Marcus Aurelius Cotta!* Behold your Conſul offering himſelf, as the illuſtrious Patriots of old have frequently done, in the critical Junctures of doubtful War! I ſolemnly offer, and willingly devote, myſelf to Death, to ſave my Country. —— But, conſider then, where will you find a Man to fill the vacant Poſt? For, if you make your Conſul anſwerable for every fortuitous Event, if he muſt be accountable for the Civil and Military Conduct of his Predeceſſors, or ſuffer an ignominious Death for their Miſtakes; ſurely, no Man of Merit will accept the Dignity upon ſuch perilous Conditions.

As for me, remember, my Fellow-Citizens, if I fall, I fall not as a Criminal; nor do I die for the Violation of Juſtice. No! guiltleſs of all Crimes, I freely ſacrifice my Life to preſerve a People, to whom I owe the higheſt Obligations.

Let me then conjure you, *Quirites*, if you have any Regard for your own Happineſs, any for the Glory of your Anceſtors; let not Impatience under your preſent Diſaſters drive you to any Meaſures that may be prejudicial to the public Security.

Great as this extenſive Empire is, great muſt be the Care and Sollicitude requiſite to direct it; infinite the Difficulties which muſt attend the Adminiſtration; Difficulties which you muſt ſubmit to, or give up all Expectations of ſeeing Peace and Affluence reſtored; Difficulties that cannot poſſibly be avoided, when the Sword is unſheathed in all Quarters of the World, and every Province, every Kingdom, Sea and Land, groan under the fatal Influences of raging War.

THE
Firſt Epiſtle of *SALLUST*
TO
CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.
CONCERNING THE
Regulation *of the* Commonwealth.

Some think, not without Ground, that theſe Epiſtles are placed and called wrong; that this is the Second, and the other ſhould come Firſt. It is queſtioned too, by ſome good Judges, whether they be genuine. It is my own Opinion, that they are. The Latin is pure, and appears to be that of Salluſt; *and the Strains in both are, like his, ſevere Invectives, many of them too true, but all very virulent, againſt the Adminiſtration before the Uſurpation of* Cæſar; *many high Compliments, full of Flattery, upon that Uſurper; and many Strokes of Self-ſufficiency and Praiſe.*

IT heretofore prevailed as an eſtabliſhed Truth, that Kingdoms and Empires, and whatever other Objects Men eagerly purſue, were only the Gifts of Fortune; ſince they were often capriciouſly beſtowed upon the Undeſerving, and never enjoyed by any, without a ſenſible Diminution and Decay. But Experience has ſince convinced us, that *Appius* the Poet was not miſtaken, when he ſaid, that "Every Man is the Architect of his own Fortune." In you eſpecially, *Cæſar*, is this Maxim verified; in you, who have ſo far ſurpaſſed all others, that ſooner were Men wearied in celebrating your glorious Actions, than you in performing them. But ſtill, as in the finiſhed Works of Architecture, ſo in the Acquiſitions of Heroic Virtue, the utmoſt Attention is required; if they are neglected, their Beauty will ſoon be impaired; or, for want of Care to ſupport them, the noble Structures may fall to Ruin. For it is not without Reluctance, that any Man ſubmits to the ſovereign Authority of another; and, however juſt and mild he may be in the Exerciſe of ſuch Power, ſtill we are apt to be under Apprehenſions of Oppreſſion from *him*, whoſe Situation enables him to oppreſs when he pleaſes. Nor are ſuch Apprehenſions without Foundation; for thoſe who get the Reins of Government into their Hands, are, in their Conduct, generally influenced by an abſurd Maxim, 'That the more baſe and degenerate the People 'are, the more ſecure is the Power of the Sovereign.' But far different ought to be your Meaſures, *Cæſar*; and, as you yourſelf are Virtuous and Brave, who are to give Laws, it is highly expedient to make the People ſo, who are to receive them. For the worſt of Men are always found the moſt impatient under the Reſtraints of Government.

Indeed, when I conſider, that the Exerciſe of your Power, in the Courſe of the War, has been more gentle than that of others in the Times of Peace; when I ſee your victorious Troops demanding the Gratification of plundering the Conquered; and when I conſider, that the Conquered are your Fellow-Citizens; I muſt confeſs, that theſe Difficulties, which you have to encounter in ſettling your Conqueſts, are greater than Any, before you, have met with. But out of theſe Difficulties you muſt reſolve to extricate yourſelf, and ſettle the Commonwealth upon a firm Eſtabliſhment for the future; an Undertaking to be effected, not ſo much by the Force of Arms, or by Triumphs over the Enemies, as by a Method much more noble, as well as difficult; by the wholſome Inſtitutions of Laws, and the Sanctions of Diſcipline and

Peace. An Affair, therefore, of ſuch high Importance calls upon all, as well thoſe of *eminent* Abilities, as thoſe who are leſs diſtinguiſhed, to communicate their Sentiments, and offer the beſt Advice in their Power: For it is my Opinion, that the future Happineſs or Miſery of *Rome* intirely depends upon the Methods you take in ſettling your Victories.

That this great End may be the more eaſily and effectually accompliſhed, I beg your Attention to the few Things, which occur to my Thoughts upon this Occaſion.

You have been engaged, illuſtrious General, in a War againſt an eminent Adverſary, a Man of immenſe Wealth, and boundleſs Ambition; but more diſtinguiſhed by his Fortune, than any Prudence or Sagacity in his Conduct. Amongſt his Adherents, ſome few followed his Arms, whoſe Enmity to you had no other Foundation, than the Injuſtice they had done you: Others were drawn to his Party by the Tye of Affinity, or ſome perſonal Obligation. Not one of them had any Share in his Power; for, could he have ſubmitted to a Participation of Dominion, the whole World would not have felt the Shock of a devouring War. The reſt of his Party, the vaſt Multitudes of the common People, that were in his Camp, were drawn thither, not ſo much by their own Judgment, as by the prevailing Example of others, whom they looked upon as more diſcerning than themſelves. In this Juncture, a Set of Wretches, whoſe infamous Luxury had left nothing unpolluted, encouraged by malicious Reports, with the Hopes of ſeizing the Commonwealth, came over to your Camp, and there, without any Reſerve, threatened Death and Rapine, and all the Miſeries of unreſtrained Licentiouſneſs, to thoſe who engaged in neither Party. But many of them, when they found you would neither cancel their Debts, nor ſuffer your Fellow-Citizens to be treated as public Enemies, withdrew from your Camp. Some few of them, indeed, ſtill remained, imagining they ſhould enjoy greater Eaſe and Security there, than they could in the City: So terrible an Apprehenſion had they of the Power and Rage of Creditors.

It is almoſt incredible what Numbers, and what Men of high Rank and Diſtinction, went over to *Pompey* alſo, upon the very ſame Motives; and, during the whole Courſe of the War, adhered to him, as a ſacred and inviolable Sanctuary to People under ſuch Difficulties and Diſtreſſes.

Now, as the Succeſs of your Arms has made you the Arbiter of War and Peace; that you may put ſuch an End to the one, as may be a Demonſtration of your Regard to your Fellow-Citizens, and make the other as honourable and laſting as poſſible; conſider well, what are the moſt adviſeable Steps for the Regulation of your own Conduct; ſince it is on *you* only that this Affair intirely depends. It is my Opinion, that the rigid Exerciſe of Power tends rather to render it vexatious and uneaſy, than firm and laſting: Nor is it poſſible for any Man to make himſelf an Object of Dread to the Many, but, at the ſame time, a reciprocal Dread of the Many muſt recoil upon himſelf. And to be in ſuch a Situation, is to be eternally involved in a State of Warfare, on all Sides perilous: For, to whatever Quarter you betake yourſelf, no Security is to be found, ſurrounded as you are with continual Dangers, and alarmed with terrible Apprehenſions. Very different is the Situation of thoſe, whoſe Power is tempered with Mildneſs, and moderated by Humanity and Benevolence! Every thing around them appears fair, flouriſhing, and happy; and the very Enemies of the Nation ſhew them more Favour and Eſteem, than thoſe of a contrary Character meet with from their own Citizens. And can any one ſay, that I am prompted to give this Advice, by a partial Regard to the conquered Party, or a ſiniſter View to detract from the Glory of your Triumphs? No doubt I deſerve this Cenſure, for declaring, that ſuch Treatment as foreign Nations, Nations naturally our Foes, have met with from us, and our Anceſtors, ought not to be denied to our Fellow-Citizens;

and that we *Romans* ſhould not, like ſavage Barbarians, inſiſt upon the Retaliation of Blood and Slaughter.

Have they then forgot the Reproaches they lately caſt upon *Pompey*, and upon *Sylla*'s cruel Uſe of Victory? how *Domitius*, *Carbo*, and *Brutus*, with ſeveral others, were ſlain; that they fell not when under Arms in the Field, not in the Heat of Battle, by the common Calamity of War; but, after that was over, even when they were ſupplicating Mercy, they were moſt inhumanly murdered? Have they forgot how the People of *Rome* were, like ſo many Cattle, butchered in the Field of *Mars?* Bloody and inhuman has been the Uſe other Conquerors, before You, have made of their Victories! Dreadful were the Scenes of private Slaughters, unexpected Maſſacres, Women flying into the Boſoms of their Children, and Children into the Boſoms of their Parents, and, in all Quarters, our Habitations plundered and demoliſhed! The very Men, who acted this bloody Part, would now perſuade You to purſue the ſame Meaſures: As if the only Motive of the War had been, whether You, or *Pompey*, ſhould have an arbitrary Power of oppreſſing Mankind; as if You had not reſtored the Commonwealth, but ſeized it as a Prey of your ſucceſsful Arms; and as if the Flower of our Army, and the Choiceſt of our veteran Troops, took up Arms againſt Brethren and Parents, and ſome even againſt their own Off-ſpring, from this Motive only, that the moſt abandoned of Men might, from the Calamities of others, procure means to indulge their inſatiable Appetites, or that their enormous Lives might reflect Diſhonour on the worthy Men engaged in the ſame Cauſe, and ſo ſtain the Glory of their Conqueſts. I venture to ſpeak thus, becauſe I am perſuaded you are no Stranger to the Conduct of every Individual amongſt them; and how far they obſerved the Rules of Moderation, even when the Event of the War was yet uncertain; and how ſome of them gave ſuch a Looſe to Debauchery, and licentious Feſtivity, in the very Field of Battle, as Men of their Years could not have indulged themſelves in, without a Blemiſh to their Reputation, even in a Time of Peace and Tranquillity.

I ſee no Occaſion to ſay any more of the Diſpoſition of Military Affairs.

As to the Eſtabliſhing of Peace, ſince that is the great Point You and your Friends have in View; conſider, in the firſt Place, I beſeech you, the Nature of the Affair now under Deliberation: For thus, by diſtinctly ſeparating the Arguments on both Sides, you will, of courſe, open a Way to right Meaſures. I own, when I reflect with myſelf, that whatever had a Beginning, has naturally a determined Period, I am perſuaded, that whenever the fatal Deſtruction of *Rome's* Empire approaches, it can only happen, when her Citizens are harraſſed with inteſtine Wars: In that critical Juncture, when their Strength is enfeebled, and their Spirits exhauſted, they will fall a Prey to ſome foreign Prince or State. But, were it poſſible to preſerve Harmony amongſt ourſelves, the whole World, all the Nations of the Earth in Confederacy, would not be able to demoliſh or ſhake this mighty Empire. Therefore, to ſecure all the Advantages of Unanimity, and to remove and prevent all the Miſchiefs of Diviſions and Diſſentions, is the great Point that requires your perpetual Attention. The beſt Way to effect this, is, to give a Check to the faſhionable Vices of licentious Profuſeneſs and Rapine; not by reinforcing thoſe obſolete Laws, which the Depravity of the Times has rendered contemptible; but by obliging every Man to live within the Limits of his Fortune. For now a prevailing Cuſtom has taught the *Roman* Youth, to look upon it as laudable and gallant Behaviour, to ſquander away, not only their own, but other Mens Fortunes; and to deny themſelves, or their Dependents, no Sort of Gratification whatſoever. This they call Manly Conduct; this, true Greatneſs of Soul; whilſt Modeſty paſſes for Stupidity; and Moderation, as the Property of an abject inactive Spirit. Poſſeſſed with ſuch Notions, when once engaged in a profligate Courſe, they run on with unbridled Fury; and no ſooner do their old Supplies fail them, but they fall with impetuous Violence, ſometimes upon our Allies, ſometimes upon their Fellow-Citizens, diſturb the Order and Tranquillity of Government, and, from the Ruins of the *Old*, would raiſe a new Conſtitution *(a)*.

Since, therefore, this is the preſent Situation of our Affairs, it ſeems to me abſolutely neceſſary to cruſh the Power of the Uſurers, that every Man may take upon him the Management of his own Affairs. To effect this, the only true and natural Method would be, to oblige the Magiſtrates, in their judicial Proceedings, to promote rather the Intereſt of the People in general, than to favour the narrow Intereſt of the Creditors, and to eſtabliſh their Glory and Reputation upon their Endeavours to add Strength to the Commonwealth, and not on ſuch Meaſures as tend to diminiſh it.

I am very ſenſible, what Diſguſt the firſt Advances in this Reformation will give, to thoſe eſpecially, who, after Victory, expected rather greater Latitude to their licentious Inclinations, than any ſtricter Diſcipline and Reſtraints. But if you regard more the true Intereſt, than the looſe Deſires of theſe Men, you will prevent their outrageous Intentions, and ſettle both Them, and Us, and all our Allies, in a firm State of Peace and Tranquillity. But, if the Youth are permitted to go on in their preſent Purſuits, then will *Cæſar*'s exalted Glory ſoon fall to the Ground; and *Rome* itſelf will fall with *Cæſar*. Give me leave to add, that it is with a View of procuring Peace, that Men of Senſe and Underſtanding enter into War, and, under all the Toils and Hardſhips attending it, they are ſupported by the Proſpect of future Tranquillity. If this great End be not effectually accompliſhed, what does it avail, whether you conquer, or are conquered?

(a) *Res novas veteribus acquirit.* *See* Cat. Conſpiracy. *Vetera odere, nova exoptant.* To which the Author ſeems here to allude. But if *res novas* be not here applicable to the *State*, then it may be tranſlated thus, *And by any means, whatſoever, would raiſe a new Fortune to repair the Ruins of the old one.*

Wherefore, in the Name of the immortal Gods, take upon you the Care and Protection of the Commonwealth, and bravely puſh through all Difficulties, with your wonted Vigour and Reſolution: For either You, *Cæſar*, can heal the wounded State, or it will be in vain for any other to attempt the Cure. And what is that we now require at your Hands? You are not called to bloody Executions, to cruel and rigorous Proceedings; Methods which would ſooner depopulate the State, than correct its Manners; but only to give a Check to the baſe Practices, and licentious Debauchery, of the *Roman* Youth. This, this only is the true Notion of Clemency; to *prevent* ſuch Vices as deſerve the Puniſhment of Expulſion; to put a Stop to extravagant Follies, and the Purſuits of falſe Pleaſures; and to eſtabliſh Union and Harmony in the State: Clemency it cannot be juſtly eſteemed, to indulge the People in vile Courſes, or to allow them the Gratification of a preſent Enjoyment, which is ſure to be followed with future Miſery.

I muſt confeſs here, I am ſenſible, that the Greatneſs of this important Undertaking raiſes Doubts and Fears in other Men; but, to me it gives the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances of Succeſs: For Matters of *ſmall* Moment are below the Notice of ſo *exalted* a Genius: *Great* indeed is the Task, and *great* will be the Reward, if you accompliſh it!

Now, one grand Point which demands your Attention, is, that the People, whoſe Minds are at preſent corrupted with Gifts of Corn, and other public Largeſſes, apply themſelves to their reſpective Occupations: Such an Application would divert their Thoughts from giving any Diſturbance to the Government: The Youth, alſo, ſhould be taught to turn their Purſuits from riotous Expence, and the Thirſt of Riches, to a Courſe of Induſtry, and the Study of Virtue. And this great End you will accompliſh, by putting an effectual Stop to the Uſe which Men now make of Money, and ſtripping that fruitful Source of Evils, of the Eſteem it has gained in the World. For, whenever I have examined by what Steps illuſtrious Heroes roſe to the Height of Magnificence and Renown, by what Means any People inlarged their Conqueſts, and to what Cauſes the Ruin of mighty Kingdoms and States was to be aſcribed; in either Caſe, I always diſcovered the ſame good or evil Cauſe, conſtantly producing the ſame good or evil Effect; and that the Succeſsful were ſuch as held Riches in Contempt, the Unſucceſsful, ſuch as coveted and admired them (*a*). Nor, indeed, is there any poſſible Method to riſe to Glory and immortal Fame, but by ſubduing the Thirſt of Riches and ſenſual Pleaſures, and giving a free Scope to the Exerciſe of the Mind; not fondly ſoothing and gratifying the Demands of unreaſonable and corrupt Inclinations; but by inuring it to Labour and Patience, to wholſome Diſcipline, and valiant Exploits. A Man may raiſe a magnificent Palace in the Town, or Villa in the Country; he may furniſh them with pompous Hangings and Statues, with other expenſive Ornaments, and thus make every thing in them conſpicuous, but himſelf; yet, from the Richneſs of ſuch Decorations, he is ſo far from deriving any Honour or Glory, that he himſelf caſts a Blemiſh upon their Luſtre. And, as for ſuch as are ſo abandoned, that they paſs not a Day without twice overcharging their Stomachs, not a Night without diſhonouring their Bed with polluted Embraces; when once the Mind, deſigned by Nature to govern and controul, is thus become a Slave to degenerate Paſſions, in vain will they attempt to rouſe her up to Exerciſe, when her Vigour is decayed, and her Faculties impaired. Men of this Character, having neither Spirit nor Abilities, muſt unavoidably confound and deſtroy themſelves, and every Scheme

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(*a*) Or, *That the Conquerors were Men who held Riches in Contempt; the Conquered, eager Lovers of them.*

they engage in. Now theſe, and all other Evils which afflict the State, together with the high Value and Eſteem that is ſet upon Riches, would be effectually cured, if neither the Offices of Magiſtracy, nor any other things which are the Objects of Mens eager Purſuits, can hereafter be obtained by the Influence of Money. Proper Care ſhould, at the ſame time, be taken, that *Italy*, and the Provinces, be put in a more ſecure Situation: an Affair which requires no great Penetration to accompliſh: The ſame Remedy will anſwer, where the *Evil* is the ſame; for *there* too, as well as in the City, the public Ravagers have plundered and ſeized every thing they met with, forſaking their own Habitations, and, in Violation of all Juſtice and Equity, poſſeſſing thoſe of other People. It is no leſs neceſſary to put a Stop to that unjuſtifiable Partiality, which has hitherto prevailed in our Army, where ſome of the People have been forced to bear the Fatigue of Warfare for Thirty Years, whilſt others have been intirely excuſed from the Service. It is likewiſe my Opinion, that the Corn, which has hitherto been uſually the Reward of the Worthleſs and Inactive, ſhould be ſent to our municipal Towns and Colonies, and there diſtributed to the Soldiers, when they return home, after their Diſcharge from the Service.

I have now, as briefly as the Caſe would admit, laid before you ſuch Regulations, as appear to me, moſt conducive to the Good of the Commonwealth, as well as your own Reputation and Glory: And, I apprehend, it will not be improper for me, to add a Word or two in relation to this my Undertaking. There is ſcarce any Man, who does not believe himſelf furniſhed with all the Faculties, that make up a true and diſtinguiſhing Judgment; or, at leaſt, endeavours to make the World believe ſo: But, certainly, all Men in general have ſo violent a Propenſity to blaſt and condemn the Performances of others, that the Faculties of Speech are too ſlow, to utter the quick Suggeſtions of their Hearts. That I have laid myſelf open to ſuch Men, is a Conſideration, that does not, in the leaſt, afflict me:—Had I been ſilent on ſuch an Occaſion, I ſhould have been leſs able to have borne the Reflection. For, whether you purſue the Methods I have pointed out, or others occur, which may be thought more adviſeable, ſtill I have the Pleaſure of reflecting, that I have given the beſt Advice I was capable of, and contributed my utmoſt Aſſiſtance, towards the Regulation of the Commonwealth.

I have now nothing more to do, but to follow you with my earneſt Wiſhes, that whatever Meaſures you purſue, may be attended with Approbation, and crowned with Succeſs by the immortal Gods.

THE

THE
Second Epiſtle of *SALLUST*
TO
CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR:
CONCERNING THE
Regulation *of the* Commonwealth.

I AM not inſenſible, how difficult and nice a Task he undertakes, who ventures to offer Advice to Princes and Governors; or to any one inveſted with high Authority. The Number of Counſellors, with which ſuch Perſons are ſurrounded, and the great Uncertainty of future Contingencies, which the moſt cautious and penetrating Politician cannot ſufficiently guard againſt, are very diſcouraging Conſiderations: And, what makes the Office ſtill more ungrateful, the worſt-laid Schemes will frequently have a more proſperous Event, than the moſt rational and prudent Counſels. So capricious is the Sway of Fortune in the Diſpoſal of almoſt all human Affairs!

But, notwithſtanding theſe Diſcouragements, ſince my early Inclinations led me to the Study of State Affairs, and as I have, with the utmoſt Application, purſued that Knowlege, not ſo much with a View to obtain Employments, which I have often ſeen procured by means the moſt baſe and unworthy; but rather that I might throughly inform myſelf of the Nature of our Conſtitution, Civil and Military; what is the true State of her Strength, with regard to her Men, her Arms, and her Revenue: Therefore, though I may, perhaps, ſuffer in my Reputation, and be thought too forward in the Attempt, yet my Regard to your Dignity and Fame, has, after mature Deliberation, prevailed with me above ſuch Apprehenſions; and I am determined to run any Hazard, where I have the leaſt Proſpect of an Acceſſion to your Glory. And be aſſured, it was not without previous Conſideration, nor ſo much with a View to the Circumſtances of your Fortune, that I took up this Reſolution, as becauſe, among your other diſtinguiſhed Qualities, I have ever experienced in you this moſt admirable one, that the Greatneſs of your Soul is more conſpicuous in Adverſity than Proſperity. —— But the Fame of your illuſtrious Qualities is a Subject I need not expatiate on: It is already ſo great, that ſooner were Men wearied in admiring and celebrating, than you in performing glorious Actions. Nor was it out of any fond Conceit of my own Abilities, that I have preſumed to lay before you my Sentiments concerning the Commonwealth; but as your Thoughts have been hitherto taken up with another Scene of Buſineſs, with the Toils of a Camp, with Battles, with Triumphs, and military Commands, I thought it not unſeaſonable to awake your Attention to the Regulation of Civil Affairs: For if your only Aim and Intention be to gratify your Reſentment againſt your Enemies (*a*), and ſecure the Favour of the People, to enable you to triumph over the Oppoſition of the Conſul, theſe are Views utterly unbecoming *Cæſar's* Dignity and Virtue. But if you are ſtill animated by the ſame Spirit which firſt prompted you to oppoſe the Faction of the Nobility, and reſcue the *Roman* People from the Yoke of Slavery, a Spirit by which you were enabled, unarmed as you were, to baffle all the Attempts of your armed Adverſaries, and to perform ſuch great and glorious Exploits, that even your Enemies had nothing to object againſt you, but your ſuperior Greatneſs: If the ſame virtuous Spirit ſtill poſſeſs you, give your Attention to

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(*a*) *Uti te ab inimicorum impetu vindices. Vindicare ſe ab aliquo* —— ſignifies, to avenge himſelf upon any one.

the Plan I ſhall propoſe for the Regulation and Government of the whole Commonwealth; which Plan I am perſuaded you will find to be proper and adviſeable, or, at leaſt, to require little Variation.

Now ſince *Pompey*, either from a kind of Infatuation, or rather blindly bent upon oppoſing you, has been ſo raſh and imprudent, as to purſue Meaſures which have, in the Event, given the Power into his Enemy's Hands, it is, therefore, incumbent upon you to make uſe of that Power, and to reſtore the Commonwealth by the very Means which he made uſe of to ſubvert it.

The firſt Step he took, was that of committing to a few Senators an abſolute Authority in the Direction of the Revenue, the ſumptuary Laws, and judicial Proceedings; whilſt the People, in whom the ſovereign Power had before been lodged, were, with the Equeſtrian Order, left in a State of Subjection and Slavery. The judicial Authority is, indeed, agreeably to the original Inſtitution, nominally veſted in the Three Orders of the Republic; but the real Power is in the Hands of the Faction, who, with unbridled Dominion, controul all Things; who give to one Man, and take from another, diſpoſe of every thing, juſt as they pleaſe; who inſnare the Virtuous and Innocent, and raiſe none but their own Creatures to Poſts of Honour: How notorious ſoever their Crimes be, how flagitious ſoever their Lives, and infamous ſoever their Reputation, this ſcandalous Inſufficiency excludes them not from the Magiſtracy; and, thus exalted, they ſeize, they plunder, whatever they have an Inclination to: In ſhort, their whole Conduct is like that of a victorious Army ravaging an Enemy's City: Luſt and Paſſion animate them; Licentiouſneſs their only Law. But, under theſe afflicting Circumſtances, it would, I own, be ſome Alleviation to our Misfortunes, to ſee Men of Abilities in Poſſeſſion of arbitrary Dominion acquired by Bravery and Courage: But, inſtead of that, we ſee a deſpicable Faction of baſe cowardly Wretches, whoſe only Strength and Courage lie in the feeble Efforts of Words, Maſters of ſovereign Power, which fell into their Hands by mere Accident, or the Inactivity of others; and exerciſing that Power with extreme Arrogance and Cruelty. For, in any of our former Conteſts and Civil Wars, were ever ſo many and ſuch illuſtrious Families extirpated? Did ever any before purſue their Conqueſts with ſuch impetuous Fury, ſuch exorbitant unbridled Licentiouſneſs? Even *Sylla*, who thought the Laws of War gave an unlimited Licence to the Conqueror, though he conceived, that the Terror of Puniſhment added Strength to his Cauſe; yet was ſatisfied with a few Inſtances of Severity to his Enemies, and choſe to win others to his Party by Lenity and Benevolence, rather than the Dread of Revenge. But ſuch moderate Reſentment ſuits not the ſanguinary Temper of *Cato* (*a*), *Domitius*, and the reſt of that Faction. No leſs than Forty Senators, together with Numbers of young Men of promiſing Abilities, have, by their Orders, been butchered, like ſo many Victims deſtined to Slaughter; nor could the Blood of all theſe miſerable Citizens glut the Thirſt of thoſe moſt implacable Tyrants. The doleful Cries of helpleſs Orphans, the feeble Weakneſs of aged Parents, the Groans of Men, and the Lamentations of Women, made not the leaſt Impreſſion on their unrelenting Hearts: So far from it, that they grew every Day more and more inflamed, both in their Words and Actions; and, by injurious Practices, degraded many from their Employments, drove many into Exile (*b*). And is there any Occaſion to ſhew how they are affected towards You? Baſe Cowards as they are, they would yet gladly ſacrifice their Lives to procure your Diſgrace and Ruin! Yes —— Far leſs is the Pleaſure they taſte in that Sovereignty, which is even unexpectedly fallen into their Hands, than

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(*a*) There ſeems to be ſome Miſtake here in the Original. It ſeems more probable, that *Cato*, and the reſt here mentioned, were put to Death by the contrary Party. It is certain it was not *Cato* of *Utica*.

(*b*) *Or*,—grew every Day more inflamed; conſtantly laying Schemes, by falſe Accuſations, and other injurious Devices, to degrade many from their Employments, to drive many into Baniſhment.

the Anxiety they feel, when they view your exalted Glory: For, to accompliſh your Deſtruction, they would even run the Hazard of Slavery, and eſteem it a more eligible Situation, than to ſee You the happy Inſtrument of raiſing the Empire of *Rome*, great as as it was, to the higheſt Pitch of Glory and Dominion.

These Conſiderations will convince you, how abſolutely neceſſary it is, to uſe the utmoſt Care and Circumſpection in forming your Schemes for the Eſtabliſhment and Security of the Commonwealth. What occurs to me, I ſhall freely offer without any Reſerve: But how far the Methods I ſhall lay before you are juſt and practicable, I leave to the Determination of your own Judgment.

By the primitive Conſtitution of *Rome*, as our Hiſtories inform us, the People were divided into Two Orders, Patricians and Plebeians: Originally the Exerciſe of the ſupreme Juriſdiction was lodged in the former; but, as the latter were the ſtronger Body, this ſuperior Force often excited them to withdraw to Mount *Aventine*, in Defence of their Liberties: The conſtant Effect of which Seceſſion was, that the Power of the Patricians was diminiſhed, the Rights and Privileges of the People augmented. But what contributed moſt to the Security of their Liberty was this; the Laws had their due Force, and the Power of the Magiſtrate was ſubſervient to them. Nor was it then Affluence of Fortune, or an arrogant Paſſion for Precedence, but the Character of a regular Life, and gallant Exploits, that diſtinguiſhed the Patrician above the Plebeian: Even Men in the loweſt Station, whether occupying their Farms at home, or ſerving in the Wars, juſt provided with the neceſſary and decent Supports of Life, were amply ſatisfied themſelves, and gave ample Satisfaction to the State. But when once they degenerated from theſe Courſes; when, ſtripped of their Inheritances through Sloth and Poverty, they had no longer any fixed Abode; then it was that they began to invade other Mens Properties; then to exchange their Liberty for Gold, and put the Commonwealth to Sale.

Thus fell, by degrees, the antient Power of the *Roman* People, who had before been Lords of the World, and given Laws to all Nations; and they, who jointly exerciſed ſovereign Authority, have, each Individual ſeparately, ſold themſelves to Slavery and Bondage.

Now a Multitude, thus diſpoſed, not only corrupted and degenerate in their Manners, but alſo, by their different Courſes and Purſuits, ſo alienated from each other, as to be incapable of any Coalition and Unanimity, are, I apprehend, very ill qualified to aſſume the Government of the Commonwealth. But if the Number of Citizens be augmented, ſuch a Regulation would rouſe up a general Ardour in Support of the Commonwealth; for then one Party of the People would be as much animated with a Paſſion to preſerve, as the other to gain their Liberty. Theſe new-enfranchiſed Citizens, joined to ſome of the old ones, ſhould, I think, be ſettled in our Colonies; by which means we ſhall not only be furniſhed with greater Supplies for recruiting our Armies; but the People, being then employed in uſeful Occupations, will no longer diſturb and embroil the State.

I am not inſenſible, that, when you attempt the Execution of this Scheme, you will expoſe yourſelf to the Fury and ſevere Reſentments of the Nobility; who will immediately take Fire, grow angry, and exclaim, that the very Foundation of the Conſtitution is undermined, that the antient Citizens are robbed of their Privileges, and reduced to a State of Slavery, and this free State converted into a regal Government, when any ſingle Perſon aſſumes an arbitrary Power of augmenting the Number of Citizens. —— I confeſs, indeed, it is my ſettled Opinion, that whoever attempts to render himſelf popular at the Expence of the Commonwealth, is guilty of a Crime, the grievous Effects of which will fall on his own Head: Yet, at the ſame time, I will venture to ſay, he who has not Reſolution enough to undertake ſuch Deſigns, as are at once beneficial to the Public, as well as his own private Intereſts,

tereſts, is juſtly chargeable with the Imputation of Indolence and Puſilanimity. When *Marcus Livius Druſus* was Tribune of the People, it was his fixed Purpoſe and Reſolution, to exert his utmoſt Endeavours in Favour of the Nobility; nor did he, at firſt, ever enter upon any Meaſures, without their Aſſent and Authority. And yet thoſe Sons of Faction, ever influenced by the Maxims of Treachery and Falſhood, rather than Fidelity and Honour, no ſooner conſidered what a Number of Men, ſhould *Druſus* ſucceed, would owe the mighty Obligation to one ſingle Perſon; and, as it is reaſonable to imagine, when each reflected on his own baſe and perfidious Heart, conceived, that *Druſus* would act in the ſame manner, they were conſcious, they themſelves ſhould act in the like Situation; apprehending, therefore, that his Profeſſions of ſuch ſingular Regard to their Intereſt, was only an Artifice to raiſe himſelf to Sovereignty, they oppoſed him with the utmoſt Vigour, and fruſtrated all his Deſigns in their Favour. Theſe Obſervations will incite in You the greater Attention and Care, to fortify yourſelf by all Friendſhips, all the Aſſiiſtance and Support you can poſſibly procure.

To ſubdue a fair and open Enemy, is, to the brave and gallant Man, no mighty Difficulty: But, in avoiding or contriving *ſecret* Stratagems, and *latent* Perils, generous and noble Souls are by no means adroit and expert. For your better Security therefore, when you have augmented the Number of Citizens, as the Power of the People will be reſtored, let it be your principal Concern to cultivate good Manners, and, by a firm Coalition, unite the old and new Citizens. But the greateſt Service you can poſſibly do to your Country, to your Fellow-Citizens, to Yourſelf and your Poſterity, is, to extinguiſh that extravagant Paſſion for Riches, which is ſo prevalent amongſt us; or, at leaſt, give ſuch a Check to it, as the Circumſtances of the Times will permit. And unleſs this be done, neither in the City, nor in the Camp, neither in the Adminiſtration of public or private Affairs, can any due

Order, any regular Oeconomy be expected. For, where the Love of Money once prevails, it proves always too powerful for Diſcipline, and ſuppreſſes all good Diſpoſitions; nor is the firmeſt Mind able to reſiſt its Efforts; but, ſooner or later, falls a Victim to the predominant Paſſion. Numerous are the Inſtances that occur in Hiſtory, what Princes, what States, and Nations, have intirely owed, to the oppreſſive Weight of their Opulence, the Loſs of thoſe mighty Empires, which had been the glorious Acquiſitions of virtuous Poverty. Nor is it at all ſurpriſing: For when an upright Man beholds one, of leſs Merit, more admired and applauded, more careſſed and eſteemed, upon no other Recommendation but a ſuperior Fortune; at firſt, it has no farther Effect, than to rouſe his Indignation, and ſtagger him with Perplexities: But when he has ſtill every Day freſh Experience, that Pomp and Splendor triumph over genuine Glory and Honour; Wealth and Opulence, over Worth and Merit; his Mind is at laſt alienated; he deſerts the Cauſe of Virtue, and flies to the Tents of Voluptuouſneſs. It is doubtleſs the Love of Glory, that ſtimulates and ſupports Induſtry: Stript of that attracting Charm, Virtue, in herſelf, appears to Men with a very forbidding Aſpect, and in a very unamiable Form. In ſhort, where-ever Riches are in high Eſteem, there all worthy Accompliſhments, there Honour and Probity, Modeſty and Chaſtity, muſt loſe all their Regard, become neglected and deſpiſed. For, in the Purſuit of Virtue, Men are confined to one Road only, a Road, too, ſurrounded with Perils and Difficulties; but, in queſt of Riches, great is the Latitude they take, and every one puſhes forward what Way he pleaſes; and, by any means, Honourable or Diſhonourable, ſtrives to obtain his End. Above all things, therefore, you muſt determine to cruſh this prevailing Power of Gold. And, I am perſuaded, that no one hereafter will judge a Man more or leſs qualified for judicial Offices, or the Adminiſtration of the Commonwealth, if you put the Election of Prætors and Conſuls upon ſuch a Footing, that real Worth and Merit, and not Wealth and Riches, muſt of neceſſity prevail in the Choice. As to the Appointment of Magiſtrates, it will be the ſafeſt and moſt convenient Method, to inveſt that Power in the People. If you confine it to a Few, you approach too near a regal Government: If you ſuffer the Elections to be carried by Bribery, that were baſe and diſhonourable. It is my Opinion, therefore, that all of the firſt Claſs of the People ſhould be intitled to the Privilege of ſtanding Candidates for judicial Offices; but I think it adviſeable, that their Number ſhould be augmented. It is well known, that neither the People of *Rhodes*, nor any other free State, were ever diſſatisfied with the Judgments of their Courts, where Rich or Poor, juſt as it fell out, were promiſcuouſly joined together in all Conſultations, even of the greateſt, as well as the ſmalleſt Importance. But, as to the Election of Magiſtrates, the Law enacted by *C. Gracchus*, when Tribune of the People, is by no means to be deſpiſed; that, out of the Five Claſſes promiſcuouſly, thoſe Centuries, who were to give their Suffrages, ſhould be choſen by Lot. When the People are thus reduced to an Equality, and Superiority of Fortune no longer gives ſuperior Claim to Dignity and Honour, the only Contention that can then remain, will be, who ſhall ſurpaſs each other in Virtue and Merit. Theſe Remedies, which I have preſcribed, will, I apprehend, prove a very eaſy and effectual Cure, for the Evils attending Riches. For our Admiration, or Deſire of any Objects, ariſes from the Uſe and Advantage we propoſe from them; it is from the Hopes of *Gain*, that Men are prompted to iniquitous Courſes: Take away that Incitement, and you will find, no Man alive will be any longer a Villain, when a Villain can be no longer a Gainer. But whilſt the Temptation to Riches remains, Avarice, like a ſavage Beaſt of the Deſart, is inſufferably outrageous and cruel: Which Way ſoever ſhe flies, ſhe lays waſte whole Towns and Countries, Temples and Houſes; confounds all things, Human and Divine, without

Diſtinction: Nor Walls, nor Armies, are able to obſtruct her impetuous Violence; ſhe falls upon all in her Way, robs all ſhe meets, robs them of their Reputation, their Chaſtity, their Children, Parents, and Country; all become the Prey of this univerſal Plunderer. And yet there is a Remedy for this mighty Evil: Follow the Advice I have given, take away all Eſteem and Honour from Riches, and Virtue will inſtantly recover her Vigour, and be able to triumph over the Rage of this devouring Peſtilence.

But though all Men, whether Friends or Enemies, allow this to be true; yet ſuch is the factious Spirit of the Nobility, that you muſt expect violent Oppoſition from that Quarter. This is the grand Obſtruction you will meet with; if you can remove That, by guarding yourſelf againſt their dark Deceit, and baſe Stratagems, all the reſt of your Way will be ſmooth and eaſy. *Baſe* Stratagems I may juſtly call them: For were they influenced by any virtuous Principle, it would prompt them rather to *emulate* than envy the Worthy. But as Sloth and Indolence, and Dulneſs and invincible Stupidity, preſs heavy upon them, the only Efforts they can make, are clamorous Complaints, and invidious Reproaches, againſt that high Renown, which they look upon as a tacit Reflection on their own infamous Reputations. But what Neceſſity is there to ſay any more about them? You want not to be informed of their Characters. You are no Stranger to *M. Bibulus*, the Man, who, by irreſiſtible Courage, and great Abilities, forced his Way to the Conſular Dignity! Yes —— You muſt be ſenſible of this doubtleſs, becauſe you know him to be a Creature, ſcarce endowed with the Faculty of Speech; who has, indeed, a *Heart* diſpoſed to any Villainy, but not a *Head* to contrive and execute it! What is there to be apprehended from ſuch a Man as this, a Man, to whom the very Conſulſhip, the higheſt Office in the State, was the higheſt Diſgrace? And, as to *L. Domitius*, what Magnanimity can there be in him, when every Part of his Body is defiled with ſome foul Vice, ſome deteſtable Crime, or other; his Tongue with Falſhood and Lyes, his Hands with Blood, his Feet with ignominious Flight; and his Pollutions, in other reſpects, are ſo abominably ſhameful, that even the bare Mention of them would be an unpardonable Indecency? *Cato* is the only Man amongſt them, that has any ſort of Merit: The Dexterity of his Parts, his Eloquence, his Artifice and Penetration, are no contemptible Qualifications: But they are no other, but what may be acquired by *Grecian* Diſcipline. The nobler Qualifications, Fortitude, Vigilance, and rigorous Aſſiduity, are not to be learned amongſt the *Greeks*. For, can a People, who had neither Vigour nor Spirit to defend the Liberty of their own Country, be qualified to inſtruct others in thoſe Arts and Accompliſhments, that are neceſſary for the Support of Empire? As to the reſt of the Faction, they are a Set of Noblemen ſo utterly inſignificant, ſo exceſſively dull and ſenſeleſs, that, like ſtupid Statues, their Names and Titles are their only Ornaments.

As for *L. Poſthumius*, and *Favonius*, they appear to me not unlike the additional Lading which is taken into a large Ship, above the ordinary Burden: If ſhe arrive ſafe at her Port, it may be of ſome Uſe; but, had the Mariners met with tempeſtuous Weather, thoſe Goods would have been firſt thrown over-board, as they were of the leaſt Value.

Having thus given you my Judgment and Opinion, concerning the Reſtitution of the Plebeian Power, and the Reformation of their Manners; I will now point out to you the Steps, which I apprehend it will be adviſeable to take, with regard to the Senate.

No ſooner was my Age and Reaſon ripe for Application, but I turned the Bent of my Thoughts to Literature, rather than to Exerciſe of Arms and Riding: And, as Nature had given me greater Strength of Mind than Body, I choſe to inure the moſt able and vigorous Part to Fatigue and Labour. And, in the Purſuit of this Courſe, the Obſervations I have made, in my conſtant

Application to Study, and the Informations of Men, as well as Books, have throughly convinced me, that all the Empires and States in the World have proſpered and flouriſhed, as long as they purſued wiſe and wholſome Counſels: But when Partiality, Fear, and Voluptuouſneſs, corrupted thoſe Counſels, their Strength ſoon began to decline; then they loſt their Dominion, and, at laſt, their Liberty.

I confeſs, it is my ſettled Opinion, that whoever is the moſt illuſtrious in Figure, and has the greateſt Share of Property in any State, is ever found to be moſt concerned about its Security and Preſervation. As to others, they have but *one* Motive to engage their Attention, their *Liberty*. But the Man, who, by Virtue and Bravery, has acquired Riches, Fame, and Dignity, has thoſe additional Incitements. And therefore, whenever he ſees any Dangers threatening the State, the Apprehenſion alarms his Mind, rouſes all his Thoughts and Cares, and excites his utmoſt Pains and Labour; his Liberty, his Glory, his Property, are at Stake, and he will defend them: His Vigilance is ſeen in all Places, his Activity in every Quarter: For, the more flouriſhing his Circumſtances are, when the Conſtitution is ſecure, the more anxious, the more reſolute and vigorous, will be his Endeavours, when he apprehends it to be in Danger. Theſe Conſiderations convince me, that in a Conſtitution, where the People are to put in Execution the Determinations of the Senate, as the Body does the Dictates of the Mind, Prudence and Policy are indiſpenſable Qualifications in the Fathers; Sagacity and Penetration, Talents unneceſſary in the People.

It was the Obſervation of this Maxim, that enabled our Anceſtors, when oppreſſed with grievous Wars, to hold out ſo long in Support of the Empire, after the Loſs of infinite Numbers of Men and Horſes, and even when their Money was exhauſted. Such was their Magnanimity, that neither the formidable Strength

of

of their Enemies, neither the Emptineſs of their Treaſury, nor any unproſperous Events, could ſubdue their invincible Spirits. The Acquiſitions they gained by Virtue, by the ſame Virtue they ſecured to the End of their Lives. And this Succeſs they owed, not ſo much to their military Capacities, as to the Wiſdom and Solidity of their Councils. For in thoſe happy Days, all the Members of the Commonwealth, firmly cemented together, acted as one Man; had no other Views, but her Welfare; entered into no Cabals, but againſt the public Enemies; and every Individual exerted his Abilities, both of Body and Mind, not to aggrandize himſelf, but his Country. Far different are the Practices which prevail in this Age; for now a Set of Noblemen, enervated with Indolence and Sloth, who never faced an Enemy in Battle, unexperienced in War, unacquainted with military Toils and Hardſhips, trained up to Faction only, within the Walls of the City, arrogantly uſurp ſovereign Authority over all the Nations upon Earth: Whilſt the Fathers, whoſe ſalutary Counſels have hitherto preſerved the State in all her Difficulties, now ſtript of all their Power and Vigour, are driven, like the Waves of the Sea, this Way or that, by arbitrary Impulſe; one Day enact Laws, the next repeal them, juſt as it ſuits the Caprice, the Reſentments, and Arrogance, of theſe lordly Oppreſſors; for that alone is allowed to be the Rule to eſtimate public Good or Evil.

But if now, in your Regulations, you reſtore to the Senators their common Privileges, and equal Liberty, or contrive for them ſome ſecret Method of giving their Suffrages, then would the exorbitant Power ſome of the Nobility poſſeſs, ſoon be diminiſhed, and the Commonwealth would riſe again and proſper. But though an Attempt to bring the Intereſt and Influence of the whole Body upon a Level, may be thought impracticable, ſince ſome of them made their Entrance into the World upon the Bottom of anticipated Honours and Dignity, and a numerous

Train of Clients, whereas (*a*) the generality of the others, Senators not by Deſcent, but Creation, cannot have, in all reſpects, equal Influence and Advantages: Yet they ſhould, at leaſt, be freed from any Reſtraint of Awe or Terror in giving their Suffrages. When every one can thus act, as it were, in Obſcurity, then the Dread of any Man's arrogant Power, will no longer force him to comply with Meaſures prejudicial to his own Intereſt and Liberty. Liberty is a Jewel of high Eſtimation; the Worthy and Unworthy, the Coward and the Brave, equally love and admire it. But, admired as it is, we often ſee Men, alarmed by the Dread of ſuperior Strength, tamely give up that ineſtimable Treaſure to the Demands of a public Robber. Weak and infatuated Men! Liberty or Bondage is the Subject of Contention; and, whilſt the Victory is yet uncertain, they receive the ignominious Yoke; the worſt Lot that could have befallen them, had their Reſiſtance been unſucceſsful.

Two Expedients, therefore, I would propoſe, to confirm the Senatorial Power; firſt to augment their Number, and then to make it a Rule, that each ſhall give his Suffrage by Tablets. By the one, every Man, being ſkreened under the Protection of a Veil, will not be intimidated from the Freedom of acting agreeably to the Dictates of his own Mind. By the other, your additional Numbers will be an additional Service and Security to the State. For ſuch is our preſent Situation, that our public Deliberations are very ill attended: Some few are engaged in judicial Offices; ſome are taken up with domeſtic Concerns, or the Service of their Friends; but the more general Cauſe of their Abſence is, not ſo much any other Avocation, as the intolerable Arrogance of thoſe lofty Oppreſſors, who have uſurped

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(*a*) *Cortius*, and ſeveral others, read it, *Cætera multitudo pleraque inſititia eſt.* N. B. *Inſititius*, i. e. *non nativus, ſed aliunde accerſitus* — Alluding here, to thoſe who were not Senators by Deſcent, but choſen by the Cenſors, *&c.* — *novi homines.*

ſuch exorbitant Power. For now ſome of the antient Nobility, with a few of the new-created Senators, whom they have taken in as a farther Support to the Faction, cenſure, approve, and decree, by their own abſolute Authority; and act, in every Inſtance, juſt as their own arbitrary Will inclines them.

But if you augment the Number of Senators, and oblige them to give their Suffrages by Tablets, then would thoſe haughty Rulers ſoon abate their Arrogance, when they found they muſt be forced to ſubmit to the Determinations of thoſe very Men, over whom they before exerciſed ſuch rigorous, ſuch deſpotic Sway.

When you have examined theſe Expedients, you may, perhaps, ask me, What Number it is adviſeable to add to the Senatorial Order; and in what Manner, and for what Purpoſes I would adviſe the Diſtribution of them into their ſeveral Parts, and diſtinct Offices; and, as I have propoſed the committing the judicial Proceedings to the firſt Claſs of the People, in what Form they ſhould be diſtributed, and what ſhall be the Number of each different Diviſion? It would not be difficult to draw up a particular Plan; but I thought it adviſeable, firſt, to propoſe a general Scheme, and to have your Approbation of *that*, before I proceeded farther. If you think my Expedients juſt and true in general, you will find the reſt very eaſy and obvious. I will not deny, that I have a ſtrong Ambition to ſee the Juſtneſs and Propriety of theſe Regulations confirmed by their happy Conſequences: For, from your Succeſs and Proſperity, I ſhall expect to derive ſome Share of Glory and Reputation to myſelf. But yet far greater is my Deſire, much more ardent my Paſſion, to ſee the Commonwealth reſtored, whatever Expedients are uſed, with as much Expedition as it can poſſibly be effected. Liberty is a Happineſs I prefer infinitely above the higheſt Acquiſitions of Fame and Glory. And let me intreat, let me beſeech and exhort you, now that you have raiſed yourſelf to the higheſt military

Renown, and glorioſly triumphed over the warlike Nation of the *Gauls*, not to ſuffer the mighty *Roman* Empire, hitherto invincible, to periſh and decay, or be diſſolved by Civil Wars, or inveterate Diſcord. Should ſuch a Calamity happen through your Fault, be aſſured, *Cæſar*, that neither Day nor Night will you be free from pungent Remorſe; the Senſe of ſuch a corroding Guilt will ever diſturb your Reſt, and your afflicted Mind will be inceſſantly racked with Madneſs and Deſpair. For I look upon it as an inconteſtable Truth, that the Deity conſtantly inſpects the Actions of all the human Race; nor will the Virtues or Vices of any one paſs unregarded; but, agreeably to the different Nature of them, they will be followed with a different Retribution. Theſe may not, indeed, be the *immediate* Effects, but they are the conſtant Expectation of every Man, ariſing from the Conſciouſneſs of his Actions.

Imagine now, that the Genius of *Rome*, attended by your Anceſtors, were to accoſt you at this important Criſis: You would hear them delivering their Sentiments in the following Strain: ‘ Remember, *Cæſar*, that it is from Us you derive your Deſcent, ‘ from a Race of brave and valiant Heroes. We gave thee Exiſt‘ence in this flouriſhing City, to be a Support to our Dignity, ‘ a Strength to our Eſtabliſhment, and a Terror to our Adver‘ſaries. And, when from Us you received your Life, you received, ‘ with it, all the Acquiſitions which were the Fruits of *our* infinite ‘ Toils and Perils, a Country the moſt powerful and extenſive, ‘ a Place and Family the moſt illuſtrious in that Country; to all ‘ which, we took care to add many excellent Accompliſhments, ‘ joined to an affluent Fortune, acquired with Honour; in ſhort, ‘ all the Felicities that adorn a ſettled Peace, all the Rewards that ‘ crown a ſucceſsful War. Think not, that, in Return for theſe ‘ extenſive Obligations, we require from thee any Undertaking ‘ inconſiſtent with Virtue and Probity. No — What we expect ‘ at thy Hands, is, the Reſtoration of falling Liberty. Accompliſh *this*, and every Corner of the Univerſe will inſtantly be filled with the Applauſe of ſuch a virtuous Atchievement. What! though you have already given many illuſtrious Proofs of great Abilities, both in your civil and military Capacity, yet in this, *Cæſar*, thou art not ſingular; there are many brave magnanimous Spirits, who have arrived to the ſame Degree of Glory. But, if you would *ſurpaſs* all others, ariſe now, and reſcue, from the Brink of Ruin, this moſt renowned, this mighty Empire. Then, indeed, wilt thou riſe to matchleſs Greatneſs, and ſhine in unrivalled Luſtre! But ſhould a different Fate attend this State, ſhould it periſh through the Malignity of the Diſtemper that afflicts it; who ſees not, that univerſal Wars, Deſolation, and Slaughter, will attend her Fall? But if you feel a generous Ardour to do the moſt acceptable Service to Us and your Country, aſſert the Liberty of the Commonwealth, and ſave the ſinking State. Then will ſucceeding Ages view thee exalted above all the human Race, and even after Death, with ſingular Felicity, gathering freſh Laurels of Praiſe. For it ſometimes happens, that the Clouds of adverſe Fortune caſt a Shade on *living* Grandeur, and oftentimes the Blaſts of Envy check its Growth. But, when the Hero yields to Fate, Malice and Detraction expiring with him, his Merit becomes more and more conſpicuous, and daily riſes to higher Degrees of Fame and Glory.'

Thus, *Cæſar*, I have preſented you with a brief Plan of ſuch Regulations, as, I apprehend, will contribute moſt to the public Good, and your own Intereſt. But, whatever Scheme you think proper to purſue, I beſeech the immortal Gods, that it may have a proſperous Event, and that both You and your Country may reap the Fruits of your ſucceſsful Endeavours.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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